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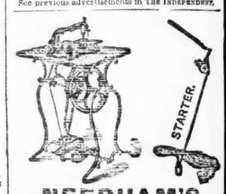

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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXIII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1871. NUMBER 1157.

Returning from Church.

The Independent.

BLACK RANALD.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Is the time when the little flowers are born,
The joyfulest time of the year,
Fair Marion from the Hall rode forth
To chase the fleet red deer.

She moved among her comely maids
With such a stately mien
That they seemed like humble violets
By the side of a lily queen.

For she, of beauties fair, was named
The fairest in the land;
And lovelorn youths had pined and died
For the clasp of her lady hand.

But never suitor yet had pressed
Her dainty finger-tips;
And never cheek that wore a beard
Had touched her maiden lips.

She laughed and danced, she laughed and sang;
She bade her lovers wait;
Till the gallant Stuart Græme, one morn,
Checked rein at her father's gate.

She blushed and sighed; she laughed no more;
She sang a low refrain;
And, when the bold young Stuart wooed,
He did not woo in vain.

And now, as to the chase she rides,
Across her father's land,
She wears a bright betrothal ring
Upon her snowy hand.

She loosed the rein, she touched the flank
Of her royal, red-roan steed.
"Now, who among my friends," she said,
"Will vie with me in speed?"

She looked at Græme before them all,
Though her face was rosy red.
"He who can catch me as I ride
Shall be my squire," she said.

Away! they scarce can follow her,
Even with their eager eyes;
She clears the stream, she skims the plain
Swift as the swallow flies.

Alack! no charger in the train
Can match with hers to-day;
The very deer-hounds, left behind,
Are yelling in dismay.

Far out upon the lonery moor
Her speed she checks at last;
One single horseman follows her,
With hoof-strokes gaining fast.

She's smiling softly to herself,
She's speaking soft and low:
"None but the gallant Stuart Græme
Could follow where I go!"

She wheels her horse; she sees a sight
That makes her pulses stand;
Her very cheek, but now so red,
Grows whiter than her hand.

For, while no friend she sees the way
Her frightened eyes look back,
Black Ranald, of the Haunted Tower,
Is close upon her track!

He's gained her side; he's seized her rein—
The cruelest man in the land;
And he has clasped her virgin waist
With his wicked, wicked hand.

She feels his breath upon her face,
She hears his mocking tone,
As he lifts her from her red-roan steed
And sets her on his own.

"Proud Mistress Marion," he cries,
"In spite of all your scorn,
Black Ranald is your squire to-day,
He'll be your lord at morn!"

She hears no more, she sees no more,
For many a weary hour,
Till from her deadly swoon she wakes
In Ranald's Haunted Tower.

For, in the highest turret there,
With never a friend in call,
He has tied her hands with a silver chain
And bound them to the wall.

She fears no ghosts that haunt the dark,
But she fears the coming dawn;
And her heart grows sick when at day she hears
The prison-bolts withdrawn.

She summons all her strength, as they
Who for the headsman wait;
And she prays to every virgin saint
To help her in her strait;

For she sees her jailer cross the sill.
"Now, if you will wed with me,"
He said, "henceforth of my house and land
You shall queen and ruler be."

"Bold Ranald of the Tower," she said,
"With heart as black as your name,
I will only be the bride of Death
Or the bride of Stuart Græme.

"I will make the coldest, darkest bed
In the dismal churchyard mine,
And lay me down to sleep in it,
Or ever I sleep in thine!"

"I shall tame you yet, proud girl," he cried,
"For you shall not be free,
Nor bread nor wine can pass your lips
Till you vow to wed with me!"

She turned; she laughed in his very face:
"Sir Knave, your threats are vain;
Nor bread nor wine shall pass my lips
Till I am free again!"

He echoed back her mocking laugh,
He turned him on his heel;
When something smote upon his ear
Like the ringing clang of steel.

The bolts are snapped; the strong door falls;
The Græme is standing there;
And a hundred armèd men at his back
Are swarming up the stair!

Black Ranald put his horn to his lips
And blew a warning note.
"Your followers lie," brave Stuart said,
"Six deep within the moat!

"Alone, a prisoner in your tower,
Now yield, or you are dead!"
Black Ranald gnashed his teeth in rage.
"I yield to none," he said.

They drew their swords. "Now die the death,"
Said Græme, "you merit well."
And as he spake at Marion's feet
The lifeless Ranald fell.

The Stuart raised the death-pale maid;
He broke her silver chain;
He bore her down, and set her safe
On her good red-roan again.

Now closely at his side she rides,
Nor heeds them one and all;
And his hand ne'er quits her bridle-rein
Till they reach her father's Hall.

Then the glad sire clasps that hand in his own,
While the tears to his beard drop slow.
"You have saved my child and rid the land,"
He cries, "of a cruel foe;

"And, if this maiden say not nay"—
Her cheeks burned like a flame—
"Then you shall be my son-to-night,
And she shall bear your name."

They have set the lights in every room;
They have spread the wedding-feast;
And from the neighboring cloister's cell
They have brought the holy priest.

And she is a captive once again—
The timid, tender dove!
For she slipped the silver chain to wear
The golden chain of love!

Sweet Marion, under her snow-white veil,
Stands fast by her captor's side,
As he binds her hands with the marriage-ring
And kisses her first, a bride!

A FURTHER CONSIDERATION OF REMEDIES.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

ONE of the practical suggestions in the lecture to working women of which I have spoken was that, as higher salaries are paid to male clerks in Washington than to female, the male clerks should relinquish their desks to women, go West, and till the land. Granting this to be an excellent recommendation to the young men, what was its actual value in a lecture to workingwomen? Was any one of them likely to be helped out of her difficulties by it? What sorrow of a woman is soothed or what struggle softened by her being told that some man ought to give her his twelve-hundred-dollar office, and retire to the backwoods—unless he marches to the backwoods?

Suppose he does; is the case decidedly gained? Is it certain that the country would find its account in the change? Could the clerical work of the Government, with certain advantage, be taken out of the hands that have always held it and put into those that have never tried it to any large extent, and have not always been successful even in their limited trials?

And, if young men will be clerks, and will not be masons, what are the workingwomen to do about it? Masons make four dollars a day, and work eight hours; and clerks make two dollars a day, and work twelve hours; and professional men make nothing, and are twenty hours a day about it. What then? "Make labor honorable," says the lecturer. How? I ask, as a disciple. In a general way labor is honorable. In the Divine economy it is desirable; but in practical daily life we all wish to be rid of it as fast and as far as possible. Nor is it likely ever to be otherwise. No advance in civilization or enlightenment will ever make labor anything but a burden. Indeed, we measure our civilization by the extent to which we shift the weight of labor from our own shoulders to the forces of Nature. An honest man is honored; but we all recognize the fact that brain-power is of a finer and higher order than muscle-power, and we never shall and we never can help paying greater homage to the one than to the other. Indeed, we shall long strive after the semblance of the one more strenuously than after the substance of the other. But, even granting that it is manly to be a mason, and effeminate to be a clerk, how does that heal the grievous hurt of the daughters of my people? If merchants persist in hiring boys, instead of girls, what can the girls do? How are serving-women helped in the battle of life by being told that they ought to have the place which men will not give up, and which women cannot secure?

And suppose the serving-women of New York might make good lawyers, if they were properly trained. How are they to be trained? They have no means to support themselves while learning a useful trade, says the lecturer. Very true. There are scores of boys in the same predicament. Sometimes they make a brave wrestle with fate, and overcome. Sometimes they go down in the conflict, and lie in unknown graves. Sometimes they never strive at all. It is the old unsolved and insoluble problem of evil. Hundreds and thousands of souls, men and women, never seem to have a fair chance in life. If only all human beings were wise and virtuous, the serving-women of New York might become chief-justices. If wishes were horses, beggars might ride; but is it worth while to collect five thousand beggars in their best clothes in one room to tell them so at fifty cents a ticket?

We were given also a pathetic and eloquent invective against men in general and Philadelphians in particular, on account of a certain young woman who was then lying in prison under charge of having slain her illegitimate infant. Her story was told with great solemnity and sternness, and the young person was invested with a sentiment, a tenderness, and an interest which we do not always take to women who have married their husbands and not murdered their children. The poor creature had been betrayed by hypocrisy in high places, and was perishing from cold and hunger; with woman's devotion she refused to give the name of her seducer, lest she might bring to grief the wife whom he had subsequently married; the lawyer whom she had employed had grasped all her money and left her defenseless; and the Philadelphians in general, we could but infer, were a sanguinary race, famished for a poor girl's blood: and would a jury of WOMEN, think you, have doomed this young girl to die?

Now, if this appeal under the circumstances meant anything definite, it meant that this woman did not receive full justice because she was judged by men; while, if she had been tried by a jury of women, she would have been more fairly—that is, more leniently—treated.

Is it possible that any woman can believe that female criminals would receive—I do not say more justice, for that is quite possible—but more lenity at the hands of women than at those of men? This is a subject which hardly admits of discussion, and on which discussion is fruitless. But it seems to me that women who are guilty—especially of this class of crimes—have need to pray with peculiar fervor: From all women judges and women juries, Good Lord, deliver us!

It hardly needed subsequent developments to show that the case was chiefly a made-up one. Philadelphia is a respectable American city; and, notwithstanding the unspeakable and indelible infamy which broods over the administration of justice in New York, and which puts to shame our boast of the typical American gentleman, it is impossible to believe that any American community of men, with no political pressure upon them, could do to death a helpless, innocent young woman. Notwithstanding the hard-heartedness of masculine Philadelphia, and the thrilling tones of the speaker, and the tears of her audience, I must confess that I sat in a stolid, stoical belief that the prisoner was perfectly safe, even in the dungeons of Philadelphia. So one was not surprised when affidavits from her own hand robbed the unhappy girl of all the romance and all the delicacy with which she had been invested, and of all the sympathy which her alleged oppression had worked, and, without making her personally any less an object of profound pity, took her case entirely out of the region of national eloquence and invective, and left it where it first lay, in the hands of local justice and benevolence.

Undoubtedly our laws are defective, and their administration imperfect; but it is not by such processes that they are likely to be improved. A good cause suffers more from being defended with false facts than from going undefended, or even unespoused.

I cannot refrain from adding, in passing, that the old, unwritten but inevitable social law which makes woman, though the least offender, bear the heaviest penalty for crimes against personal purity seems to me less harmful to woman than that sentiment which makes the criminal a martyr, suffering from the persecutions of a hard-hearted, pharisaic, because virtuous world. There goes John Bunyan, but for the grace of God, in every thief and murderer; but if, on that account, theft and murder are to be made poetic and pathetic, not to say saintly, it will be likely to increase the number of those whom not even the grace of God can keep John Bunyans. I know that the destruction of the poor is their poverty; but I do not believe that in this country women are ever reduced to the alternative of starvation or shame. If the alternative ever faces them, they have reduced themselves to it. Virtue may proffer toil, plain clothes, hard hands; but she proffers, also, certain and sufficient food and shelter. Vice holds out apparent ease and shabby splendor; and women, hereditarily weak, weakened further by unfavorable circumstances, lapse to vice rather than work for virtue. But a will enervated if not annihilated, a moral sense blunted if not destroyed, will never be strengthened and sharpened to effective activity by being enveloped in never so picturesque a cloud of melodramatic sentiment; while we do grievous harm to the weakness which is still innocent, when we admit that vice can be anything but the lowest depth of vulgarity and the last degree of profaneness.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

BY MRS. JANE G. SWISSHELM.

THE Ladies' Christian Union of Chicago held a series of afternoon meetings in Lower Farwell Hall during the Week of Prayer. They were composed exclusively of women, and the exercises—singing, prayer, reports of missionary work, and addresses—were conducted by women, and generally by those who accept the teachings of Paul as generally interpreted by orthodox people. How they reconcile the duty of keeping silence in churches with that of speaking in a public hall, before hundreds even of their own sex, is a question of little moment. The growth of the inner life of grace has made it necessary they should meet and discuss plans of doing the Master's work. They can no longer be satisfied with saying, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" and are no longer content with orders at second-hand; but have gone to Headquarters for direction. And nothing but good can come of it. The leaders still linger in the bonds of that shamefacedness which has so long been inculcated as the crowning *feminine* Christian virtue, and which has excluded woman from so large a field of her labor as a coworker with Christ in the redemption of the race, so that, while it was their purpose to speak to those who came to hear, they would neither raise their persons to the little platform, eighteen inches above the level of the floor, from whence they could have looked into the faces of their audience and talked to their hearts; nor yet their voices, by which they might have reached their reason; but the meetings are one step so unquestionably in the right direction that we may reasonably expect such further progress as will give to them in future their utmost power for good. Those women who want to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of others in their plans for ameliorating the evils in society are likely to learn the folly of convening several hundreds, then praying in a half-audible voice, with their faces against the back of a chair, and reading a report, or delivering an address so that less than one-third of those addressed can hear any entire sentence.

Each meeting was especially devoted to the consideration of some one question, and the training of children was taken up on Friday. On that day Mrs. Patton, wife of the editor-in-chief of *The Advance*, conducted the meeting and delivered the principal address. As I listened to her reading the hymn, calling on the proper person to lead in the opening prayer, reading her text, commenting upon it, fortifying it by quotations, enforcing its teachings by argument and illustrating them by anecdotes, all so very much like preaching, and recalled the position of *The Advance* on the woman question, I thought there must be a mistake about the lady's name. But no; it was really Mrs. Patton, speaking right out in meeting, and speaking so well that one felt this was not the first time, and doubted if her reverend husband, with the seal of apostolic succession, could have acquitted himself more worthily. As the lady urged the duty of educating girls for a larger field of usefulness than that which has hitherto been open to women, we may thank God and take courage, hoping yet to see the organ of Congregationalism in this region coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

As it seems to be taken for granted that a large majority of the readers of even religious papers consider some knowledge of a woman's dress indispensable to a correct understanding of her work, I add that all the ladies prominent in these meetings appeared to be comfortably and becomingly clad.

In their discussions on the duties of mothers there was one omission, which is the moving cause of this epistle, and that was the importance of supplying children with suitable employment. Mrs. Patton spoke well of the danger of indulgence and the duty of prayer. Mrs. Gibbs argued the propriety of early initiation into the mysteries of physiology; but no one said a word in favor of work. Now, prayer is a very good thing, self-restraint is better, and a knowledge of the house we live in quite proper in due time; but the boy or girl who is brought up without regular employment, daily tasks in manual labor, will, in nine cases out of ten, bring the mother to shame or, at least, give her cause of sorrow.

It appears to be generally conceded that New England brings up a larger proportion of useful, industrious men than any other portion of this country; that communities there are in advance of those in other parts of the world in intelligence, morality, and religion; and, to my mind, it is very clear that this result is due to the domestic habits which find employment for children, much more than to the churches, colleges, and schools. No truism contains more truth than that which affirms that Satan finds mischief for idle hands. As a native of Pittsburgh, Pa., and one whose affections and interests center there, I may be allowed to say that no city of its size in the Union has so many bad boys. There were at one time eight of them in her jail on charges of murder or murderous assaults. Yet no city in the Union has superior religious and educational advantages. In Louisville, Ky., in the palmy days of slavery, when it was common for one man to shoot another on the street in daylight, and the authorities scarce thought worth while to ask why, there was less crime among boys than there was in Pittsburgh; and the only explanation of the mystery is that the German element in Western Pennsylvania throws all the domestic drudgery upon women, and leaves the boys to get rid of their surplus vitality as best they can; while in any of the slave states it was such a crowning family disgrace for the women of it to do any kind of work that the middle classes required their boys to do the greater part of the housework. A New England boy milks the cow, makes the fires, cleans the stoop, the yard, the shoes, the knives, goes the errands, carries the packages, and not unfrequently washes the clothes and dishes for the family; and takes pride in doing so, because he has been taught that labor is honorable, and that it would be disgraceful for him to permit his mother or sister to do such work. A Kentucky boy does likewise, because it is much less disgraceful for him to do it himself than have a mother or sister so demeaned. It is not until he becomes a man that labor degrades him. But in Western Pennsylvania it is no uncommon thing to see the mother of a family of boys carry a hod of coal up from a cellar, and replenish the fire by which her husband and sons sit, idly yawning, and quite at a loss to know what to do with their brawny muscle. A hundred times I have seen this done when the mother was weighed down with disease, or years, or both. Young men and boys there are not ashamed to see their mother's gray hair or sister's sunny curls hang over a washtub while they amuse themselves; or to know that she strains her strength to the utmost limit, day after day, while they rest. Fortunately there are many boys who work to win their own bread, and many who aid their mothers in supporting younger children; and this is esteemed highly honorable. From this worthy class comes a very large proportion of her successful business men, while the sons of her wealthy men and middle classes furnish an undue share of criminals.

One of these—the son of an honest, industrious mechanic, and a mother who had prayed for him all his life—was sentenced to state-prison before he was sixteen, for three times ten—*i. e.*, thirty years—for arson. For years he had been the leader of a gang of boys, all younger than himself, who burned over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property, and caused the loss of two valuable lives—one of a prominent, greatly-esteemed citizen, who perished rescuing others from the flames kindled by these young miscreants, who were not checked in their dreadful amusement by this tragedy, which sent a chill of horror through the community, but kept on starting fires until caught in the act.

There was much sympathy for the pious mother of the dreadful boy; and people said approvingly, "She was a perfect slave to her family," and felt that the poor boy was doubly a criminal for the crime against his excellent mother.

On the contrary, my sympathies were all with the boys, every one of whom had a slave for a mother, and must, of course, have been deprived of all wholesome maternal influence.

Slave is not the relation a mother should bear to her children; and so long as she is a slave her prayers will have little influence in guiding them. The mother who expends all her vitality in menial labor, which she considers degrading to her soul, can never take the place of guide to her children or mistress of her family; and, in nine cases out of ten, will drive husband and sons to the street or dramshop by the bad temper born of nervous exhaustion. As the majority of families are unable to keep a servant to do the housework, it follows that this must be done by the mother and children; for, as the burden of furnishing the flour falls properly upon the father, he cannot in justice be required to bake the bread; and when the mother assumes the duties that should be divided with every child, according to his or her capacity, she disturbs the beautiful harmony of God's creation, deprives her children of the discipline and exercise best fitted to prepare them for usefulness in this life and happiness in the next. She unfits herself for her highest duties toward them, and leaves them a ready prey to the tempter.

So far as physical development is concerned, there is no better exercise for boy or girl than sweeping a room, brushing down cobwebs, dusting walls, pictures, blinds, and furniture, and arranging it in its proper place. Girls are much more generally supplied with employment than boys; and this is not the least of the reasons why there is less crime among them and women than among boys and men. If boys were all required and compelled to do something useful during the greater portion of the time spent out of school, we would soon have a new order of things—a generation of men and women far in advance of any the world has yet seen.

The fact that hundreds of Christian mothers could meet for the express purpose of discussing their duties to their children, spend two hours in singing, praying, and talking, and separate without one word on the importance of work, shows how much it is overlooked, and the great need of calling the attention of parents to their neglected duty of furnishing their children, especially their boys, with something to do. Publishers and writers are supplying them liberally with something to read; but much more than even this do they need something to do. This need is governed by the general law which requires one to do, first, the duty which lies nearest; and the duty which lies nearest to a vast majority of American boys is that of assisting their mothers in their domestic labors, and thus developing all that is best in their own nature, keeping out of the tempter's way, greatly aiding their fathers in the support of their families, and promoting happiness at home by preserving their mothers' health and cheerfulness. The difficult problem of Biddyism would be successfully solved, without the aid of John Chinaman, if our boys did their duty right boyfully in helping their mothers. If any one doubts this statement, let him look up the history of the men and boys who disturb the peace, and of that much larger class who hang between respectable usefulness and legal criminality or loaferism, and he will find that the mothers of nineteen out of every twenty were domestic slaves, did the drudgery of the household, while they sought exercise for their superabundant vitality on the street and playground, in the dramshop and public gymnasium.

It is all well for mothers to pray with and for their children, to restrict them in the use of money, to teach them to govern their appetites, and to know some, at least, of the mysteries of any science; but all other means of grace combined can never supersede that of regular work. The great demand of childhood is something to do.

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE IN DRESS.

BY REV. G. B. WILLCOX.

EVERY good man who writes on dress thinks he must begin and end with a broadside at the fashions. There is much to be said against them, it is true; but they are themselves a sign of the progress that Christianity has made in the world. Look back a few hundred years, and see what fantastic tricks grown men and women played in this matter of costume. When men wore silk hoods in the streets, like nightcaps, and coats of half-a-dozen colors, like flags wrapped round them; when they had sleeves about the size of a barrel, and toes to their shoes half a yard long, that turned up and were hung to their knees with chains; when their hair was gathered into a cue, that was plcced down as long as a Chinaman's; when ladies carried turbans or miters a yard high, with ribbons floating from the top like streamers, with tunics half of one color, half of another; when the headdresses "were complicated scaffoldings of iron and silver wires, made to represent castles, pyramids, ships, canopies, zodiacs, and other kinds of structures"—the wildest fashion of our times would have been voted tame.

Now it is something to be thankful for—it is a step in Christian civilization—that we have turned over the party-colored dresses to the state-prisons. The mere lapse of time, to which shallow people credit such reforms, has no tendency even that way. What have ten centuries done in China to change the style of dress, or to make way with that cruel custom of cramping the feet of their women? It is not time, it is Christianity, that has brought fashions to something like reason, and made it impossible that we should go back to those follies. This is one of the thousand good effects that Christianity has thrown out sidewise, like spray from the current, that few men think to give it credit for.

Dress must be made a means, and not an end. As a wise man will "eat to live, not live to eat," so he will do with dress. It is not the quality of one's clothing that determines whether one is right or wrong as to this matter. A woman, for instance, has been all her life used to rich fabrics. They are to her a thing of course. They cost her little time or thought. But another, with small means, is foolishly living for appearances. She gives her whole mind to them. She worries and frets about her shallow purse. She lives and moves and has her being in the atmosphere of this mania for dress. Now, she may be, after all, more plainly clad than her richer sister. She must be. But she will be tenfold more bent on costume; she has tenfold more of the character of a woman of fashion.

So you find a girl who gives time enough to the architecture of her hair to make her, if she would turn it to better account, a ripe and noble Christian woman. Her body was

The Independent

IN CHURCH.

BY MARY B. SLEIGHT.

If up and down these aisles
The Lord should pass to-day,
On those who are His own
His loving hand to lay,

Would His baptizing touch
Fall on my sinful head?
Or would He turn away
With angry frown instead,

His swift and searching gaze
Discerning all my pride,
And all the bitter thoughts
I seek from Him to hide?

Be still, my soul, be still!
His blessed feet draw nigh!
Oh, will he stoop to me?
Or will he pass me by?

Be still! His holy hand
Is on my forehead laid.
Weep, O my soul, for joy,
And be no more afraid;

For thou art owned of Him,
Oh, joy all words beyond!
With His forgiving touch
Is sealed the loving bond.

No more, O happy heart,
To doubt and fear give way,
Since thus, with sweetest peace,
He crowneth thee to-day.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

We are always impressed by statistics. We like to read that some evangelist, or agent, or secretary of something, has during the past year held 374 meetings, preached 371 times, written 1,221 letters, made 811 prayers, traveled 16,891 miles, seen by his or her labors 11,000 people converted, eaten 365 dinners, stayed up after 12 o'clock at night 268 times, slept in 374 beds (only 8 of which were spring), having frequently spent part of the night in one town and part in another, eaten seven gross of shelled oysters, spoken with 11,211 men and women personally and to 1,256,815 collectively, met 9,000,005 in the cars, used one box of Lyon's salve and 17 boxes of Brandreth's pills, been at home once, seen the "folks" twice, had my name in the papers 8,051,519 times.

The writer of this would also humbly beg leave to report that, during the year, he has walked 2,190 miles, not counting his walking about the room, nor his going from one side of the railway station to the other to read the advertisements when waiting for the train; that he has written 209,500 lines of manuscript; that he has received 415 dunning letters containing bills, all of which (contrary to the reader's expectation) have been paid; that he is sorry to say that he has written only 18 letters, and to those has got no reply; that he was too hot once, and too cold 15 times; that he wanted to travel 10,500 miles, but had too much else to do; that he has given advice 51 times, and taken it not once; that he has been called upon by 44 women who wanted situations, and by 58 men who wanted money to get to Boston (why the census don't show a larger population in Boston, when all the tramps seem to be going there, is a mystery to me); that he has had personal interviews with 19 poets, 11 novelists, and 15 travelers, all of whom wanted something (one of them desired me to print a history of Brazil, which he thought would occupy only about two columns daily for about twelve months; and we were obliged to decline, having already a similar serial in the Acts of Congress); that he has not made one speech in public; that he has passed the church 851 times, and gone in 52 times (generally on Sunday); has heard 162 public prayers, some of them over twenty-five minutes long, 52 sermons, besides 1 Thanksgiving and 1 temperance lecture; listened to 8 women's speeches; and spoken to his neighbors about keeping their hens off his lot 417 times. He is conscious that he has done his duty in a quiet way, and he wants people to know it.

The importance of these statistics can only be estimated by those who make them. It is the arithmetic of what is called, in the slang of the day, "working for Jesus," "traveling for Jesus," "writing letters for Jesus." The account is all made up against the Day of Account. The faithful servant will be able to tell, by looking at his ledger, how many prayers, sermons, letters, miles he has made in the cause of the Lord. The convenience of such a record of good deeds, for purposes of final adjustment, cannot be questioned. If these statistics never got into the papers, we should think they were intended solely for the final adjudication, and should pity those humble disciples who go along in a slipshod way, doing good as they have opportunity, and never thinking of how many prayers they have made, or how many people they have spoken to about religion, or how many letters of charity they have written; and never think of parading the number of persons converted by their influence, as an Indian would publish in the *Tomahawk* the number of his scalps.

I do not undervalue the services of the Rev. Boanerges Presser in keeping alive religious enterprises and a healthy religious stir; but it does not greatly interest me to know that he traveled by rail during the year 16,500 miles, and took in water 519 times and coffee not at all. I don't care, after I have heard it four or five times, to read again that he wrote 1,281 letters. I get tired of hearing of the achievements of the Rev. Boanerges after a time, and wish there were less of him and his everlasting statistics. He disagreeably pervades the air. When I listen to him, I am a great deal more impressed with the magnitude of what the Rev. Boanerges is doing for Christ than I am with the importance of the cause of Christ itself. He somehow gives me the impression that there was never anything like his achievements; and I feel that, if the Rev. Boanerges could write 120,000 instead of 12,000 letters, and could travel 160,000 instead of 16,000 miles, (I do not give his exact figures), the evangelization of the world would be assured. In fact, the idea is that our greatest need, as a people, is to keep the Rev. B. P. and his coadjutors going, by all manner of conveyances, with greater and greater velocity, writing letters by the paper-mill, and traveling so that they themselves would not know whether they were on foot or horseback. If he can only report next year in the newspapers that he has traveled 4,000 miles more than he did the year before, we shall all feel that the cause is getting on. I, for one, should be willing to vote that this powerful evangelist should travel only on the express trains, and that he should stop at none of the way-stations, even if I lived at a way-station. Keep him going one year, and see what he can do.

I do not intend to say (in this day it is not prudent to say anything, if you do not wish to be attacked on all sides; you may do anything you like, from taking fifty thousand dollars out of the private deposits of a bank-vault up to stealing a railroad—do what you like, but don't say anything)—I do not say that the Rev. Boanerges Presser and the Rev. Euphemie Tooter-Tooter are seeking altogether their own glorification. Indeed, I am convinced that they are animated with real zeal in the work of evangelization, and they will be very much shocked to learn what effect their personal statistics have upon the public mind. They are a little confused between the somewhat similar but in effect widely different operations of sounding the Gospel-trumpet and blowing their own horn. Now, if there is anything that makes life almost too cheerful, it is lectures; though we are not, as a people, always in a tremendous state of excitement about them. But I notice that the great lecturers fall into a habit of talking about themselves, their audiences, their miles, and their successes, and very little else; and they appear to think that the whole United States is standing in a kind of breathless interest and suspense to see them come and go like comets across the land, and that all we simple people have little else to do in the winter months but to wait for their coming and to talk about what they said after they have gone. I suppose it is natural for a person who travels much by rail, and buzzes round unceasingly, to imagine that he is accomplishing a great deal. I met a most interesting man the other day. He said he had ridden on the cars the past year—I forget how many miles it was—either fifty thousand or fifty million miles; he had stopped at every station in New England, and he had been in bed only eight times. What an example that is! and so unobtrusive. The amount of good that man has done by keeping out of bed so long cannot be estimated. He is a ticket-agent. I mean to write and ascertain how many telegrams he has sent during the year, and the average number of words in them. The man appeared to think no small beer of himself on account of the number of miles he had traveled, and the number of places he had stopped at; but it had not occurred to him to report it to the newspapers. I should like to know how many pairs of trowsers he had worn out in his perpetual car-travel, and how the expense of sitting up all the time compares with that of being abed half the time—as to clothes. Give us more statistics—or less.

EDUCATION A BRANCH OF GOVERNMENT.

BY LUTHER W. KENNEDY.

With what certainty do we read the man in his works. In reading Washington's messages to Congress we see portrayed with great perspicuity the unique character of the writer; the qualities of the far-seeing general, and the peaceful citizen; the astute statesman and the meek and lowly Christian, all form a harmonious combination in the one "Father of his Country." If as a soldier he fought as could none of his followers, as a ruler in time of peace he won no less distinction by creating history which in the light of after generations should prove him to be far in advance of the people of his day.

He and his coadjutors had taken a bold stand upon republicanism — principles which hitherto had been tried only to fail, and which failure in the present case was by the outside world regarded as merely a question of time. He saw the dangers surrounding the infant republic, and appreciated that the principles of popular liberty demanded for their maintenance the most vigilant guarding of an intelligent and well-directed public mind; that not only duty to its subjects demanded such legislation on the part of the General Government, as most conducive to their welfare, but as a matter of self-duty the Government should endeavor by all means to promote and cultivate in its subjects those vital principles of its being, at once its foundation and its only source of strength.

In his first message to Congress—January 8th, 1790—taking the broad ground that "knowledge in every country is the sure basis of happiness," he urged the necessity of legislation for the promotion of literature and science, and suggests the establishment of a national university. But pubne opinion—ever the motive power of our government—not yet appreciating its own wants, was not ready for this important measure.

Again, on December 7th, 1796, his message to Congress contains a still more stirring appeal for the establishment of a national system of learning. In speaking of this, he says: "True it is that our country, much to its honor, contains many seminaries of learning, highly respectable and useful; but the funds upon which they rest are too narrow to command the ablest professors in the different departments of liberal knowledge for the institution contemplated, though they would be excellent auxiliaries."

"Among the motives to such an institution, the assimilation of the principles, opinions, and manners of our countrymen, by the common education of a portion of our youth from every quarter, well deserves our attention. The more homogeneous our citizens can be made in these particulars the greater will be our prospect of permanent union."

This was but the policy of other and wiser rulers. Monarchs of the Old World had found it to their advantage to educate their subjects to a certain extent; though some, while they enforced a limited degree of knowledge, also withheld from the masses the means of learning beyond a certain extent.

Peter the Great founded national education in Russia, although so cramped was everything upon which the cardinal idea of Russian policy rested that it amounted to but little more than a beginning. Peter I expanded the institution, and rendered it more general in effect, by the adoption of a system of normal training. He invited to St. Petersburg learned men, for the purpose of instructing young men, who in turn were to become teachers in different parts of the realm.

This system was improved by his successors—the Empresses Ann and Elizabeth, Paul III, and Catharine II. The latter was Washington's cotemporary, and during her reign much was done to expand and utilize the system. She established the "Imperial Free Economical Society," which ultimately became one of the most useful educational institutions of Russia; she founded agricultural colleges, with model farms attached, and promoted the manufacture of implements used in labor; she sent envoys to visit workshops and factories in other countries, and published tracts upon agriculture and health. Such was the efficiency of her endeavors that her successor, Alexander, on assuming the affairs of government, declared that he regarded public instruction as the first condition of national prosperity.

Prussia, in 1540, took the initial step to her present peerless school system. This occurred under the reign of the Elector Joachim, the second before Prussia was a kingdom.

Frederick William, the first king of Prussia, extended the means of education to his meanest subject. Not only was the healing potion prepared for his people, but they were compelled to take it. Parents and guardians who neglected to comply with the means of education within their reach were subjected to heavy fines; while for the poor, who were unable to pay, schools were provided and teachers paid exclusively by the government. It was not, however, until 1809 that the Prussian Government assumed the systematic control of the primary schools, and established a normal school system.

Throughout the various German states there was the same policy on the part of the general governments with respect to the education of the public mind. Means were taken to render proficiency popular, and excellence was rewarded by prizes, to be obtained by competition; while illiteracy in persons was made odious, and often punished by debarring those unable to read and write from the rights of church confirmation and of marriage. This latter was a feature of the law of Sweden as early as 1684.

The policy of Germany has been that the child is the property of the state, no less in reference to education than to the right of military service; and, acting upon this, the state has always dictated in matters of education. No government has done so much to educate the people, and no other people has ever equaled them in the great contest of human advancement. The present schools of Hamburg have existed over a thousand years. The earliest school codes were framed in the Duchy of Wurtemburg, in 1565, and in the Electorate of Saxony, in 1580; and, with all of our boasted progress, no state in the Union can boast a system so harmonious in action or effective in results. In 1866-7 less than four per cent. of the conscripts in the Prussian Army were unable to read or write.

But, however much Washington saw the necessity of establishing a common system of learning, he was unable to make the country appreciate its greatest need. In vain did he set forth the evil arising from sending young men abroad to be educated in countries where they would receive impressions inimical to our institutions. In vain he urged the need of a national university, which would join the youth of all sections of the country in educational and social intercourse, and thereby promote among the people a more homogeneous sentiment and enhance the prospect of permanent union. He comprehended the inherent opposition with which the national idea had to contend. He saw the solution of the problem of popular liberty, yet he was unable to effect it. History records how zealously he labored for it in life; and, dying, he gave it prominence in his last will and testament by an endowment, to be used by Congress when that body should establish, as he believed they would, a national university.

But Washington and his compeers passed away, and there arose other men who "knew not Joseph." Much has been done abstractly for the cause; yet no systematic institution has been observed. For various educational purposes lands have been granted to the extent of "9,566,791 acres, or 124,322 square miles—a superficial area greater in extent than the combined countries of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland." Computed at $1.25 per acre, it would equal $83,220,262.50, or equal to a yearly appropriation, since the foundation of the government, of over a million of dollars." The Government has given liberally, it may almost be said recklessly; for it is claimed by the friends of education that in no other country has so great an expenditure been attended with results so unsatisfactory. Largely has it endowed colleges in Massachusetts, while the state of Texas has remained a vast field of illiteracy. It has given largely, but has left those gifts to be utilized or not as others might see fit; and until quite lately it has not even been in possession of reports or statistics showing their disposition. A portion of the seed thus sown has fallen upon good ground. In New England it took root, and brought forth fruit an hundred fold, which precious seed, ripening, has been borne by the rapid breeze of progress to the Far West, where it has again taken root and brought forth after its own kind; but in other parts of our land darkness and ignorance abounds—an illiteracy fearful in its effect upon the cause of humanity and civilization, and disgraceful to a government like ours. The jurisdiction of the government over the general welfare of the people cannot be questioned. It has responsibilities which cannot be avoided; and, while we in self complacency point to our New England intelligence as a feature of our republican government, our opponents point us to the many spots within our borders rendered dark by ignorance, and say, How about this?

The views of Washington, Adams, Hamilton, and Madison found favor in the minds of many leading statesmen of their day; and the influence upon education, if not direct, was by no means inconsiderable. But these worthies passed away, and their admonitions ceased to be regarded. For long years a serious educational dearth fell upon the land. In the midst of this, and nearly a half century after the efforts of Washington were put forth, the cause began to manifest premonitions of coming vitality in certain sections of the country. The efforts of Lindsley of Tennessee, Gallaudet of Connecticut, and Carter of Massachusetts, followed by the more potent army of educators, Mann, Russell, Everett, Adams, Barnard, Webster, and their hosts of peers in this great cause, has resulted in the liberal appropriations alluded to. But even these men, who embraced Washington's idea—that of a centralizing institution of education as a branch of the government—were unable to effect their purpose. Through their instrumentalities educational inquiries were inserted in the census schedules of 1840. It is said that Mr. Mann suffered great disappointment from being unable to accomplish, during his congressional service, what he desired for national education.

The minds of our leading educators seem even to have entertained the idea that an interest so vital to good government, one so underlying all others, should receive the fostering care of the General Government. This idea found prominent expression in the action of the "National Association of School Superintendents," in 1866; and resulted in presenting a memorial to Congress, asking for the collection and dissemination of educational data, which was followed by the passage of an act establishing a Department of Education in 1867. The bill provided for a commissioner, at a salary of $1,000; and three clerks, at $2,000, $1,800, and $1,600, respectively, per annum. The Hon. Henry Barnard was appointed commissioner, and entered upon the duties of the office.

But so insufficient were the means provided for the support of the department, so unpropitious the opportunities for gathering statistical matter where no well-defined system existed, and so long the time consumed in establishing a system, that various and many embarrassments beset the feeble project, and by many it was deemed a failure. Subsequently the department was reduced to a bureau, and given in charge of the Secretary of the Interior. The salary of the commissioner was reduced to $3,000, and the clerks to $1,800, $1,600, and $1,400, respectively, a messenger added at the rate of $840 annually, and a contingent fund of $3,000, composes the expense of the office; allowance for printing reports and documents bring the total appropriations of the government for this Bureau of Education to about $15,000, in round numbers.

The present commissioner, Gen. John Eaton, to whom I am indebted for a portion of the data of this article, has had charge of the Bureau less than one year. Various embarrassments have attended its working. The work is of great magnitude; the means limited; and the result, of course, merely a beginning in this great means of progress, national education. The commissioner's report, which has recently been issued, is an extensive fund of information, both statistical and theoretical, and is invaluable to "educators, to science, and industrial arts." The great demand for these reports, and for various educational statistics, which center here from educators in all parts of our land, as well as from foreign countries—demands which the limited means of the Bureau cannot supply—show a great willingness on the part of the friends of the cause to accept the slight assistance offered by Government, and indicate the readiness with which—ere long, let us hope—they will hail a national system of education.

A GLIMPSE AT SOME ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

BY N. S. DODGE.

In the 7th century of our era, when papyrus grew scarce, and plates of lead, palm-leaves, and tablets of wax had gone out of fashion, the monasteries began to employ in making books parchments that had been previously written upon. This material, named "palimpsest" when written over a second time, continued in use up to the discovery of making paper from rags—a period of six or seven hundred years. Of course, the first writing had to be more or less effaced. This was a troublesome process. Its difficulty led to various resorts—sometimes successful, but sometimes and more often so imperfectly done that modern chemistry has found means to restore every word of the original chirography. Hundreds of manuscripts, composed of vellum or parchment, upon which a second writing existed, and where that writing had stood hundreds of years, have yielded up their original treasures. A reference further on will explain why this fact is introduced here.

In the preface to Tischendorf's New Testament (Tauchnitz edition, 1869) may be found an interesting account of the three ancient manuscripts of the Bible, so much valued by scholars, named the "Vatican Codex, Alexandrian Codex, and Sinaitic Codex"; the first dating back with the third to the fourth century, and the second to the fifth. The Vatican MS., as its name implies, is at Rome, the Alexandrian in the British Museum, and the Sinaitic at St. Petersburg. The last was discovered at the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, in 1844. The others have been long known to the Christian world.

The Alexandrian Codex may be seen under restrictions by any person having access to the reading-room of the British Museum. It was presented to Charles I, in 1628, by the Patriarch of Constantinople, who had himself brought it from Alexandria. The writing is in capital letters, two columns on a page, on vellum, and in perfect preservation. Initial letters and chapter headings are in red ink—some of them fantastic, but for the most part in good sober letters of stately Greek, finely formed, uncial, without accents, marks of aspiration, or spaces between the words. It contains both the Old and New Testaments, with a few passages wanting. It contains also the Epistle of Clemens Romanus, a letter of Athanasius, and a treatise of Eusebius upon the Psalms. On palæographic and other grounds there can be no doubt that this venerable manuscript has been in existence more than fifteen hundred years.

"Domesday-Book," the great treasure of Westminster Abbey—where, in the Chapter House, it is preserved in its pristine freshness, fair and legible as on the day it was completed, seven hundred and eighty-four years ago—is the most ancient, perhaps the most noble monument of England. It is the Register of the lands of Britain, framed by order of William the Conqueror—the earliest existing English record. Kept under three locks and keys in the vaulted porch; never removed, never warmed by fire, never opened except by the chamberlain of the exchequer; its text never touched and never examined without a written order of the lord chancellor; every page of the vellum is bright, sound, and perfect. It is comprised in two volumes; one a large folio, the other a quarto. The former is written on 382 double pages of vellum, in one and the same hand, the character small and plain, each page having a double column, with the capital letters touched in red. The latter, also on vellum, contains 450 pages, in single columns and larger character. It concludes with the following memorial in capital letters: ANNO MILLESIMO OCTOGESIMO SEXTO AB INCARNATIONE DOMINI, VIGESIMO VERO REGNI WILLIELMI, FACTA EST ISTA DESCRIPTIO, NON SOLUM PER HOS TRES COMITATUS, SED ETIAM PER ALIOS. By internal evidence, the same year, 1086, is assignable as the date of both volumes. From the remarkable fact that "Domesday-Book," minute in regard to all else of England, contains no mention of London it is believed by antiquaries that a third volume has been destroyed, or remains lost among the unexplored archives of the crown.

In the library of the University of Upsal is an authentic copy of the Gothic Bible of Bishop Ulfilas—the only one known to be in existence—certainly eight hundred, probably nine hundred and thirty years old. It is bound in massive silver. Its parchment leaves are purple-dyed. The letters are not written, but produced by stencil—the earliest approach in Europe to printing. From 828 to 1592, A.D., the existence of this Bible had been lost. Indeed, it was denied by scholars that such a translation was ever made, or such a person as Ulfilas ever lived.

Nearly 700 years had passed when, toward the end of the 16th century, Arnold Mercator, a geometrician of Belgium, discovered that one of the parchment books in the Monastery of Werden contained a very old German translation of the Four Evangelists. His account of the book aroused the attention of scholars. Anthony Morillon, a distinguished antiquarian scholar, then in the service of Cardinal de Granville, heard of the discovery, and started at once for Switzerland to examine for himself. He was astonished. Here were the Four Gospels complete. The letters were all in silver, partly German, partly Greek. There was internal evidence, strong beyond all possibility of doubt, that this was the authentic version—the vellum itself being at least nine hundred years old—of the very Gothic Bible which the good Bishop Ulfilas had translated thirteen hundred years before. Morillon prepared a narrative of the discovery, which, first read before a conclave of learned ecclesiastics in Paris, he published to the world. The language in which this ancient MS. was written had long ceased to be a living tongue. The letters used, the symbols of the sounds of the words employed, the punctuation, paragraphs, and divisions of sentences, were unknown, save to scholars of the old German, to whom the "Lay of the Niebelungen," written in a time distant, unknown, and desolate, had been a study. It was a resurrection from the dead of a buried speech. From the slumber of a thousand years the language which was mother of all Teutonic literatures had awakened—their equal in purity and euphony, their superior in dignity and force.

In 1815, two hundred and fifty years after the discovery of the Gothic Gospels, the Pauline Epistles, in the translation of the old Bishop, were discovered among the treasures of the convent at Bobbio, in Lombardy. The sheets were of vellum, but palimpsests. Compared with the Gospels, they were neither as beautiful nor as old. The handiwork is by no means as elaborate. The stenciled letters, illuminated margins, impressions in silver, and mystical monographs are wanting. But there are the same symbols, the same mixture of Greek and Roman alphabets, the same divisions of sentences, grammatical constructions, use of lost words, and employment of Gothic idioms as were found in the former. Scholars pronounced it to be part of the Ulfilas Bible. The age of the parchments is of the tenth century. It was probably transcribed during the very close of the decadence of Gothic as a spoken language. But in historical value it hardly yields to its predecessor. Established as its authenticity now is—accepted by scholars as a part of the old Book which the restless hordes from the vast Northeast brought with them as they swept over idolatrous Southern Europe—it becomes an authority for the text of Scripture from which appeal cannot be successfully taken. Like the Werden Codex of the Gospels, with which it is now sumptuously bound up, it sustains the accuracy of the Epistles of St. Paul, as that does of the Gospels. There is not a variation that is worth a minute's discussion. The arguments are there—the doctrines, teachings, exhortations, instructions, warnings, and dogmas of the great apostle are all there—the same then, fifteen hundred years ago, when the crosier of the old hierarch held the vehemence of the restless invaders in abeyance, as they are to-day. "Heaven and earth may pass away," said He whose teachings continually verify themselves through the ages; "but my words shall not pass away."

It is curious how discoveries are perpetually sustaining themselves. Three hundred years ago scholars—and there were profound scholars then—doubted whether a bishop of the Goths named Ulfilas ever lived. Great learning in the third and fourth centuries was supposed to have been confined to those whom the Church calls the "Fathers." Tradition of long descent is always subject of doubt; and at that time tradition only, and that through nearly thirty generations, testified to the existence of a scholar who, long before Rome fell or Alaric had marshaled his barbarians on the Campagna, under the authority of the miter, had translated the Scriptures into a language that classic taste abhorred. Ulfilas and his Bible were myths. The Goths left no recorded chronicles. They acted; but did not write history. To-day, however, wholly aside from the manuscript discovered at Werden, aside from the parchment Epistles of St. Paul exhumed from the convent in Lombardy, aside even from other palimpsest discoveries now established beyond doubt in the Milan Library, it is known by results of researches among the monastic archives of Constantinople and Asia Minor that tradition was true. The old apostle of the Goths is as veritable as the teachers whose writings he translated and whose doctrines he taught. He was born in the year 319; was in 348, at the age of thirty, made bishop of a people dwelling between Mount Hæmus and the Danube; was present at a council held in Constantinople in 360; and died in 388. Beyond this there is no further record of his life. That he translated the Gospels from an unknown tongue into living speech, and thereby not only diffused Christianity among the restless races who were destined to overflow all Southern Europe, but made them missionaries of civilization, is beyond doubt the memorial he would have most desired.

We have said that this Gothic Bible, bound in silver, nearly a thousand years old, in perfect preservation, written partly on pure parchment, partly on palimpsest, stands on the shelves of the Upsal Library. Scholars regard it as the most ancient monument of the language that is parent of both German and English. When tribe on tribe, during the earliest Visigoth invasions of Europe, was pressing forward toward south and west, the restless multitudes were awed by the words of this book. Armies paused to be taught commands read from its pages. In forests and on barren heaths the innumerable hoards gave reverent heed to its teachings. It made the cross their standard. It built churches by the side of castles, and founded monasteries within the protection of citadels. Perhaps more than to any other cause Southern and Western Europe owes its Christian civilization to the Gothic translation of the Sacred Scriptures with which Bishop Ulfilas crowned his thirty-three years of missionary labor among the Goths. He excepted, indeed, the books of "The Kings" and "The Chronicles," for the reason—strange to us—that it would inflame the warlike spirit of his people. But, with this warning, the Bible was complete as it is to-day; and, as the only translation into a vernacular of many millions of people, was held for centuries in the highest veneration. The invaders carried it with them into Italy and Spain, and there are records of it in those countries up to the ninth century. May it not have been that, while they drew from its pages courage to overthrow effete governments and supplant idolatrous peoples, they gained also an enthusiasm that spread Christianity throughout Europe?

THE WELSH PULPIT.

BY REV. ERASMUS W. JONES.

When the great Reformation broke out, under the labors of Whitefield and the Wesleys, the moral condition of Wales was anything but encouraging. It is true that many years before this some praiseworthy efforts were put forth by pious Nonconformists, which resulted in much spiritual good to some parts of the Principality. Still the masses of the people were strangers to a living Gospel ministry.

The effects of Whitefield's preaching were wonderful. South Wales became a blaze of genuine revival. Men noted for piety, learning, and eloquence sprang up as leaders in the glorious campaign. Among these were Daniel Rowlands, Howel Harris, and Thomas Charles. Before these holy men the "armies of the aliens" were put to flight. Thus the evangelical early ministry of Wales was baptized with power—a power wonderfully retained to the present day.

There is more preaching in Wales, in proportion to its population, than in any other country on the globe. And in no other nation is the Gospel held in such reverence among the masses. There it is not an uncommon thing to see the farmers and their men-servants turning out by scores at mid-day, in the heat of harvest, to hear a sermon from a noted itinerant. By this, however, their temporal affairs are not permitted to suffer. For these luxuries they are ready to pay. They make it up by working harder, earlier, and later. No meetings are half so popular in Wales to-day as their great *preaching* anniversaries. They find in the pulpit what in England and other countries they seek for in the theater. I will not say that all this, always, springs from a pure, heartfelt regard for the Gospel; but it conclusively shows the power which the Welsh pulpit sways over the multitudes.

The present *style* of the Welsh Pulpit is much changed from that of the fathers. The increase of knowledge has demanded a more intellectual and *argumentative* ministry. The fathers stood before vast congregations that, however ignorant they may have been in scientific lore, were well posted in theological truths, and free from the insidious poison of that infidelity that has in a measure, I fear, infected the present congregations of Wales. When John Elias, William Williams, Robert Roberts, Edward Jones, Christmas Evans, and others, stood before the listening thousands, they not only fully believed themselves the ministry they preached; but their congregations also fully "believed their report," and thus was the "arm of the Lord revealed." These men of God were looked upon by their hearers, as in reality they were, messengers fresh from the council chambers of the Most High.

Fully and properly to describe the Welsh preaching of those days is beyond the province of either the tongue or pen. To use various figures, it was a devouring fire—the rushing of a mighty wind—the flashing of the forked lightning—the roaring of the awful thunder—the upheaving of a mighty earthquake—it was "the powers of the world to come!" This was the ministry that saved the Principality of Wales from the power of sin, immorality, and superstition, and brought it to its present reformed aspect.

This grand movement originated with the founders of Calvinistic Methodism, and properly dates to the middle of the last century, when Daniel Rowlands and Howel Harris went through the different counties like two flaming orbs.

We have mentioned a few of the old Welsh celebrities. In some points they have never been excelled, and in all probability they never will be. They were peculiarly and pre-eminently adapted to the times in which they lived. We detract nothing from their well-earned fame when we say that in depth of thought, mental culture, the power of analyzing, and even oratorical powers, they were not equal to many that came after them among all the denominations of the Principality.

The largest sect in Wales is the Calvinistic or Whitefield Methodists. The Congregationalists or Independents, however, are nearly equal in point of strength and number. The Methodists (Calvinistic) were the pioneers in the grand reform, and have kept the advance ever since. They are deeply spiritual and devotional. Their ministry is talented, powerful, and effective. Their eminent men are known by the scores. Many of them have passed to their reward all covered with glory. In church government they are Presbyterian. Their ministry is partly settled and partly itinerant.

Rev. John Phillips, of Bangor, in North Wales, one of their most laborious and talented ministers, has recently joined the church triumphant. His ministry was of the melting, charming, soul-transporting style. His popularity was unbounded, and weeping thousands followed his remains to their "long home." The name of John Phillips, of Bangor, shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Rev. Henry Rees, of Liverpool, also of the same church, a two years ago passed away to his reward. For many years he was a flaming herald of the Cross in the church militant—a major-general in the army of Jesus, marshaling the hosts of Jehovah, and leading his triumphant legions against the gates of Hell. Never was a man more ardently loved by his own people, and admired by all who knew him than was this eminent man of God. When Henry Rees died a deep wail of genuine sorrow went up from the stricken heart of a whole nation; and this sorrow is as pungent in America as in the fatherland. In my opinion, he never had his superior in the pulpit. I have heard some of the best talent of Wales and America; but never any pulpit performance that eclipsed the preaching of Henry Rees. Some thirty years ago, he was sent over to the United States to visit the Calvinistic Welsh churches. I then heard him preach not less than eight times. With his *Calvinism* I had no sympathy. But I then made up my mind that Henry Rees was the greatest preacher on earth. Since that time I have had no reason to change my opinion. Among their strong men of today are found Dr. Lewis Edwards, of Bala, and Edward Morgan, of Dyffryn.

Among the strong men of the Independents or Congregationalists we find Dr. William Rees, of Liverpool, (a brother of Henry); David Roberts, of Caernarvon, John Thomas, of Liverpool; John Morris, Aberhonddu; and others. The successors of William Williams, of Wern, are worthy sons of an illustrious father. Dr. Rees, of Liverpool, has for many years stood at the head of the Congregational Welsh pulpit. He is not only a great *preacher*, but he stands in the front rank of our Welsh *bards;* and the productions of "Gwilim Hiraethog" will be read and cherished while the Welsh language is spoken or while a Welsh minstrel sweeps the strings of his favorite harp.

The pioneers of Wesleyan Methodism in Wales were Edward Jones, Owen Davies, and John Bryan. The introduction of Arminianism was followed by long and stormy controversies. But long ago these turbulent waters have been calmed. To-day the different "names" are on very friendly terms, each casting out devils in its own mode, and bidding the others God-speed, giving all the praise to God.

The Welsh Wesleyans have of late lost three of their strong men—David Williams, Roland Hughes, and Thomas Aubrey. I have seen each of these three champions, and heard two of them preach. Perhaps for genuine eloquence of the smooth, rolling style Rowland Hughes never had a superior in Wales. The eloquence of Aubrey was of the impetuous, dashing style, that swept everything before it like the mountain torrent. When nineteen years old, he suddenly sprang into notice from the coal-mines of South Wales, where up to this time he had worked as a day-laborer. He soon became famous as a pulpit orator and a scholar. His English was as pure as his Welsh. His gigantic intellect grasped and retained a vast amount of knowledge. He was "in labors more abundant." In his 59th year the eloquent, amiable, pious, and laborious Thomas Aubrey ended the voyage of life, and entered the harbor of glory under full canvas.

David Williams died in ripe old age. He had a strong and vigorous "outward man," that was well adapted to bear the toils and trials of the itinerancy; while his intellectual powers soared far above the most of his cotemporaries. There are hundreds yet in Wales who stoutly affirm that "Old King David" was a greater preacher than either Rowland Hughes or Thomas Aubrey.

Among the men of mark in the Welsh Wesleyan ministry of to-day are Isaac Jenkins, Richard Jones, Richard Lumley, William Davies, William Powel, Samuel Davies, and many more.

Among the strong men of the Baptist Church we may mention Robert Ellis, of Carnarvon, in North Wales; and Evan Thomas, of Newport, South Wales. Robert Thomas is a profound divine, and the author of a very excellent commentary on the New Testament. He is a fluent speaker, and his well-constructed sentences flow from his lips in a manner that completely fascinates his hearers. He is also one of the best poets in the Principality, and the productions of "Cynddelw" are among the gems of Welsh literature.

Evan Thomas is a ripe scholar, and has the happy faculty of bringing out *small things* in a new and important light. Those things that others would throw aside as worthless he takes; and, under a few touches from his magic hand, they glisten and sparkle before your eyes as gems and precious stones.

In point of talent and pulpit power the Baptists are fully up to the other sects. Since the death of Christmas Evans other stars of the first brilliancy have appeared and disappeared in and from the firmament of this branch of the Evangelical Church.

The extraordinary effects often produced by a popular Welsh preacher are measurably attributable to the excitability of the people, as well as to his own rousing oratory.

A style of preaching void of comparisons and figures, and that makes no appeal to the *feelings*, would be decidedly unpopular in Wales. They like the logical and the argumentive very well; but they are better pleased with the striking illustration, the appropriate anecdote, and the *warming* property is considered a very essential part of the sermon.

If there was one thing above another in which the late Williams, of "Wern," excelled, it was in the novelty and pertinence of his illustrations. Never, perhaps, since the day of the Man of Nazareth did any Gospel minister make better use of temporal objects for the enforcement of religious truths. Here we will give his very striking remarks on that passage ending with the words "beginning at Jerusalem." Said he: "This was in order to test its power. At the village of Bersham, where I reside, there is a foundry for the casting of cannon. After they are cast, they are *tested*. First of all, they put in a single charge; and, if they bear that, then a double charge; and if they bear that without bursting, they are pronounced fit for the deck of a man-of-war or the battle-field. In this the casters act wisely and safely; for, if there should be a flaw in these engines of war, it is better it should be detected in the foundry-yard than in the act of being fired against the foe in the far distance. The Gospel was a new and untried instrument. It was first to be tested. And where was there a more fitting place than Jerusalem for the first experiment? If the Gospel proved itself *instrumentally* equal to the conversion of *Jerusalem* sinners no misgiving could ever after be entertained respecting its fitness to do execution in the land of the Gentiles. Peter was the man appointed to test this new gun. He charged and fired it. *Three thousand converted in one day!* After this the fishermen of Galilee went forth *everywhere* boldly to preach the Word, fully assured that that Gospel which had proved to be the power of God in the salvation of sinners at *Jerusalem* would answer in every other part of the globe."

Passion is another feature of Welsh preaching. This quality, so necessary for effective preaching, is quite natural to a genuine Cambrian. It was this tremendous passion, together with such a vivid imagination, that gave Christmas Evans such overwhelming power in the pulpit. So completely did he throw the whole of his impassioned soul into his descriptions that even the fastidious critic forgot himself and was captivated. Here is a short extract from our Welsh Bunyan; which, however, has greatly suffered in the translation.

The subject of his discourse was the Evil Spirit "wandering through dry places, seeking rest and finding none"—or Satanic agency defeated in a mind preoccupied by holiness.

"The Evil Spirit rose from his cavern, bent upon the destruction of the souls of men. He alighted on a wide Welsh moor. In the distance he saw a poor plowboy. 'Now,' said Satan, making toward him, 'I will get into that boy's heart and lead him astray. He shall become vicious—a thief, and a murderer!' But, to the Devil's astonishment, the boy, with a smile of religious joy on his countenance, broke out in a loud, hearty song:

> "'My God, the spring of all my joys,
> The life of my delights:
> The glory of my brightest days,
> And comfort of my nights.'

'Ah, ha!' cried the foiled Devil, 'this is a dry place!' He had sought rest, and found none. Next he came to a lovely village in a Welsh valley; and there, in the distance, at a cottage door, sat a beautiful damsel, by her flax spinning-wheel. 'Ah!' cried the Devil, 'here is another chance! I will enter that young mind. I will whisper impurity there, and lead her on to her ruin!' But, as he approched her, our Welsh girl also breaks out in sacred song, that echoes along the mountain sides:

> "'Should earth against my soul engage,
> And fiery darts be hurled,
> Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
> And face a frowning world.'

'Ah, ha!' said Satan, foiled again, 'this, too, is a dry place!' He had sought rest, and found none. Satan wandered about weary and unsuccessful the whole of that day; and night came—deep midnight. He passed through a still little hamlet. The lights were all out in the cottages, save one. There in an upper room a faint glimmering was seen, and Satan took courage. 'Ah!' said he, 'there lies old Williams, dying! I had been better employed if I had been at his elbow all day. Old Williams has served God for fifty years. Now, if I can get him to doubt, then get into despair, then to 'curse God and die'—capital! That will be worthy of a devil!' And Satan chuckled at the thought. He went up-stairs; and, as he was crossing to whisper evil thoughts into the mind of the dying man, old Williams roused himself. His countenance became heavenly, while in feeble accents he broke out: 'Though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' 'Ah, ha!' said the Devil, 'this is the dryest place of all!' And, full of rage, he hurried away to the place from whence he came." This may serve to give some idea of the *method* of Christmas Evans.

Another characteristic of a Welsh sermon is that its delivery is marked by *a great variety of intonations.*

It is not necessary to arrive at a definite knowledge in regard to the time when this chanting style of preaching became so prevalent in Wales. It probably originated with the Whitefield Methodists. The proper use of it is confined to the more passionate or pathetic parts of a discourse. It is nothing like the monotonous tone that is sometimes heard in English pulpits. It is a *melody* of the purest nature. It is not an easy matter to impart to the English mind a proper idea of a genuine Welsh "*hwyl*," or that musical style in which the minister pours forth his pathetic passages when under full canvas.

A minister who has no ear for music can never charm his hearers with the genuine Welsh "*

GUDEWIFE.
ANKIN, D.D.
hair o' brown
thy beauty's crown:
gowden, fa',
umbles a';
ha'e, here and there,
y wark and care.

gentle e'e
welcome me;
e's dew somehow
ed-ripe mou';
sweeter fa',
d 'neath lo'es star.

e ca'd our own;
ur nestie down!
s, strang an' ta',
er to our ca'.
st o' the crowd,
and hair o' gowd.

n's; the fause ha'e gaun;
fe's journie on;
e vale, and now
s sunlit brow;
had fa' share;
e ilk ither mair.

t it come fa' late!—
er e'enen gate:
n ane's sad breast
weet, sweet rest!
e will gang,
Blest amang.

ant, before it dawn,
, their sandals on,
staff i' han',
better lan',
their pathway keep:
we'se fa' asleep.

ENTHUSIASM.

BY PALMER, D.D.

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ne was ever thoroughly
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ithful Christian feeling,
an enthusiasm, in other words, is much more likely to accomplish it. This quickens every faculty and greatly intensifies the power of attention and decision. It is broad in its views, fertile in expedients, and determined in its efforts. It supplies the steady impulse necessary to Christian enterprise, and does not soon die, like a mere occasional excitement. A person in conventional bondage is like a wheel in a groove, that may easily be blocked. One who is warmed with an intelligent Christian enthusiasm is more like an eagle, that, free and unhampered, soars when and where he will. Could the thousands of well-instructed Christians in the churches, could the great body of sound and able ministers who are the leaders of the sacramental host, rise to a glow of enthusiasm in the work of Christ in some good degree proportioned to the grandeur of the issues it involves, it cannot be doubted that the Christian cause would be seen advancing with vastly augmented speed.

Is such a thing to be reasonably anticipated? Yes. It must not only be anticipated, but realized, before the Kingdom of God can come with power. To become painfully sensible how much we need a warmer, deeper, holier earnestness—this is the first thing. To place our souls more fully under the legitimate impression of the glorious person and the redeeming work of Christ—our hearts in closer contact with the throbbings of his heart in its deep sympathy with a suffering world—this is the thing next in order. To ask more and expect more of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, so that like primitive saints we may live in the spirit and not after the flesh—may be full of the Holy Ghost and of faith—this is the third thing. All of which amounts simply to saying that we must attain to be more thoroughly Christlike, and to exemplify in ourselves that devotion to Him on which the whole New Testament insists. Christian enthusiasm can only be produced and sustained by a living contact with God and the open vision of divine and eternal realities. It will come only with a flood-tide of heavenly influences setting in on the hearts of ministers and churches, and bringing them up to a nobler type of piety. It must be looked for, therefore, in answers to prayer, in the far-reaching revival of religion through rich outpourings of the Spirit, and in more hearty and resolute personal self-sacrifice and self-devotion. Christian reader, rest not till your own heart glows as if with seraphic fire.

THE LAST DAYS OF ST. JOHN THE APOSTLE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

It is often difficult to discriminate what should be regarded as true and what as fable in the writings of the early days of Christianity. The following incident, given by the Abbé Fleury, is alike interesting and instructive, as showing the reputation which the venerable Apostle John enjoyed.

It is said that St. John one day, in his extreme old age, attended a meeting of the disciples, in a small village, a few miles from Ephesus. A young man of remarkable personal beauty was also present, who was so frank and genial in his manners as at once to win the tender regard of the affectionate disciple "whom Jesus loved." Addressing himself to the pastor of the church, after the young man had left, the apostle said: "In the presence of this church, and of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, I commend to your especial care" this young man. As he left to return to Ephesus, he very emphatically reiterated the solemn charge.

The bishop or pastor of the church sought the young man, won his confidence, taught him the religion of Jesus, and finally, by baptism, received him to the church. The young man having partaken of the Lord's Supper, the bishop deemed him safe, and relaxed his vigilance. But he, being exposed anew to temptation, fell into bad company, was lured to midnight festivals, gradually abandoned all religious restraints, and plunged into the most reckless course of dissipation. His last state became so much worse than the first that he at length became captain of a gang of robbers, whose rendezvous was among the mountains, and who were the terror of the community.

Sometime after this, the beloved apostle again visited this rural church. With deep interest, he inquired for the young man. The bishop, with tears filling his eyes, replied: "He is dead—dead to God. He has become a bad man and a robber. Instead of frequenting the church, he has established himself in the fastnesses of the mountains." The venerable apostle was overwhelmed with grief. After a moment's reflection, he said: "Bring me immediately a horse and a guide." Without any preparation, in the clothes he then wore, he advanced toward the region infested by the robbers. Scarcely had he entered their rocky haunts ere some of the gang who were on the lookout arrested the defenseless, humbly-clad old man. "Conduct me to your chief," said the apostle. "I have come expressly to see him."

The captain soon made his appearance, armed from head to foot. The moment he saw the apostle he recognized him, and, overwhelmed with shame, turned and endeavored to escape by flight. John, notwithstanding the infirmity of years, pursued him with almost supernatural speed, and cried out:

"My son, why will you fly from your father—an old man, without arms? Have pity upon me, my son; do not fear. There is still hope that you may be saved. I will plead for you with Jesus Christ. If it be necessary, I will willingly give my life for yours, as he has given his for us. Believe me that Jesus Christ has sent me to you."

At these words, the young man arrested his steps, but could not raise his eyes from the ground. He threw aside his arms, and then trembling burst into tears, weeping bitterly. When the apostle had reached him, the young man threw his arms around the neck of the aged Christian, and, with sobbings, either of remorse or penitence, embraced him tenderly. The apostle strove to cheer the guilty wanderer from the fold of Christ, by assuring him that Jesus was ready to forgive all. He led him back to the church, engaged all the disciples to pray for him, and kept him constantly with him as a companion and a friend. Under these influences, it is said that the prodigal became a true penitent, re-entered the church, and ever after, continued one of its brightest ornaments.

It was at Ephesus that John wrote the Gospel that bears his name, and also his three epistles. It is said that in his extreme old age, when the faculties of body and mind were both so enfeebled that he could not make a continous discourse, he would frequently rise in the prayer-meetings of the church, simply repeating the words, "My dear children, love one another." When some of the brethren, wearied by the continued utterance of the same sentiment, inquired of him why he always repeated the same words, he replied: "Because this is the commandment of our Lord. If you keep this commandment, you will keep all the rest." The venerable apostle died at Ephesus, in the year of our Lord 99.

"I BELIEVE that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a devoted wife to her husband one day. "How so?" replied her husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

The Independent.

THE PALACE AND GARDENS OF ALCINOUS.

FROM THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A version of that part of the extract which follows was Pope's first essay in translating Homer. It was published in a volume which contained his "Essay on Criticism," his "Rape of the Lock," and others of his earlier poems. It is probable that its careful finish and the elaborate and nicely balanced versification, then a novelty in English literature, found such favor with the public as to encourage Pope to translate the "Iliad."

The blue-eyed Pallas, having spoken thus,
Departed o'er the barren deep. She left
The pleasant isle of Scheria and repaired
To Marathon and to the spacious streets
Of Athens, entering there the massive halls
Where dwelt Erectheus, while Ulysses toward
The gorgeous Palace of Alcinoüs turned
His steps, yet stopped and mused before he crossed
The threshold. For on every side beneath
The lofty roof of that magnanimous king
A glory shone as of the sun or moon.
There from the threshold, on each side, were walls
Of brass, extending to the inner rooms,
With blue steel cornices. The doors within
The massive building were of gold, and posts
Of silver on the brazen threshold stood,
And silver was the lintel which upbore
An architrave of gold, and on each side
Stood gold and silver mastiffs, the rare work
Of Vulcan's skillful hand, placed there to guard
The house of great Alcinoüs, and endowed
With deathless life that knew no touch of age.
Along the walls within, on either side,
And from the threshold to the inner rooms,
Were firmly planted thrones, on which were spread
Delicate mantles, woven by the hands
Of women. The Phæacian princes here
Were seated. Here they ate and drank and held
Perpetual banquet. Slender forms of boys,
In gold, upon the shapely altars stood,
With blazing torches in their hands to light
At eve the palace guests, while fifty maids
Waited within the halls, where some in querns
Ground small the yellow wheat; some wove the web
Or twirled the spindle, sitting, with a quick,
Light motion, like the aspen's glancing leaves.
As far as the Phæacian race excel
In guiding their swift galleys o'er the deep,
So far the women in their woven work
Surpass all others. Pallas gives them skill
In handiwork and beautiful design.

Without the palace court and near the gate
A spacious garden of four acres lay.
A hedge enclosed it round, and lofty trees
Flourished in generous growth within—the pear,
And the pomegranate, and the apple-tree,
With its fair fruitage, and the luscious fig,
And olive always green. The fruit they bear
Falls not, nor ever fails in winter time
Nor summer, but is yielded all the year.
The ever-blowing west wind causes some
To swell and some to ripen. Pear succeeds
To pear, to apple apple, grape to grape,
Fig ripens after fig. A fruitful field
Of vines was planted near. In part it lay
Open and basking in the sun, which dried
The soil; and here men gathered in the grapes,
And there they trod the wine-press. Further on
Were grapes unripened yet, which just had cast
The flower, and others still which just began
To redden. At the garden's furthest bound
Were beds of many plants that all the year
Bore flowers. There gushed two fountains: one of them
Ran wandering through the field; the other flowed
Beneath the threshold to the palace court.
And all the people filled their vessels there.
Such were the blessings which the gracious gods
Bestowed on King Alcinoüs and his house.

APPEAL TO THE CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

BY FATHER HYACINTHE.

ROME, ABSENT IN BODY, PRESENT IN SPIRIT: *Christmas*, 1870.

When war broke out, like that thunderbolt which burst over the Vatican at the promulgation of the impious dogma, I hastened to write a brief protest. This duty fulfilled, I kept silence. I waited to see the sweeping off, as of the chaff which the wind driveth away, of those two absolutisms which, sometimes in mutual league, sometimes in hostility, had so grievously oppressed both the Church and the world—the Empire of the Napoleons and the temporal power of the Popes. The abettors of the infallibility movement have not understood this religious silence to which so many souls have restrained themselves, and which they above all others ought to have maintained; pursuing that audacious policy which with one stroke has accomplished both their triumph and their ruin, they busy themselves with noisy calculations upon the more or less prudent reserve of some, the more or less constrained adherence of others. Such a misunderstanding cannot longer be kept up; it would be wrong not to oppose what would otherwise result in establishing falsehood by prescriptive right.

The political catastrophe, which, especially for Frenchmen, seemed at first a reason for silence, becomes, if truly apprehended, an urgent motive for speaking and acting. I do not hesitate to say it, the question which at this very moment takes precedence of all others in France is the religious question. France cannot do without Christianity; and yet she cannot accept Christianity under the forms of oppression and corruption with which it has been disguised. Therefore it is that she, even more than the Latin races in general, has been forced to live without religion, and consequently without moral power, between Ultramontanism and Infidelity, two foes of which she has taken but too slight account, and against whom she had need to fight not less, certainly, than against those who have invaded nothing but her soil.

Suffer me, then, in presence of the woes of my country and the woes of the Church, to address the Catholic bishops of the whole world, and especially those of them who look upon the situation as I do myself, and who, to my own knowledge, are not few. Who am I that I should speak to them so boldly? But the illustrious Gerson has not hesitated to declare that in times of crisis the humblest woman has the right to convoke the Œcumenical Council and save the Church Universal. I assume this right; I perform this duty; I conjure the bishops to put an end to that latent schism which is separating us by chasms the depth of which is the more fearful as it is more unperceived.

Above all, we need to be told by them whether the decrees of the late Council are to command our faith or no. In an assembly, the primary conditions of which are absolute liberty of discussion and moral unanimity of suffrage, bishops, respectable by reason of their number, and by their eminence in learning and in character, openly and repeatedly published of all manner of restrictions put upon their liberty, and finally refused to take part in the vote. Is it possible that returning to their dioceses, and waking as it were from a long dream, they have acquired the retrospective certainty of having really enjoyed, while at Rome, that moral independence of which they were not conscious at the time? The supposition is an insult. We are not dealing here with one of those mysteries that are above man's reason; but simply with a fact of consciousness. To change one's mind in a matter of this sort would not be to submit one's reason to authority; it would be to sacrifice one's conscience.

Now, if this be so, we are still free, after, as before the Council, to reject the infallibility of the Pope, as a doctrine unknown to ecclesiastical antiquity, and having its foundations only in apocryphal documents, upon which criticism has pronounced beyond all appeal.

We are still free to say, openly, loyally, that we do not accept the late Encyclicals and the *Syllabus*, which their most intelligent defenders are constrained to interpret in opposition to their natural meaning, and to the known intent of their author, and the result of which, if they were to be taken in earnest, would be to produce a settled radical incompatibility between the duties of a faithful Catholic and those of an impartial scholar and a free citizen.

Such are the most salient points at which the schism has been effected. It is the right of every Catholic who cares for the integrity and the dignity of his faith, of every priest who has at heart the loyalty of his ministry, to interrogate the bishops on these points; and it is their duty to answer without reservation and without artifice. Reservation and artifice—these have been our ruin. It is high time to restore in our Church the ancient sincerity in religion which has so decayed amongst us.

But, mark it well, the facts and doctrines which I have pointed out are connected with a great system, and, to reach the details, the remedy must penetrate the whole. The question is aggravated by the very excesses of the Ultramontanes, and from this time forth the issue is to be this: whether or not the nineteenth century is to have its Catholic Reformation, as the sixteenth had its Protestant Reformation.

Look, O bishops, upon the bride of Jesus Christ, whom you also have espoused, the Holy Church, pierced, like him, with five wounds!

The first, the wound in the right hand—the hand which holds the light, is the hiding of the Word of God. That sacred volume, opened over the world to enlighten and to fructify, why has it been shut up again in the darkness of dead languages, and under the seal of the severest prohibitions? The bread of instruction and life which God had prepared as well for the poor as for the wise and learned, why has it been taken from them? It is vain to allege, for a pretext, the abuses of heresy and unbelief. Put the Bible in its true relation with science, by an intelligent exegesis, and they will have nothing to fear from each other. Put it in its true relation with the people, by a religious education worthy of itself and of them, and the Bible will become the safest guide of the people's life, the healthiest inspiration of their worship.

The wound in the other hand is the oppression of intellect and conscience by the abuse of hierarchical power. Of a truth, Jesus Christ said to his apostles: "Go, teach all nations"; but he said also to them: "The princes of the nations exercise dominion over them, but it shall not be so among you" Successors of the apostles, make haste to unbind from our shoulders that burden which neither we nor our fathers have been able to bear, and restore that light and easy yoke to which we are invited by the love of the Redeemer!

And what shall I say of the spear-wound in the heart? I must call it by its name, for they who most suffer from it are those who most shrink from speaking of it—it is the celibacy of the priests. I speak not of the voluntary celibacy, the more pleasing to God as it is free and joyous, like the love that inspires it—the portion of a few souls, called to it and sustained in it by an exceptional grace. But when it is extended indiscriminately over natures the most unlike and the most unfit, when it is imposed as an irrevocable oath upon their inexperience and enthusiasm, celibacy becomes an institution without mercy and too often without morality. The nations who look upon it as the exclusive ideal of perfection throw contempt on the sanctity of wedded life, and, debasing the family in comparison with the cloister, they reduce it to a mere refuge for vulgar or, at best, for earthly souls. The domestic hearth becomes no longer an altar!

But the last wounds of the Church, that cripple her feet when she would rest upon the earth, are these: Worldly policy and superstitious piety. A policy the Church must have, for it stands in necessary relations with the powers of this world; but that policy is most completely expressed in the words of the Master: "I, if I be lifted up above the earth, will draw all men unto me." Is this that policy of the temporal power and the secular arm which makes the possession of some provinces in Italy and some privileges in Europe the essential condition of the empire of souls, the pivot of the whole spiritual structure? A policy as fatal to the Church and the world as the revolution which it subserves even while it is contesting it. A policy the impotent, blind persistency in which it is now desired to exalt to the dignity of a dogma! On the other hand, there is no lack of spiritual force in modern Catholicism. It counts its devout souls by myriads; it sees the noblest works and virtues flourishing within its pale. Why is this piety, so touching and so genuine, too often handed over to the seductions of a mysticism without depth, and an asceticism without austerity—so different from those that shed grandeur on the early Christian centuries? External practices—material practices, I had almost said—are multiplied without limit; the adoration of the saints, especially of the Holy Virgin are developed in proportions and under a character which are alien to genuine Catholic feeling; and that worship of the Father in spirit and in truth, which Jesus made the soul of his religion, is sensibly diminishing amongst us.

Such is the body of Christ, in the state to which our sins have brought it on the earth—sins of the priests, as much and more than those of the people. O, bishops, will you have no pity on it? Will you not give it some efficacious remedy? "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

I pause. My heart is so burdened that I cannot go on. I know not what shall become of my poor word amid the shock of empires and the voice of blood going up from fields of carnage. But I know this: that, if it be not strong enough to speed the accomplishment of God's designs, it is faithful to declare them.

And this, too, I know: that I do not separate myself from the holy Catholic faith, nor from the Church of my baptism and priesthood. If her venerated chiefs shall heed my humble appeal, I shall resume at once, in obedience and in honor and loyalty, a ministry which has been the sole passion of my youth, the sole ambition of my life, and which nothing but my conscience could have forced me painfully to relinquish. If, on the contrary, they answer me only by their reprobation or their silence, I shall not suffer this to disturb me in my love for a Church that is greater than those who govern it, stronger than those who defend it. Holding fast by the heritage left me by my fathers, and not to be rent from me by unjust and, therefore, invalid excommunications, I will give to the preparation of the Kingdom of God upon the earth that free personal labor which is the common duty of all true Christians.

FINANCIAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

SUPPOSE, in the Presidential campaign of 1868, a Republican speaker, addressing his audience, had exclaimed:

"Elect our ticket, and we promise you that within two years we will pay off *two hundred millions* of your present national debt, make the greenbacks and fractional currency in the pockets of the people worth *sixty millions* more than they are now, reduce your national expenditures *eighty millions* below their amount during the last fiscal year; and, while doing this, will also relieve you from *eighty millions* per year of the taxation you now bear."

Who would have then believed that this prediction and pledge could be or would be fulfilled? The orator who would have dared to thus speak would have been condemned by his political friends as an oversanguine enthusiast, and would have been denounced by his political enemies as a willful falsifier. And yet, with a Republican President, a Republican Congress, and the faithful enforcement of the laws by Republican officers, more than all this has been realized, incredible as it would have appeared but a brief two years ago.

Equally gratifying has been the steady advance, during the same two years, in the public credit, that right arm of the nation in peace as well as in war. From thirty-five per cent. premium on gold, the gap between our greenbacks and the currency of the world has gradually narrowed down to about ten per cent. Last summer it touched that point; but the European war, with the enormous monetary requirements of the belligerents, unsettled the money market of America, as it did that of Europe, and increased the premium on gold here to about fifteen per cent. But it has since then steadily, and without any financial shock, settled down again to about ten per cent. The six per cent. bonds of 1881 had, last summer, risen above the par of gold, and are now about at par with it. The six per cent. five-twenties are about two per cent. below it, and the five per cent. ten-forties (with six years of the ten expired) are but little lower. Substantially, we may say that our nineteen hundred and thirty-five millions of bonds are worth about nineteen hundred millions in gold; and our three hundred and ninety-six millions of greenbacks and fractional currency are worth nearly three hundred and sixty millions in gold.

This close approximation leads many to inquire whether, without injurious business disturbance, something might not be done that would place the nation, ere long, safely on the rock of specie payments; make the proposed funding of the fourteen hundred and twenty millions six per cent. five-twenties into bonds with lower interest a success; reduce the interest charge on the Treasury; and thus be enabled to largely diminish both appropriations and taxation. Contraction, when tried, was unequivocally condemned by public opinion. The substitution of national currency for greenbacks, thus lessening the amount to be ultimately redeemed by the Treasury, encounters formidable political opposition. Hoarding the gold in the vaults of the United States, so as to prepare for redemption, seems calculated to increase its premium. Attempting to resume on a generous confidence that the public would not soon exhaust the gold on hand, appears, with many, a dangerous experiment. Thus, turning whichever way we will, objections confront us; and, by an almost general consent, there appears to be a disposition to avoid new financial legislation for the present, with the hope that by industrial development, economy in expenditures, and good government generally, the gradual monetary improvement of the past two years may continue till the desired end is reached.

Not claiming to be "an expert" on financial questions, I would not venture suggestions, antagonizing in essential features with this apparently settled conclusion of the public mind. But it has seemed to me that it would not be dangerous, nor conflicting with the objections arrayed against the various plans just referred to, to consider two or three propositions that might, without financial disturbance or business embarrassment, promote the desired consummation.

1. BONDS. The Secretary of the Treasury, under the present law, sells every month a certain number of millions of the surplus gold, at the market rate, and buys a certain number of millions of bonds, for cancellation, also at the market rate, the amount of sales and purchases being announced for public information at the opening of each month. The effect of this is that these bonds are really redeemed in gold, within a small fraction of dollar for dollar, the difference between the percentage of premium realized on gold and that paid for bonds being but slight.

There were in the Treasury New Year's Day (I write this before the exhibit of Feb. 1st) EIGHTY-ONE MILLIONS OF GOLD, over and above the gold certificates in use and circulation. What would be the effect if, on the 1st of March, the Secretary had the authority, and exercised it, to advertise that, at any time within the ensuing sixty days, *the first forty millions of the five-twenties would be redeemed, on presentation at the Treasury, in gold?* I do not even intend to suggest their compulsory presentation by stopping the interest; but to proffer the gold, on demand, to all holders throughout the world of the oldest of the six per cent. five-twenty bonds, issued under the law of Feb. 25, 1862, from No. 1 up. One-third of them, it is believed, are held in Europe. I doubt very much whether any of these would recross the ocean for redemption, if the interest were not stopped. Of those held in the United States I think but few millions would appear at the Treasury. The fact that *the United States had actually commenced the payment of their bonds in gold* would probably destroy at once the small difference now existing in the premium on the five-twenties as compared with the premium on gold (not the ten per cent. as compared with greenbacks, but the two or three per cent. difference as compared with bonds); and, if so, there would not be the slightest inducement to present them.

But, *suppose the whole forty millions were presented for redemption under this notice?* The result would be, *first*, that they would be paid off a little more quickly than under the present system; and, *secondly*, the amount of gold thus furnished would tend, by its plenty, to depress the premium upon it—so that, if this theory should be realized, the small difference between gold and bonds would vanish, and the bonds would be at par with gold. In either event, its result on the proposed funding of the five-twenties into a five per cent. ten-forty (of which five hundred millions are now authorized by the amended law of this session) could not but be beneficial. And, with funding a success, and the six per cent. bonds passing into five per cents., the end of gold premiums could not be very far off.

The result of the first sixty days' experience would show clearly to the public mind which of the two plans—the one now in operation or the newer one—should be continued in the future. If I am not mistaken, it would be found quite safe enough to proffer them the redemption in gold of the second forty millions of bonds issued in 1862. But this could be left to time and the experience under the first proffer to determine.

I merely throw out this suggestion for those better versed in the mysteries of finance to consider. It seems to be free from the objections to other plans, and calculated, by the very fact that the world would see in it the commencement of the redemption of our securities in gold, to be beneficial, and only beneficial, in its results to us as a nation. And it has also appeared to me that, whether the bonds were presented under it for redemption or not, the result could scarcely fail to be auspicious in hastening the consummation that all of us desire.

Two other suggestions must be more briefly stated:

2. NATIONAL BANKS. The fact that the Treasury pays about eighteen to twenty millions per year in gold to the national banks, as interest on the bonds held as security for their circulation, and that the time is certainly not far distant when the national bank-notes must be redeemable in specie, would justify the nation in requiring them to keep in their vaults the gold thus paid to them, as part of their reserves and as a preparation for this duty. It could affect financial matters but slightly, if at all; as a corresponding amount of greenbacks would be released from their reserve fund, and thus enter into general circulation. Presented, heretofore, as this has been, with other propositions, intended to *compel* the funding of the bonds owned by the banks into bonds bearing lower interest, it has failed of success. But, proposed by itself, it would be difficult for the banks and their stockholders to find substantial objections to it.

3. TAXATION. It is essential to the prosperity of the nation, to the development of its industries, to the release of its citizens from all possible burdens, to the perpetuity and continued triumph of the organization whose principles are happily still in the ascendant, that this pledge of the Chicago Republican platform should be remembered and fulfilled:

"Taxation to be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the public faith will permit."

The taxation which has realized the large surplus of the past few years, while it has done a good work in elevating the national credit (by showing the world how rapidly the United States could pay off its debt in spite of all unfriendly predictions, at home or abroad), has been burdensome, beyond question, on its people. But the abolition by Republican Congresses of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS of taxation in the past four years has proven their willingness to dispense with the increased burdens caused by the War for the Union and its cost, as rapidly as the maintenance of the national credit would safely allow.

There are two sides, however, to this question. Unquestionably, taxation must, with wise discriminations, as in the past, be equalized and reduced. The people have a right to demand this. But, above all things else, the public faith must be guarded beyond all possible contingency of danger. There must be ample means in the Treasury for all national expenses and obligations. Failing in this, the national credit would receive a shock from which it might require years to recover. There is but little danger, comparatively, of repudiation by any direct vote of the people or of Congress. The rock of danger is the abolition or reduction of taxation, in a race for popularity, till the revenues become so depleted that the Treasury cannot fulfill the national promises.

It is for this reason that the Republican party has kept the national faith and the national credit uppermost in all of its deliberations and enactments as to taxation; rather risking its political ascendancy than the public faith. And so, it may be hoped, it will continue to act. Carefully observing how much can be safely spared from the national revenues, it will "equalize and reduce taxation as rapidly as the public faith will permit"; striking off or cutting down, as at the last session, those taxes which public opinion points out as the most objectionable, and thus preserving its good faith to the people, while it preserves unimpaired and unendangered the good faith of the Republic.

FEET AND WINGS.

BY HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

It is the distinction of all flying creatures that they have a double apparatus—wings for the air, and feet for the ground. Accordingly, they draw their feet up under them when they fly, and when they settle on their feet, drop their wings at their side. And one of the prophets, by a fine touch of nature, shows God's cherubim even conforming, as by instinct, to this same law—"when they stood they let down their wings." Of course, there is no lesson specially religious here intended; but the fact may be used, I conceive, with no small advantage, to illustrate a very important subject of Christian experience, otherwise difficult to be effectively presented.

This nether element, called Nature and the world, is a kind of base-level on which we trudge and drudge ourselves in our works, and take what grime of it we must, having faculties of locomotion, feeding, sensation, natural sentiment, and sense-perception, coupled with discursive understanding; by all which we act our parts on foot, as it were, and have our opportunity in the uses given us. Meantime, we have a higher range permitted us into which it is our privilege to ascend; with attributes of faith-perception, love-appropriation, spiritual imagination, added for the sensing of God and the taking of his revelation to live in it; in all which we become aerial creatures, so to speak, resting suspensively on things above the world and ranging freely in them. And it is this glorious uplifting that produces the transcendent mystery of experience in Christian conversion. For the major, infinitely nobler part of our faculty is here opened out for the first time into worlds above the world; even as a worm bursting its chrysalis begins to fly, or as a balloon, when the cords are cut, leaps with a bound into the sky. O, what buoyancies of faculty now take us, all struggling upward after God! So that now, becoming spirit and no more flesh only, the new inspirations lift us into quite another range of experience.

And the Word of Life represents this uplifting of souls in a great many different ways that are yet all concurrent. "Conversation in Heaven"—"Raised up together to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus"—"Risen with Christ to seek those things that are above"—"Ye are come unto the Heavenly Jerusalem"—"They mount up on wings as eagles." The conception is that souls new-born "from above," as Christ speaks, are in this manner lifted above, and go clear of the foot-levels of the world and the more natural understanding. The smother of flesh and sense is taken off, and they rise.

They were creatures of understanding and creatures in the higher capabilities of faith; but living in the understanding, in that always looking down, they saw the coarse, nether element only; so that when they came to open their windows on God by their trust in him—so admitting the full revelation of his truth and friendship—they are taken up off their feet into a higher range of life. They sail abroad in a kind of upper-world liberty. Duty now is inclination; truth an infinitely serene element; perception broad as Heaven and full as the sea; and all the delusions of world-worship and lust are fallen away. They, as it were, only see the world when they look far down where it lies.

All this by faith; because where we rest ourselves, our life and life-character, on God, we prove him and have the sense of him revealed to our immediate knowledge. But this faith, it must be observed, is not, as appears to be very often understood, any belief in something about God, which is not God; no belief in a proposition, or truth, or doctrine, or fact, even though it be an atonement made, or legal justification provided—these things are things round about having, it may be, a certain relationship and preparative concern—but the faith is a wholly transactional matter toward God himself, and no mere creditive assent or conviction regarding something notional or notionally affirmed. It is the man's new, self-committing, trusting act, by which he puts himself out on trust, and begins to live suspensively on God, as every created spirit, whether under sin or clear of it, is made to live. It is a trusting of person to person, substantive being to substantive being, sinner to Saviour: in this manner it is in effect a sublime act of migration upward into the range of spirit, where it lives inspirationally, and has all things new.

Accordingly, just here begins the great struggle of Christian experience I am wishing to illustrate. Can the soul thus lifted stay above in that serene element into which it is ascended? Plainly enough, it is possible only as we keep good the faith, or, when it ebbs, renew it. It must be faith too still in the person of God or of Christ; not any faith in something about God and secondary only to what is personal in him. It must be such faith as lives derivatively from him, and bathes itself in the revelation or inner sense of his friendship. And precisely here—here and never anywhere else—is the difficulty; that the disciple has gravitations in him still, that pull him all the while downward, and settle him on his feet before he knows it. And then, as soon as he begins to stand, his wings are folded, of course. Even as the flying creatures fold their wings instinctively when they settle on their feet, having, for the time, no use for them. The moment he begins to rest on mortal supports, and find his hope in mortal good, he ceases in the same degree to live by faith. And it comes to pass so naturally or insensibly that he forgets himself. Let us trace some of the instances and ways in which it comes to pass.

He is a man of enterprise, and begins to think of independence; and the independent state that draws him on becomes, how easily, how insensibly, the non-depending state. His successes are honest successes. His economies are only rational and right. But he does not hang on Providence as he did, in a perpetually sweet, bright confidence. His prayers lose out their fervors, and his peace flows only as a turbid river. Even God is far less dear and less consciously present than he was. How long is there going to be faith enough left to have the consciousness of his presence at all?

Sometimes the disciple drops out of faith unwittingly in overdoing the search after evidences of it. What should be that evidence but the faith itself, even as the day bring its own evidence; or, better still, as we get evidence of warmth by the immediate feeling of it, when we cannot find heat by any hunt of inspection or search beside. Suppose he finally gets the evidence of his divine calling made up. It is made up in his understanding, of course, and it might as well be made up by arithmetic computations. He has, in fact, descended out of faith to get evidences that dispense with faith. He wants no inspirations longer, for he has made good his proofs. Henceforth he burns, if at all, without flame. He is down upon his feet, and has really undertaken to be a foot passenger all through.

By a very common mistake, the disciple who is losing ground, instead of going back on his faith, puts his will into the struggle, and thinks to recover himself by his will. Fighting out his battle now by self-endeavor, he makes it a losing battle, of course. Defeated and discouraged, he knows not how, he answers, with a sigh, Am I not doing everything for success? Yes; everything but the only thing—viz., to believe in God—that is forgotten. And what can he do by his mere will-force and resolvedness, when the heavenly trust is wanting? He might as well think to leap out of the Gulf Stream by the spring of his feet. The harder throes he makes the deeper he sinks, of course.

Another class of disciples, of a naturally faithful habit, when their fervors abate, and their enjoyment of God ceases to buoy them up, seeing no help for it, subside, as it were dutifully, into a mere routine practice, or observance of times. They gravitate downward on regularity; consenting thus to a regulation service on foot, since it can no longer be a service in impulse and liberty. Unblest and dry, they are none the less punctual and exact. They mean, at least, to be faithful; and they hope there may be some good in it, only of a duller sort than it should be. Perhaps there may; only how much better if they could be sure of some little faith in their faithfulness, which, if they had it but as a grain of mustard seed, would kindle, at least, an observable fire. Had their faith but a one-wing power, it ought, in the flapping, to lift them visibly a few feet upward now and then.

To give one illustration more: it often happens that a disciple thinks to steady and fortify his faith by a more practiced investigation and deeper studies in matters of opinion. And it is not to be denied that certain benefits may thus be gained. But the difficulty is that when he gets occupied in questions of the understanding he is likely to be engrossed by them and seek his light in them, having it no more by faith at all. Then, of course, he is down upon the levels of mere Nature. Hence the fact so often remarked, that young men going into theologic studies are apt to lose ground visibly, to the grief of many friends, in their piety. They pass into a sphere where scheme and system are building, and get stalled in the industry of the head. They forget that opinion builds from below, and undertakes to be a pillar by its own firm standing. We think, it may be, that we touch bottom, and get sure footing in it; but the fatal thing is that it is a footing more literal than it should be—a standing that is on the feet. We are going, as we think, to be lifted or aerially floated no more, but will now have things in the solid. But our solidity turns out to be a living on the dry nuggets of articulated deductions, and not on the uplifting grace of God's inspirations. We settle thus out of grace into formulations of grace, when, of course, our wings are down. Would that a great many thousands of the more gifted souls could not find the meaning of this.

Our conclusion, then, is that all unsteadiness, wavering, collapse in Christian living is caused somehow, in one way or another—for the ways are numberless—by dropping out of the simple first faith, and beginning to rest on supports from below. The moment any disciple touches ground with but the tip of his foot, and begins to rest himself, but in part on earthly props, a mortal weakness takes him and he goes down. And there is no need of it. Nothing is more simple than this law of trust. God, too, is a being faithful enough to be trusted in at all times; and, if the disciple is faithful enough to abide in his trust, he will abide in God, and have God's inspirations in him, move in God's liberty. If at any time he begins to subside, a calm and loving return to his trust will assuredly recover him. And he is not obliged, living in this key, to remit or let go any of his studies, or toils, or engagements. He will only carry himself the more steadily in them, and with less friction of disturbance, that his soul is rested in God by his faith. Sometimes it may be that his faith is shut in by morbid vapors, obscurations from disease; but then he has only to believe the more strongly, waiting for his obscurations to be cleared. He need not ever be troubled or put in concern by them. Even the sun has obscurations; but above them it abides in the tranquillities, and waits till it has burned a way through.

WHAT CO-OPERATION MEANS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THE word of hope to the car of intelligent Labor is CO-OPERATION. Let me endeavor succinctly to set forth what it

The Independent

ANSWERED.

"And day by day we ask of God, dear child
That He who gave may keep thee undefiled!"

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

So *hath* He kept thee! And lest Earth should dim
Or mar the virgin brightness of thy soul,
Turning it backward from its heavenly goal,
He early summoned thee to dwell with HIM,
Where thou canst hear, from harps of Seraphim,
The hallelujahs that thou lov'd'st when sung
In Earth's dull dialect by human tongue,
And angel anthems, whose divine notes swim
On Heaven's serener air! Our full hearts swell
With grief too bitter for our words to tell;
And yet, amid our sobs, we would not dare
Arraign His goodness who recalled to Heaven
The treasure *lent*—alas! we deemed it *given!*
In love He hears, in wisdom answers prayer.

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE village of Applethorpe was shockingly disconcerted one morning, not long after the death of its chief magnate, Mr. Kingsford, by an apparition which the most scrutinizing and incredulous of persons could not but pronounce inexplicable.

It was the misty outline of a figure and the likeness of a face stamped on the single pane of a long window in the late magnate's mansion, as if the pane had been a camera-glass, or as if the shape had been etched there with diamonds and corrosive oils. But, on examination, there was no trace of the scratching of tools or the use of mordants. In fact, the thing vanished on inspection; but, glancing again, at the distance of a few feet, either from the lawn without or the library within, there it glimmered once more like a cloud full of an evil electricity, for a mocking smile flickered about the mouth in that face like a grave-light, and the eyes, round which hung a shadow of matted hair, seemed to glower upon whomsoever caught their glance, like the eyes of a wild beast covering their prey, a flame flaring in each one of their dark depths.

The news of this singular appearance fled over the village with that unaccountable speed in which such things ride the air, and crowds flocked across the Kingsford lawns by morning and evening to satisfy themselves of the truth of the extraordinary rumor, and to find themselves pierced by those eyes and shuddering before the thing that seemed as if the fierce shimmer of a northern-light had been transfixed upon the pane and given a vague form and face and personality; and, as soon as the clergyman had pronounced it beyond doubt something preternatural, there came a harvest of rappings and tippings and red letters and hysterics and cataleptic trances. But, when these were all over and gone, the face in the glass still remained, and still looked out upon the day and night with that lurid light of the eye and that mocking smile which triumphed over Nature. How long the face had been there, how it was that it came there at all, why it had not been observed before, remained matters of conjecture; but in one thing there was no conjecture—of a truth, the house was haunted. Certainly it could be through no misdeed of Mr. Kingsford that this was so; for never had man lived a more upright and open life than he. Perhaps some one of the old owners of the mansion (where gayety and revel and rumors of wild nights and days had ruled before the Kingsford era) had come back to claim occupancy of the place; and perchance, if such were the case, the claim was sustained, for the Kingsford family found it impossible to remain in the house. No other family would enter it. It stood up vacantly, confronting wind and weather, fell into disrepair, and became a haunt not only of the so-called ghost, but of bats and owls, and such waifs and strays as those to whom cold and exposure had more terrors than all that clustered about the face in the glass; till one summer night, in a burst of the thunder and lightning for which the region was renowned, the long window, cobwebbed from end to end, and with a swallow's nest of fledglings in the cornice, was shattered into a thousand splinters, and the ghost was laid. And at present, singularly enough, the place is occupied as a country almshouse, of which the surviving representative of the Kingsfords is an inmate.

But there is always an undercurrent of half-unconscious popular feeling flowing toward the truth; and, as long as the thing was remembered, there accompanied the remembrance an undefined conviction that the apparition belonged in no way to the former jovial and riotous possessors of the old place, but was something of which the Kingsfords held the fee-simple—a conviction the more inexplicable by reason of the general knowledge of the way in which the blameless Kingsford days had been passed—the days of well-descended, honorable people.

Mr. Kingsford had become a resident of Applethorpe when he was still quite a young man. I am not sure of the year; but it must have been three or four seasons after the famous trial of Schemerling, in which he had borne a leading part. Indeed, it was partly by means of that trial that he came there at all; for, having been called upon to take the place in the prosecution of the assistant district attorney—who, as well as his superior, was too ill for duty—he conducted the trial in such a way as to draw public attention to himself, and soon thereafter a practice so plentiful that he felt he could not only afford to marry, but to purchase and renovate the old mansion at Applethorpe, which had once struck his fancy on passing through the village, and which ever since he had longed with an unquenchable longing to possess.

He had been struggling and living from hand to mouth for some few years then, hating his profession, and full of an eager desire for scientific pursuits; therewithal ardently in love, and unable to make the woman he loved his wife, and obliged to see the sweet and patient girl grow thin and pale and old before her time, and moreover bitten by envy of those who succeeded to a family practice, or whom lucky accident tossed into luxury, and mortified daily by the pinching degradation of his poverty, till he became sharp and sour and miserable. He sat in his office, waiting for cases to come to him, as older lawyers bade him do; he made acquaintances, and did his faulty utmost to be genial, that they might bring him cases; he delved among the detested books that would tell him how to handle the cases, if they ever came; he made imaginary cases, and tried them before an imaginary court, enough to have made his fortune; and the only vacations he ever allowed himself were the afternoons when he would take the train that in twenty minutes left him in Applethorpe, and gave him three hours to ramble round the grounds, inspect the old mansion for the hundredth time, see it his own in his mind's eye, fancy a baleony here, an oriel there, a laboratory beyond, lay out a rose-garden, plant a screen of firs against the library, see his gods set up there, his wife there, his children; and go back to his dingy desk again, and mark the day with a white stone on which he made a dollar. Poor Mr. Kingsford, disappointed, unmarried, sick at heart, some moroseness might have been pardoned him; and the only unfortunate thing about it all was that when Schemerling came to trial the full weight of it fell upon him.

But, after all, who was Schemerling? Only a sad wretch, a culprit who had taken the various degrees of crime, and was at last a candidate for graduation in murder. He was an abject creature enough at the time of his last trial—forty or fifty years old, it might be; with dark and filthy hair, hanging round a face all scarred and grimed; and with his long body and longer limbs distorted by rheumatisms, which he said prison-damps and nights beneath the hedge-rows had given him, till he stood little more than half his stature. But Schemerling had not always been this wretch and sufferer. It was believed that years ago, in another section of the country, he had been engaged in extended smuggling operations; being sorely punished for which, he had afterward become a counterfeiter—some said, through natural depravity, some through a philosophical sense of injustice and a determination to wring back what had been wrung from him; and when his sentence for that offense had expired, he had entered the ranks of the professional gamblers, armed and equipped with many fatal secrets. In all of these occupations he had lived in a sumptuous style, wearing costly diamonds, drinking costly wines, driving costly horses, scattering gold right and left; till, the run of luck forsaking him, money went too, horses were sold, jewels pawned, sickness and poverty and drunkenness and sin carried him from one jail to another, and he was apprehended for vagrancy and theft at the very time when the whole district around about was convulsed with the murder of the Hersey children.

The jails were unusually full at the period of Schemerling's apprehension—the authorities endeavoring to atone for their previous remissness, under which such a deed as that of which the Hersey children were victims could have been committed, by making a bugbear now out of every wayfarer who could not account for himself. It was owing to this circumstance that Schemerling found himself the companion of an old convict, who was at present awaiting trial for a fresh crime, of which he was so undoubtedly guilty that a life-sentence was the least he could expect.

Of course, in that way in which stone walls hear, the tale of the Hersey children had filtered into the ears of the older convicts; and when Schemerling was informed that his brief term had expired, and he would be set at liberty that night, in a moment's ebullition of good spirits he turned to his companion, and told him this would never have come to pass if they knew that he had crossed the field where the Hersey children lay while the poor little bodies were yet warm, and, stooping to see if he could revive them, had dropped into the brook a scarlet-bound cap he wore, which, being unable to recover, he had replaced it by his bandanna and gone hurriedly on his way, aware of being too suspicious a character to be seen in the region. It happened that very naturally this confidence begat a return; and—first administering a mighty oath of secrecy and then delaying with many cogitations—his companion gradually revealed to Schemerling a plan that was now maturing without the walls for his own escape. It was not only a plan of escape, but one of subsequent tremendous burglarious operations, that could not but result in wealth to all concerned, and that absolutely required his presence, as he possessed a skill superior to any cracksman's outside the jail, and was the only man in the country who knew how to operate noiselessly and effectually upon certain locks. Moreover, his talent, his daring, his quickness, and his knowledge of expedient, rendered him absolutely indispensable to the affair, and much was being hazarded to obtain his presence. He had what he thought was sufficient help within the jail; and the whole success of the thing now hung on securing communication, and then simultaneous action from without and within. Schemerling's free departure would enable him to establish this communication. The amount of wealth to be confiscated to the use of the gang by the scheme would let them all retire to Canada or Europe, and live at their ease, if even they could not compound with the authorities, and go scot-free at home; and Schemerling should go share and share alike. Would he do it?

Perhaps there was one little core of worth in Schemerling; for during a single instant he hesitated. It may be that he had hopes even at that late day of some rude and humble livelihood of his own getting. False hopes! For, momentary as the hesitation was, it cost him his life.

"Ah!" said the quick-eyed convict, "you don't think well of it! You're not the man for me to trust!"

"Don't think well? Indeed, indeed I do," cried Schemerling, recovering himself. "By the Lord, I do! It took away my breath just at first—that's all. Why—"

"No, no," said the convict, slowly. "I saw you. Do you suppose I've been at bay among men since ever I was a brat not to be able now to tell their faces like a primer? No; I must bide a bit. You're not the man."

"By —, Harry! What do you want with me? What am I to say or do? I'll swear you any oath, I will. Do you take me for a muff, to throw away such luck?" cried Schemerling, under his breath, and almost with tears in his eyes.

"Look here," said the other. "I think you're a good fellow; but you're deuced weak. I have to trust you with everything—with my chances outside and my chances in, by — ! If you blow on me, I'm in the Blackhole—"

"*I* blow on you!"

"And I'm there all the same," cried the other, working himself into a passion that made his face dark. "I'm there all the same—you not doing what you promise, and letting me make the coil here, with nobody to help me there!"

"Very well," said Schemerling, huskily, "if you can't trust me, you can let it alone."

"Well, I can't trust you, and there's the whole of it," said the man. "With not so much as a thread to hold you by! I don't know nothing about you! Did you ever do yourself any credit? How can I tell you're fit for a big thing? If you'd ever put up a job—if you'd ever done any desperate—"

"Oh, my Lord!" cried Schemerling, "ain't I been tried and condemned and worked out my sentence for everything I ever done in my life?"

"Just so," said the convict, moodily. "I'd a' been sworn so. That's the whole of it."

Poor Schemerling! In a moment the revelation of all there was to be lost by that sudden freak of unaccustomed conscience smote him. Life with no more nights in it beneath wet haycocks; no more nights in the lee of fences, that let the snow drift over him; no more hot labor through the sweltering noons of haying-time, when he had been wont to turn the only honest pennies he had possessed this many a year; no more begging of a draught of milk at one farmhouse-door, to be spurned to the next; no more hunger; no more contumely; no more cowering and fear and nakedness; no more looking hollow-hearted at other men's happiness; no more certainty of being found one day a frozen log, and tumbled into a ditch; but comfort, ease, pleasure, rest, a future where no man knew the past, respect from those who greeted him, affection by and by perhaps from some! And now all that chance to be lost.

"Hark ye," whispered he, close in the other's ear, and in tones for all the world like a smothered death-rattle, while he leaned forward with the perspiration standing on his forehead. "Hark ye," said he, "I never meant to breathe it. You'll keep it to yourself. You'll swear, by the soul of your mother—by God, as you hope to get out—hist!—it was I killed the Hersey children!" and his staring eyes fell, and he shrank back white and shivering.

The convict drew in a whistling breath between his teeth, slapping his knees a sharp blow. Perhaps he crept the least trifle away; but that was only a brief weakness. There was a hasty murmur of the dreadful deed's details, and the rest of the matter was speedily arranged between them; and Schemerling was duly informed of the steps to take, so soon as the midnight darkness swallowed him on the other side of the gate.

But the midnight darkness did not find Schemerling on the other side of the gate. For, while he was yet building up his dream of the future, light-hearted and cheery, and humming an old half-forgotten tune to himself, the fragments of the muttered talk that had been overheard and pieced together were being reported at headquarters; and he was suddenly led away, and roughly flung into the murderer's cell—a place fit to withstand the riving of an earthquake And great was the running of feet, and rubbing of hands, the rumoring of tongues, and general congratulation concerning the discovery of the wretch at last. The news was flashed from one side of the land to the other; and all mothers clasped their children more closely that night, and all fathers felicitated themselves that now they might sleep in peace.

Mr. Kingsford felicitated himself, also, when he received the request of the district attorney that he would attend to the case in his absence. And, listening to the words reported by the official, he made out in his mind on the moment so strong a formula of guilt that nothing but a voice from Heaven could have saved Schemerling from its consequences; and, even had a voice been heard, I am inclined to think that Mr. Kingsford would have doubted the evidence of his senses. Before the next nightfall the field where the children had met their doom had been ransacked afresh. And, in the light of Schemerling's own words to the convict, footprints hardened in the brookside were met whose measurement and marks exactly corresponded with that of the prisoner's hob-nailed shoes—shoes one of which had been cut peculiarly by a wayside flint; his scarlet-bound cap was found caught and hidden under briers further down the stream; and in the bed of the stream a knife, that could well have inflicted death-wounds, and on whose bone handle were some rude scratches, possibly of autographic value—scratches which presently became of no consequence, however, since on its being shown to the prisoner he immediately, with a *naivete* that had characterized his whole career, and done much to bring him where he was, acknowledged the article to be his.

Here, indeed, was already presumptive evidence against Schemerling; and, when coupled with his confession to the convict, with the bloodstains found upon his clothes, and with the fact that the murders had been committed between the hours of two and four in the afternoon—and it was exactly between those hours that Schemerling could give no satisfactory account of himself, one witness being found who had seen him at a certain spot near two o'clock, and another having encountered him just after four at a distance which he could hardly have traversed without making the diagonal across the fatal field—there could scarcely linger a doubt in any mind of the terrible guilt of the wicked wretch.

Mr. Kingsford felt himself singularly fortunate, in this his first case of any prominence, that it should be one on which all eyes were fastened, that so large a portion of the evidence should have been gathered under his own auspices, and that the facts so nearly touched the hearts of hearers that he must carry their heated feelings with him to the end. Already the glories of his closing speech were sounding in his ear; now he saw stretching out before him a long array of clients, a glittering succession of fees; he saw the blue sky of his wedding-day; he read the deed of possession of the old mansion of Applethorpe; he saw his roses blooming there; his children, his birds, his bees; he heard hammer and trowel and whittling plane, and saw complete his laboratory, in which he was to be repaid for all this dreary burial of life and hope in the pages of Boyer and Blackstone; and his heart was in his mouth at thought of some discovery in science that for a moment puts a man on a level with the gods.

It was with a hearty good-will that Mr. Kingsford opened his case on the morning when poor Schemerling, weak with dismay and colorless from confinement and gloom, was brought into court upon trial for his life.

Dogged in his consciousness of innocence and ignorant that his ruinous statements had been overheard, Schemerling had refused all conference with the counsel appointed for him by the court; and when at length, as the trial proceeded, Mr. Kingsford, with something of a flourish that not all his sense of the proprieties could quite restrain, closed the case for the prosecution by the testimony of his last witness, and called the old convict known as Harry, with a dozen aliases, Schemerling sprang to his feet, that tottered under him, stared at the man, while the whole possibility of the moment broke upon him blindingly, and fell back in his seat stiff and ghastly, as if a thunderbolt had withered him. What twelve intelligent jurymen could there be who would not look upon the pantomime as expressive of guilt in the last degree?

The new witness was an astute man, of course, who would not embarrass his testimony with any unnecessary recital of the causes of Schemerling's confession to him—that confession which Mr. Kingsford declared to be one of the caprices of crime—crime, an abnormal thing, subject to no law but itself, and liable to all the freaks of unclassified fungi and diseases. The convict had no especial affiliation with his late companion, whose other errors had never reached coequal dignity with his own; he did not care to bring any further odium upon himself by refusing to testify, and he felt a dull, unreasoning indignation against the man for being overheard at all, and disappointing him in the execution of his own purpose; and, in addition, he was not fond of murder—convict as he was, childhood and innocence yet received some inexplicable reverence from him. He told his tale briefly and directly, and the examination did not weaken it. And then, at his own demand, Schemerling, shaking and livid, was put upon the stand himself.

"I'm telling you the truth!" he broke out, after the oath and a moment's silence, in which he could not speak, and stopping with every sentence to swallow, to clear his husky throat, to look round him for a glance of mercy out of any eyes. "I'm telling you the truth. I'm an old vagrant; I've gone from bad to worse; I've been up a dozen times, but not for killing the little children!" he said, hoarsely. "I've begged, I tell you, from door to door, with my feet sore and bleeding," he went on, gathering strength. "I've no trade, no shelter, no friends. I'm always cold and hungry and ashamed. The other day, in the jail, I had nothing else to go out to but that—but shivering and sneaking and starving. And when that day the man you've just heard offered me a chance of money—no, of riches—to be housed, and fed, and wear broadcloth, and hold up my head, and drive my horses, and be respectable—if I could give him the mention of one desperate thing I'd done, to hold me by—oh! do you think I'd have stopped at saying: Hark ye! It was I crucified Christ!" cried the man, while the whole court thrilled with the eagerness and the blasphemy. "Why, I tried to save 'em, I did!" he exclaimed. "I come across the field that day, and see them a-laying there between the knolls. And I didn't see the boy at first, and I didn't see the blood; for the shawl was thrown over her, and I thought she was in a faint, and I thought water brings 'em to. It wasn't the half of a minute I looked. So I made for the brook, to bring a capful of water. Then the wind took my cap down the stream. And I ran back with the drop my two hands would hold. And I knelt down to loose her gown for her; and the button at the throat hindered, and I felt for my knife to cut it. And all at once—O, so help me, God!—all at once my hands were in the blood, and I found there was murder there. And I looked up, and I heard voices; and it come to me on the sudden that I wasn't the one to be seen round there. And I only thought to fling the knife into the brook, and I jumped into the bushes, and crouched and ran through the thickets; and O, so help me God! that was all!"

It was such a simple story, told with such a bursting heart, with such wild glances of his despairing eyes, that it could not help touching every one, be it ever so little. It touched Mr. Kingsford himself not far back in his inner consciousness, but with a point he had to pause to parry. For, sure that reputation, fortune, future all hung on the success of this his first prosecution, he could not afford to recognize the sensation. He rose and tore the creature's story to shreds with a pitiless and ridiculing cross-questioning; and, when he summed up the case, it was with such an array of facts, such a power of argument, such eloquence, such a bringing home of possibilities to the breast of every father and mother in the throng, that men wept, women fainted. The bewildered prisoner, full of consternation, and unable to endure such execration as he met in every face, felt his mind give way, and judge and jury were enrolled against him while they listened.

When Schemerling was asked, after the rendering of the verdict, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him, he stood up, his feet trembling on the edge of the new grave that gaped so suddenly before him, and looked round the room, without answering the judge, until his glance rested on his prosecutor. "I only ask," said the wretch, with what seemed a fierce insolence, "that when his soul is required of him I may be sent to fetch it!" And his eyes still remained on the lawyer, even while the judge recited the awful words that doomed him—eyes full of lurid light, that flamed from the shadow of the hanging brows; eyes changing with rapid flashes of wonder, of terror, of hate; eyes beneath which the unused lawyer shrank, shifting his papers nervously, murmuring to a neighbor a sorry jest that he should not be troubled by any such "fetch" as that, and hurrying at last from the court-room before the criminal.

When, on the next morning, Mr. Kingsford heard that Schemerling had taken his life in the cell during the intervening night, the look in those eyes returned to him like an accusing spirit; the doubt of the man's guilt shook him as it did not shake him in the court-room; for a moment, through that uncertainty, his own hand seemed reeking with murder. Perhaps it made him restless and miserable for a whole day; perhaps it was before nightfall that he solaced himself with the reflection that, guilty or not of the specific crime, as the man might have been, the world, at any rate, was well rid of such vermin, and no harm done.

The success that Mr. Kingsford had foreseen crowned him from that day. Cases came to him in swarms; money came with them; presently he bought his house, built his balconies and oriels and laboratory, laid out his gardens, took home his wife, lived in splendor; at last abandoned law and devoted himself to the small scientific searches that had always been his passion, and forgot such tribulations of his youth as the day that followed the death of Schemerling.

It was many years of this life that Mr. Kingsford led—life marred by nothing more untoward than a horror of the dark, a dislike of being alone in the stillness of the night, a habit of lying awake, then, with strange sense of unknown forms and faces in the thickness just beyond, a necessity of keeping a light forever trimmed and burning—the little vexations of a conscience in the blood—on the whole, a tolerably contented life, which, if it might have been better, might also have been worse—the life of a man wealthy enough, respected, rearing his son and daughter, busying himself with his little idlenesses, the last of which was an effort to prepare transparent plates so that they might retain a residuum of color from the passage of rays of light through them, by which he hoped to perfect photography and revolutionize art.

It was, perhaps, his devotion to this idea, or it might have been the effect of the poisonous compounds he inhaled, that gave Mr. Kingsford a slight attack of slow fever, which forced him to abandon his laboratory for a while, and to amuse himself by a dozen new experiments on his fire, his mirrors, and even on the panes of glass of the long French windows. "If I could alter the molecular arrangement, and arrest the image," sighed Mr. Kingsford; "if the undulation of the ray could be stopped midway by electricity—why, that done, I could take the photograph of a ghost himself, with all his blue-lights around him!" And he paused, with the vivid vision before him of the halo which should surround his name when the discovery were made known; of the acclaim with which the society should greet him; of— but hold! Another vision was taking shape at that moment before Mr. Kingsford—the sunset beam falling through it. There were no blue-lights round it; but a fire was in the eyes of that vision—in the eyes that covered him with their glare as the eyes of a wild beast cover their prey! Mr. Kingsford sprang from his chair. What did this thing here? What force was that in its triumphing smile? Why must he go with it? In what region where its foulness had belonged did he belong too? A moment of this bewilderment and alarm, then he had fallen back again. He was dazed—he was dying—he was leaving all for which he had lived. There was no hand to cling to. He was drifting, drifting into a darkness, into a cold and gloom lighted only by those lurid eyes! What nothingness was swallowing his success, his wealth, his honors, his home; what vastness was swelling one sin—one moment's sin rising and looming and blotting out the world! And what miracle was this—was the thing slowly melting through that glass, slowly sifting off all its stain of shadow and horror, leaving the sad outlines there, fading away a white and lustrous splendor in the twilight? And he himself, Mr. Kingsford—the good neighbor, the upright citizen, the firm prosecutor, the man of science—what black atmosphere was surrounding him, swathing him, folding him side by side with the real murderer of the Hersey children, with other murderers, with all the murderers that ever hung, with all that had rotted their red lives away unknown, as foul a murderer as they?—oh, God in Heaven, help him, he gasped out; for he was past all mortal help!

ABOUT SHIRKS.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Reasoning at every step they tread,
Men yet mistake their way,
While meaner things by instinct led
Are rarely known to stray."

THE text selected for the little sermon which is to follow is pregnant with suggestion; and, for my part, I believe that some of the grand old hymnists, one of whom I have quoted, stand high among the inspired men of the world. All truth proceeds from the great Source and Fountain of Truth; and when it flows in direct influx to any soul so adjusted to divine things by the uplift of perhaps only one blessed minute out of life as to preclude the possibility of earthy admixture, that one minute's communion is inspiration. We cannot beget these high moods upon ourselves, and whence they come is among the grand mysteries that shall, as we trust, be unfolded by and by. For the present they must rest where the great apostle has left them—among the visions and revelations of the Lord.

"I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth)—such an one caught up to the third heaven.

"And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth).

"How that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

But my purpose was to talk about shirks—not inspiration; and here let me acknowledge that, having modestly examined myself with reference to the abovenamed human biped, I do greatly fear that my charity toward them is little better than tinkling cymbals. "Root, pig, or die," is an hard saying, as well as a vulgar one; but it contains a principle of justice with which I stand in very close sympathy, for what *reasonable* pig would or could refuse to put his own snout into the ground and procure for himself his own provender? Why hath he a snout disproportionately elongated, if it be not for sinoully uses? Does the creature never think of this, as he wallows in the mire, or sets his feet in his milk-trough and grunts for more?

But that a pig should be pig-headed is not, after all, so strange. The strange thing is that men and women, endowed as they are with wisdom and power almost superhuman, should seem sometimes not only devoid of reason, but also of those natural instincts that make the bird look out for the worm, the spider for the fly, the bee for the flower. "It is a mistake," says Mr. Greeley, "to assert that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. They needs must know," he says, "since they have to support them."

In the dominion of Nature there are no shirks; she will not tolerate them. The plant that roots itself among the stones must needs pay for its standing-room, and pay for its little portion of dew and sunshine which would seem to be its natural rights. It has but a hard chance—fixed in one spot, rude, perhaps, or even repulsive; and yet, after some fashion, it pays—if not with beauty of form, then with grace of motion—or, both these lacking, it may yet be full of sweetness, and send away whatever approaches scented with itself.

But suppose it be utterly barren, having no sweetness, no obvious quality of use or beauty; it may yet have winding through the veins of its prickly leaves some medicinal sap, or cunningly secreted in its knotty joints the very marrow of life, waiting the fortunate discoverer, and powerful to renovate the diseased minds and sick bodies of the men and women going, as so many are to-day, deliriously up and down the world. This same ugly bramble is of the things originally pronounced good, and very good.

No, it is not among the flowers of the field, nor with "the beasts that roam over the plain," that your *shirks* are found. The lily, though she be a fine lady—the lady of light, as one of the poets has called her—toiling not, neither spinning, yet fills our eyes with a satisfying splendor that is better than the riches of looms, brighter than the dyed garments of kings—yea, even of the great King Solomon, who, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these white lilies of the field.

But of the kingdom whereof the lily is queen, and from the grass and the flower of the grass to the rose of Sharon and the golden-fringed sunflower, and from the tiny, misty-leaved thing that peeps from under the snow-drift to gather about its chilly face some stray beams of warm light to the brave green cedar and the strong red-hearted oak, there is no place to stop. It is simply a gradation from beauty to splendor, and from splendor to magnificence; for always and everywhere Nature is profuse, lavishing marvels of instructive loveliness upon us at all times, in all places. There are no failures here; yet only one in ten thousand has profited by the lessons. It was in an exceptional season—one of those times when it is permitted the elect few (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell) to be caught up into Heaven—that Shakespeare saw tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. Whether he were, indeed, and of a verity, quite within the glory-gates, or whether he were only so far uplifted from the "smoke and stir of this dim speck that men call earth" as to see with unbeclouded vision, matters not. He saw, and so sweetly translated what he saw as to make men the richer for all time.

No; the fault is not with Nature. The Great Maker has left her shining with clouds of witnesses, and the lesser may arrest our attention when the greater fails. The dull red and tawny yellow of the pebble, and the soft noise of the brook washing over it, are sometimes more pleasing than the painted rainbow and the beaten rhythms of the everlasting sea. All things in their own time are beautiful; and he who builds the golden chamber of the morning, and gathers up the mists and makes of them cisterns for the rain, taught the ant to build her curious house of sand, and the spider to weave her sleve salant among the stubble. The voice that set the stars singing together gave the solitary bird her simple lay, and the tiny leaf its tremble just on the edge of sound. Turning from mute to animated Nature, then, we are met by witnesses no less faithful than we left in the realm of flowers.

The sleek spotted skin of the leopard, the curved neck of the strong horse, the patient eyes of the ox, the mane of the lion, the plumes of the eagle and ostrich—all are goodly sights to look upon. So, among homelier things, are the ruff of brown gold about the neck of the cock, and the comb of notched crimson, set so bravely on his head; the downy little chicken, no bigger than an egg; the tender hovering of the mother hen, and all her patient self-denial. Beautiful, too, is the plump, chocolate-winged pigeon; the quills of the bluebird and yellowhammer; the oily smoothness of the crow; the dark, glossy greens and jetty blacks and dead blacks of the beetles and ladybugs; the gorgeously ringed and speckled butterflies. But there were no end of the processions of things that are joys forever. It is, however, the tree of our planting, the bird and the brook of our meadow, that yield our sweetest joys.

Yet men are blind, and women are blind, and both love to have it so. Man, made a little lower than the angels and woman a helpmeet for him, at the least shirk even the upright position God gave them, and lie down and bask in their own indolence, feeding upon fleas while lying over the wall to them—so, that amounts to the same thing, eating of the crumbs that fall from the table of some one of their blood and wearing their castoff garments. You, reader, have doubtless beheld, with pained eyes, one of these miserable men warming his good-for-nothing shins at the fire of some relative, at the price of keeping himself well out of sight of all honest people. You have surely had a glimpse of his fluttering apparel, or scented their ancient rustiness behind the arras as he skulked from one corner to another, or heard the terrible "*h-u-s-h!*" that suppressed the half-spoken name of Uncle Peter, or Uncle John, on the lips of the open-hearted boy, too young to feel the shame of it all. You have seen, too, perhaps, the dingy, knocked-in hat, left to plain view by the carelessness or indolence of Uncle John, swept felicitously under the apron of the blushing girl, and borne away, under pretext of speaking for a moment with mamma, or some other equally transparent apology; which you, as you were bound to do, accepted in seeming good faith. Moreover, it is not unlikely that you have been required by the rigors of polite society to look the other way, and steadily follow with your eyes some grocer's cart, perhaps, even as though it had been the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof, when you have been warned by the shuffle of ragged boots along the marble of the grand hall. Very possibly, too, dear reader, you have been so much engrossed with pewter platters, tin cups, long-handled spoons, ladles, and the like, as not to be aware of the shirk, when, on paying a visit to the cook in the kitchen, you found him slicing turnips, or eating from a plate of potatoes balanced on his trembling knees, and with shining tokens of the spare-rib bone he has partly concealed on his hands and about his stubby chin. Such triumphs have been achieved by woman, be said what may of their curiosity.

"Dear me! how much you resemble my own grandmother!" said a fine lady, when it was her hap to meet, face to face, the forlorn grandame of a fashionable family, in her red petticoat and cotton nightcap. If the thing had been possible the fine lady would have seen the poor pensioner as it were by light received entirely from the moon; but, this being outside of possibilities, she did the next best thing she could—perceived a gratifying resemblance to her own lady grandmother, ignoring the palsy-shaken head, the patched petticoat, and all the rest of it.

Blessed, indeed, is that roof-tree which has no fungus attachment, and blessed the house that has no dilapidated chair and third-rate bed reserved in some obscure corner for poor Uncle John, or Aunt Nancy! To be sure, there are Uncle Johns and Aunt Nancys who are honestly poor, and legitimately dependent—not guilty, but simply unfortunate. It is not of such, however, that I am discoursing; they will come under another head. It is of that sort that go not out, even through fasting and prayer—your "*truly-begotten shirks.*"

Talk of divine rights. They are quite beyond that; they do not seek to justify themselves. "Dick, the rascal, has more than he knows how to spend!" says John. "He will never miss the little I shall eat and drink." And so it happens that a lank, dirty, coarse-shirted man, with an ill-flavored budget under his arm, and poverty of blood—for he is poor all through—betraying itself in red shining knobs about his ears and among his scant whiskers, wrinkled, gray, uncombed, half-shamefaced and half-defiant, skulks into John's house some morning; and woe the day, for he never goes out. And after that "eternal vigilance is the price" at which his snuffy handkerchief, clay pipe, and queer old hat are kept out of the drawing-room. And after the same fashion Aunt Nancy quarters herself upon Susan; bringing with her, perhaps, a broken-boned and flyaway cotton umbrella, a bandbox, and some old-fashioned duds that were the finery of her girlhood. There is some feeling of rebellion, some feeble effort toward riddance, on the part of the householders; but they are rich, and their doom is on them. And by and by things settle into unquiet quiet; and John and Nancy are tolerated, if not accepted—being, whenever their habitual aggressiveness is inordinately aggravated, gotten back with gentle force into their accustomed dens. Thus, facing no responsibility, assuming no position in society, nor even in the household, recognizing no duty, they are dragged along. And when that call comes to which they perforce must answer, Here am I—that event that happeneth unto all, for which there is no evasion and no substitute—they simply disappear. The world was no richer while they staid; and it is no poorer now that they are gone. No single heart is bereft, even. The worm has eaten all the meat out of the shell, and has perished of the surfeit and of indolence; and why should mourners go about the streets?

THE YALE CONTROVERSY.

BY JOHN P. GULLIVER, PRESIDENT OF KNOX COLLEGE.

A SHARP but, on the whole, a good-natured controversy has been in progress for some years concerning the corporation of Yale College. Its immediate cause was a suggestion of Pres. Woolsey that the place of six Connecticut senators, who of late years, at least, have been neither useful nor specially ornamental as members of that body, should be taken by six alumni of the college, to be selected in some way from various professions and localities. The more remote and potential cause of the discussion is a general but not very well-defined sentiment of dissatisfaction with the internal condition of the institution, which has been growing for many years among its graduates.

No sooner, therefore, did this hint appear than a general buzz of discontent was heard all along the decorous and disciplined lines of the sons of Yale. All that fear of violating the proprieties, or of manifesting a disrespect of the powers that be, which every Yale student learns at college, if he learns nothing else, was removed. The president had officially proclaimed the termination of the *status pupillarii*. He had thrown open the awful sanctum, where the court of final appeal held its secret sessions—an adytum more interior and mysterious than even the councilchamber of the faculty in old North College—and had invited the graduates to see for themselves and to speak their minds.

It must be admitted that the immediate results of this characteristically frank and liberal invitation on the part of the president have not been particularly flattering to the recent training of Yale in the Baconian methods. Such a careless, headlong, *helter-skelter* affair as this discussion has been on the part of some bodies who call themselves "Young Yale" certainly never was seen before among educated men. The main facts in the case totally misapprehended and misstated; the deductions from the facts, even as given, so absurdly illogical as to provoke the merriment even of outsiders; propositions for change, if not reform, so vague and contradictory, and even preposterous, that hardly anything more ludicrous could be thought of than the picture of the new corporation assembling, after a hotly-contested election, to inaugurate the new era; a fierce attack on the clergy, as men of inferior literary culture, narrow, bigoted, and actually *bound* (!) to a certain set of opinions by the rules of ecclesiastical discipline, so as to be disqualified for college management, followed, after a single blow from the "Squashville" divine, with an instant disavowal of any such sentiment, or, at least, a disavowal of the men who uttered it; the specification of complaints which, if they had any foundation at all, should have been preferred against the faculty, the corporation being held responsible for matters over which they never pretend to exercise control; and, in some cases, an avowed aversion to all religious influence, accompanied by sneers at those wonderful outpourings of the Spirit which have permanently changed the character and career of some of the finest minds the college has ever trained—these and other unfortunate blunders have certainly had the effect of awakening a most decided apprehension among the older Alumni concerning the probable results of putting the college into the hands of young men, who, so far as the discussion fairly represents them, seem poorly qualified for a trust so grave and delicate.

Our main object in the present article is to counsel some further consideration before arriving at such a conclusion. There is no question that the affairs of Yale require some readjustment. Even if abuses and neglects were not incident to everything human, the progress of the age demands constant change in such a manysided institution. There is no question that, if the country is to have one great university, which in its administration and teaching is to be loyal to the interests of "Evangelical" Christianity, the highest sagacity, the widest observation of the wants and temper of the people, and the greatest variety of experience need to be united in the counsels of her governing board. In *some* way this end ought to be attained. The demand that it shall be attained is just and reasonable. And this, despite the logical and other pecadillos of the champions of Young Yale, is, undoubtedly, one object of those who ask that the Alumni generally shall be admitted, by some process and to some extent, into the corporation. Another object, which all must admit is equally just and reasonable, is to bring the sons of the college in some way into more direct and living *sympathy* with their Alma Mater, so that the corporation shall not only represent the former donors to its funds, and the religious denomination which established it, and to whose special guardianship all its property has been committed as a sacred trust, *which it cannot either legally or morally relinquish*, but so that, without prejudicing any vested right, the corporation shall *also* represent the graduates not of one locality merely, but of the whole country. That this can be done is evident from the fact that the same thing substantially was done when the State of Connecticut was permitted, without any adequate compensation therefor, to send eight ex-officio members into the corporation, a bare majority being left in the hands of the founders—the Congregational churches of Connecticut. Whatever may be said as to the necessity of retaining that majority, it is clear that the minority can as well be in the hands of the Alumni as in the hands of the state.

Now the objection to this arrangement, which was prominently urged last Commencement was that, though this privilege was utterly valueless to the State of Connecticut, and nothing but a bore to her senators, yet, like a dog with a well-picked bone, she would set up a terrible growling if it was attempted to take it away from her. In reply to this, it may be said that the people of Connecticut are not fools, if dogs are. Show the legislature of that state that it is the unanimous wish of the college authorities and graduates that its six senators shall not be compelled to spend two days annually about business that they neither know anything about nor care anything about, and it is hardly reasonable to suppose that any serious opposition will be made. The case is somewhat different with the governor and lieutenant-governor. They sit at the head of the table, near the president, who treats them with marked deference, and addresses them as "Your Excellence" and "Your Honor"; which is very pleasant. Then they are usually found to have made such progress in administrative skill during their intercourse with the ten clerical members of the board that on their departure they are often complimented with the degree of LL.D.; which is also pleasant. Then the truth must be told that these functionaries are usually of great service to the college, and bring in some. thing of that knowledge of affairs which the reformers very justly claim is much needed. They give, also, very close attention to the business, and remain, not unfrequently, for a series of years. But the poor senators usually cluster at the foot of the table. They attract very little attention and give very little. They have no opinion about the postponed business of last year, for they were not there last year. They do not know what to think about a nomination for a vacant professorship; for they perhaps know next to nothing

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anspired. Some one re-
r business, but intends
lecturer.

o you call that a veal
. It is an insult to every

true calf in his country." Waiter—"I didn't mean to insult you, sir."

....Every public speaker is credited with a characteristic intonation. Some like this one's tone, some that; as for us, we like *Lucy's tone.*

....A little girl sent out to hunt for eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."

....About the only person that was ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being fondled was a Jew named Daniel.

....Come, darling, it is bed time. All the little chickens have gone to bed." "Yes, mamma, so has the old hen."

...."Hurry, mamma!" said the little innocent, with his cut finger. "Hurry, it's leaking!"

...."What ails your eye, Bob?" "Nothing—only I told a fellow he lied."

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Blanchard, Henry, Unit., inst., Jan. 19th, at Lowell, Mass.
Bond, W. P., Bapt., ord., Jan. 1st, at Brownsville, Tenn.
Camp, C. W., Cong., inst., Jan. 12th, at Waukesha, Wis.
Guns, D., D.D., Reformed (German), inst., Dec. 31st, in Third church, Baltimore.
Grant, Brownlo, Cong., of England, ord., Epis., by the Bishop of London.
Lathrop, S. E., Cong., ord., Dec. 28th, at Viroque, Wis.
Pratt, T. C., Freewill Bapt., inst., at Pocatonkill, N. Y.
Schardel, J., Luth., inst., Jan. 15th, at Bolivar, O.
Strong, H., Southern Presb., ord., at Liberty Spring, S. C.

CALLS.

Adams, D. C., Bapt., to Fort Madison, Ia.
Agnew, James, Presb., to Hudson, Wis.
Bailey, T. S., Presb., to Peoste, Epworth, and Farley, Ia.
Beckwith, E. G., Cong., of California, to Second church, Waterbury, Conn.
Bliss, J. Isham, Epis., to Hydeville, Vt.
Bolles, E. C., Univ., of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Salem, Mass.
Byington, E. H., Cong., of Windsor, Vt., to Brunswick, Me.
Campbell, D. B., Presb., to Irving, Mich.
Chamberlin, W. R., Univ., to Dubuque, Ia.
Childs, J. L., Cong., of Maskegon, Mich., to Ionia, Mich.
Childs, J. F., Bapt., of Des Moines, Ia., to Oskaloosa, Ia.
Colburn, M. M., Cong., of South Dedham, Mass., to St. Joseph, Mich.
Cooley, D. H., Bapt., of Cedar Rapids, to Canton, Ill.
Conkling, B. D., Cong., of Kent, O., to Ripon, Wis., and Flint, Mich.
Currie, C. George, Epis., of Wheeling, West Virginia, to Grace church, Providence, R. I.
Dunbar, G. W., Epis., of Cannon Falls, Minn., to Mankato, Minn.
Edwards, J. H., Presb., of West Lebanon, N. H., to Tidioute, Pa.
Emerson, R. L., Cong., of Lynn, Mass., to Granby, Mass.
Erskine, W. J., Bapt., to Smithfield, Pa.
Ewing, Southern Presb., of Pulaski, Tenn., to Huntsville, Ala., Col. league with Dr. Rose.
Fitts, C. A., Cong., of Cohasset, Mass., to Slaterville, R. I.
Fletcher, R., Epis., of Constableville, N. Y., to Warwick, Ont.
Furman, A. J., Bapt., of Tunkhannock, Pa., to Factoryville, Pa.
Graham, J. W., Reformed (German), of Virginia, to Hillsborough, O.
Gridley, A. A., Presb., to Knowlesville, N. Y.
Haley, John W., Cong., to Candia, N. H.
Harris, W. J., Epis., of Montpelier, Vt., to Rutland, Vt.
Haning, I. Z., Bapt., of Albany, O., to Gallia County, O.
Heilman, L. M., Luth., to Springfield, Ill.
Hodge, D. M., Univ., of New Haven, Ct., to Norwalk, Ct.
Howell, Stephen, Bapt., to Noank, Ct.
Johnson, Cerus A., Bapt., of Connecticut to Whitehall, N. Y.
Leach, Giles, Cong., of Rye, N. H., to Lempster, N. H.
Leonard, W. G., Meth., to Easthampton, Mass.
Long, Thomas, Presb., of Lancaster Co., Pa., to Greenwich, N. J.
Lowrie, J. Gibson, Presb., of Fort Wayne Ind., to Golden Gate, Cal.
Lyman, Theodore B., D. D., Epis., to Trinity church, San Francisco, Cal.
Mackay, Alexander, to St. George's church, Montreal, Canada.
McClintock, J. C., Presb., to Burlington, Ia.
McLain, J. M., Cong., to Mokalumnt Hill, Cal.
Merrill, William A., Cong., of Lyman, Me., to Sanford, Me.
Morgan, Samuel C., Esq., Cong., is called to the pastorate at Jewett City, Conn.
Morris, Edward, Univ., to Mount Gilead, Ohio.
Morris, George, Cong., to Dixon, Cal.
Murray, D. H., Bapt., of Grand View, Ind., to San Juan, Cal.
Myers, J. C., Cong., of Mona, to Tonica, Ill. Accepts.
Neely, Thomas B., Epis., to Ravenswood, N. Y.
Olney, P., Bapt., of Tecumseh, Mich., to Grand Blanc, Mich.
Parker, S. S., Cong., of Derry, N. H., to Ashburnham, Mass.
Partridge, J. W., Cong., of Andover Seminary, to Davenport church, New Haven, Ct.
Pasco, M. K., Cong., to Marysville, O.
Potter, C. W., Bapt., of Northville, Ct., to Sturbridge, Mass.
Radcliff, L. L., Presb., to Hokah and Bromsville, Minn.
Randolph, T. L., Epis., of Wilkinsonville, Mass., to Trumansburgh, N. Y.
Roe, S. W., Cong., of Ironworks Village, Bloomfield, Ct., to Middleburgh, N. Y.
Rybot, J. C., Cong., to Dellis City, Ill.
Sahler, D.D., Presb., to Carmel, N. Y.
Sample, R. F., Presb., of Minneapolis, Minn., to Carnegie, Allegheny, Pa.
Scudder, Henry M., Southern Presb., of Elizaville, Va., to Millersburg and Winchester, Ky.
Scott, J. E., Presb., of Millville, N. J., to Olivet church, Indianapolis.
Simmons, Charles E., Bapt., to Southwick, Mass.
Slater, George, Presb., of Jeffersonville, to Shelbyville, Ind.
Smith, J. M., Presb., of Sewickly ville, Pa., to Perrysville, Pa.
Smoot, R. K., Presb., of Bowling Green, Ky., to Houston, Texas.
Smyth, Anson, Presb., to North church, Cleveland, O.
Sunderland, Byron, D.D., of Washington, D. C., to Forty-second-street church, New York City.
Tongue, Thomas O., Epis., of Maryland, to Wheeling, West Va.
Trumbull, A. D., Bapt., of Galesburg, Mich., to Hesperia, Mich.
Underwood, H. B., Cong., of Baxter Springs, Kansas, to Hillsborough Bridge, N. H.
Witney, E. M., Univ., to Ottawa, Ill.
Woodbury, Frank F., Cong., of Flint, Mich., to Second church, Rockford, Ill.

REMOVALS.

Beardsley, E., Bapt., of North Hilladale, N. Y.
Burleson, S. S., Epis., of Northfield, Minn.
Borden, E. W., Cong., of Clio, Mich.
Demerritt, J. P., Cong., of Albany, Vt.
Ellis, W. J., Epis., of Nashville, Tenn.
Fisher, Samuel W., D.D., Epis., of Tunkhannock, Pa., to Factorville, Pa.
Graham, J. W., Reformed (German), of Virginia, to Hillsborough, O.
Gridley, A. A., Presb., to Knowlesville, N. Y.
Haley, John W., Cong., to Candia, N. H.
Harris, W. J., Epis., of Montpelier, Vt., to Rutland, Vt.
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Witney, E. M., Univ., to Ottawa, Ill.
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DEATHS.

Aldrich, Tristan, Bapt., 89, of West Swanzey, N. H., Dec. 31st.
Bacon, Davis, Univ., 56, of Trinidad, Col., Jan. 9th.
Bennett, W. J., of Linden, Wis.
Caswall, Henry, D.D., prebend of Salisbury, Eng., at Franklin, Pa., Dec. 17th.
Creevey, George C., Meth., of West Meriden, Conn., Jan. 9th.
Elder, Alexis J., Cath., 79, of Baltimore, Md., Jan. 20th.
Hamilton, Mr., Meth., of Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 18th.
Nici, Peter, Presb., 74, of Mount Easton, Pa., Dec. 17th.
Owen, Griffith, Presb., 61, of Baltimore, Md., Jan. 14th.
Scott, A. J., Meth., of New Jersey, at Philadelphia, Jan. 2d.
Winton, David, Freewill Bapt., of Pierpont, O.
Wright, J. L., Cong., 61, of Haddam, Conn., Jan. 18th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Burt, N. C., D.D., Presb., of Cincinnati, has the senior pastor in New Hampshire.
Buxton, Edward, Cong., settled in 1637, is the senior pastor in New Hampshire.
Gillfillan, Mr., of Scotland, is about to have a new church built by his congregation, the present building not being sufficient to hold the 1,100 sitters.
Harst, J. F., D.D., Meth., of Germany, has accepted the professorship of historical theology in Drew Seminary.
Osborn, J. W., Bapt., of Columbus, O., is chosen secretary of the State Board of Missions.
Marvin, J., Univ., has been elected chaplain of the senate of Minnesota.
Swan, W. K., of Albany Academy, is appointed professor of Latin in Iowa College.

Our Young Folks.

WINNIE'S LOVE SONG.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

DARLING little Minnie,
Busy at her play,
Winsome as a sunbeam,
All the happy day.

Singing, sweetly singing,
Pleasant words of cheer
That with tender comfort
Fall upon my ear.

Singing—"Jesus loves me,"
Singing—"This I know";
Singing—"Jesus loves me,
Bible tells me so."

That is all her love-song,
Caroled soft and low;
Only, "Jesus loves me,"
Only, "This I know."

When my heart is heavy
With its weary woe,
Close beside me Minnie,
Cooing soft and low,

Still singe—"Jesus loves me,"
Still singe—"This I know";
Still dings—"Jesus loves me,
Bible tells me so."

Sing on, child confessor,
Thy sweet song alway;
In my heart make melody
All the live long day.

Thus my heart is comforted
By a child at play,
Singing, "Jesus loves me,"
All the weary day.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM DOOR.

BY EMILY L. SAYBROOK.

"Learn to do right,
Learn to be true."
—*Sunday-school Song.*

"I WOULD like the attention of the school for a few moments." Mr. Willis paused at the close of the morning session, with his hand on the bell, in act to strike for the laying aside of schoolbooks. The scholars all looked eagerly at the teacher, wondering what was coming next; and even Robert Godfrey stopped making faces at the twins who sat opposite him for a moment; and Nell Pervear, who was shading her mouth and a jewsharp with one hand, intending to give a faint twang with the other, and then look over reproachfully at the boys' side, as much as to say, "Who is it over there who dares disturb the quiet of our schoolroom?"—even Nell herself, the biggest rogue in the smallest compass to be found in the town of Westerly, dropped hand and musical instrument simultaneously, and stared at the preceptor. "I had thought," continued Mr. Willis, "that enough had been said by the trustees and by myself in regard to quiet and good order in the schoolroom during intermission; but I see that our expressed wishes are not a sufficient restraint. Yesterday snow was thrown over the desk by some of the *boys* (I can't call them young gentlemen); and one of the chairs was unscrewed from the floor, and the back broken off. The blame, I believe, does not rest upon any particular one. But most of the boys were engaged in the mischief, and they are all about equally guilty; so the punishment will fall upon all alike. Wentworth, to-day you may lock the schoolroom doors. The young ladies who remain at noon can eat their dinners in the east recitation-room; the boys, out of doors, or in the west entry. The doors will be unlocked when the five-minutes bell begins to ring. We will try this plan for a while, till I find you more trustworthy. You may lay aside your books. One moment. Be sure to take out with you whatever you may want before afternoon."

Ting! The books are stowed away in their places—all but Tommy Fowle's, whose desk was so full of bits of torn paper, apple-cores, and other *débris* of the schoolroom that his books wouldn't go under the desk; so two were tucked away with his sestmate's, and his slate and arithmetic left out on top. Ting! The girls are on their feet. Ting-a-ling! Out they go; and a buzzing in the entry shows that the new order of things is not to the mind of the noisier ones. Ting! The boys rise. A final touch to the bell, and they are passing out, a few of the more studious ones pausing to get out a "Philosophy," or Latin "Handbook," which may be looked into in some quiet corner, when the others are snowballing one another in the playground; whilst one forgetful urchin harries back, as the master is buttoning his overcoat, and calls *out*, excitedly, "Don't lock up yet, Wentworth! I've left my dinner!" The little din pail is quickly dragged out from the desk, and the boy runs off with his usual supply of buttered bread, doughnuts, and apples. The teacher lingers till the last, and passes out with Wentworth, who locks the doors; and, as the scholars, in groups of threes and fours, go flocking down the street on their way home, Mr. Willis and the janitor bring up the rear, and converse quietly of school matters till they reach the post-office, where, on receiving their daily mail, the master and pupil separate, and each goes home to his dinner. But we will not follow them further, nor listen to the boys, who, way on ahead, are discussing the new regulation in a most excited manner, voting it an "awful bore"; saying "it spoils all their fun," and "takes away the pleasure of going to school early," and "will be pretty tough on the fellows who stay at noon." Sure enough. They are the ones we must look after. So, if you please, we will retrace our steps as rapidly as possible, and pass into the academy playground on the west side; for, though the two departments occupy the same studyroom, the division is kept quite strictly elsewhere, and the boys rarely venture on the girls' side of the house and grounds.

The dozen boys who lived at too great distance from the school to go home at noon were scattered about in little knots. Here three or four were rolling up the light, new-fallen snow into a large ball, in order to make a snow man. "Come out here, Hall, and help us?" they shouted to a big, overgrown fellow, who was lounging on the steps. "I won't," was his gracious reply.

Here a couple of short jackets were walking up and down the neatly shoveled path, each with an arm thrown over the other's shoulder, for school-boy friendships have not gone out of fashion in Westerly.

Here came Edward Spencer, one of the big boys,—and a merry, light-hearted fellow he was, too—usually answering to the name of "Ned," and universally liked and acknowledged to be "jolly" by both boys and girls. He had been most active in the snowballing, ten minutes before; but, now, remembering that it only wanted a quarter of an hour to school-time, and that his geometry lesson was unusually difficult, he rushed into the entry, snatched up his "Playfair," and, standing by the window, where the warm sun came streaming in upon his shoulder as he bent over the page he began to review the propositions in that day's lesson, which was to be recited the first thing in the afternoon.

There, still sulking on the doorstep, stood Hall Evarts. "I say it's plaguey mean, any how!"

"What's the row, Hall?" asked Ned, looking up from his book.

"Why, I want my knife and the India-rubber ring I began to make this morning; and they are in my desk. I'd have finished it, too, this noon, if it hadn't a-been for this confounded new rule of Papa Willis's."

"So much for making rings in school-time. If you'd left them in your pocket, they'd have been there now," remarked Ned, sagaciously.

"You'd better preach!" growled Hall. "I wonder you don't hire out to Parson Robinson to write his sermons for him. Say, Tommy Fowle, come out and help me pry open the door. Will ye? I want to git my knife."

"Leave it alone, Hall; you'd better. You can take my knife," interposed Ned.

"Don't want your knife. 'Twon't do no good without the ring. 'Twas all but finished, and I'm bound to have it. Will yer come on, Tommy?"

Good-natured, easy-going Tommy sauntered up the steps, followed by some of the more disaffected boys. Hall gave a savage kick at the door, which stoutly withstood the attack. "Say, boys, help me push it in." And a rush was made, at which the door creaked, but still held fast.

"Come, Ned Spencer, put down your book and help a fellow a little. We are bound to git in, somehow. You give one good kick, now."

"Nonsense!" said Edward, dropping his geometry on the window-sill. "You don't suppose that door is going to give in to a parcel of small boys like Tommy, nor to a couple of big fellows like you and me. However, here goes, if you want one so much"; and he raised his foot and struck with considerable force at the offending barrier, whilst at the same moment Hall threw his whole weight—which was no light one, big, burly butcher's son that he was—against the door. And how it happened I don't know, for the fastenings had withstood many heavier shocks in their day; but probably the previous shakings had loosened it, and somehow the staple gave way, and the two boys sprawled in upon the floor, while all the smaller ones "came tumbling after." "Hurrah for Papa Willis's patent lock!" cried Hall, snatching a piece of iron from the stove and hammering the staple back securely into its place. Edward picked himself up with quite a serious expression upon his usually merry face. His innate love of fun had carried him thus far; but he hadn't intended to aid and abet an open act of insubordination, and he felt as if his dignity had had a tumble. So, quietly withdrawing from the fray, he dusted his knees with his pocket-handkerchief, and went back to his book.

The scholars from the village had begun by this time to assemble, and the room was filling, as usual.

A thumping upon the east recitation-room, followed by excited squeals from lungs feminine.

"Let us in! Let us in! Boys, can't you hear? Unlock the door, do!"

"Sure enough," said Tommy Fowle, who had caught the sound of Nell Pervear's laugh. "Of course, they mustn't be locked out." So Hall Evarts stalked forward and withdrew the bolt.

"Humph! It's you, is it?" said saucy Nell. "I wasn't looking for *you*. I thought 'twas Ned or Tommy. Come on, girls."

"I wouldn't," said Kate Dalton, quietly. Kate was emphatically the good girl of the school. Perhaps she prided herself a little too much upon her correct deportment; but she was liked by her schoolmates generally, was very obliging and ready to lend a helping hand at any time, and her example and voice always had weight with the others for good. But this time she raised her warning voice in vain.

"Pooh! Who's afraid? I'm not," retorted Miss Pervear, leading off a file of girls into the schoolroom, but calling back: "Keep a sharp lookout there, you little folks, for Mr. Willis."

"Here he comes, with Wentworth," piped the "little folks" in reply; and the girl who "wasn't afraid" shot like an arrow into her seat by Kate Dalton, and was bending demurely over a book, held upside down in her hand, when the teacher came into the entry and glanced, in passing, in at the open door which led from the hall to the recitation-room.

"What mischief is Nell Pervear up to now, I wonder," said he to himself, "Probably she's teasing our good Kate." Then, aloud: "Unlock the door at once Wentworth, if you please. The boys seem to be making a great deal of disturbance in the west entry." "Whe-e-e-w," he softly whistled to himself, as the boy obeyed; and they entered, to find the schoolboys ranging about, chatting and playing pretty much as usual. The ribbon with which the mischievous Nell was accustomed to tie back her refractory locks having dropped on the floor in her rapid flight, this silent witness, together with the open door, betrayed to his quick eye the cause of her lightened color and anxious glances toward his desk. However, he said nothing; though Hall's assumed air of bravado would have proclaimed him guilty, even if Mr. Willis hadn't heard one of the twins whisper to the other: "I wouldn't like to be in Hall Evart's place. Would you? Won't Mr. Willis give it to him! I shouldn't wonder if he got expelled."

The school came to order more quietly than usual, and the geometry class was called up. It consisted of four girls (one of whom was our excellent Kate), and our friend, Edward Spencer, the only boy in the class, whom we have not forgotten, though we have left him so long standing in the entry. The truth was that, what with worrying over the mischief he'd been in and the hard lesson, he had not heard Mr. Willis's arrival, nor noticed anybody or anything, till the bell's ringing called him to his seat.

"There's an honorable boy," thought Mr. Willis. "My noble Ned Spencer. He wouldn't even come into the schoolroom, though the door was forced open, till the time I set."

As soon as the class were all at work at the blackboards on one side of the room, with chalk and strings, Mr. Willis began to walk slowly down the other side, stopping at each boy's desk. "Did you unlock the door this noon, or have anything to do with unlocking it?" he asked of one of the twins.

"No, sir," was the trembling answer.

"So I supposed." And the teacher smiled in a most reassuring manner. "Did you open the door?" "Did you?" "Did you?" Even Wentworth—grave and sedate Wentworth, who was to enter college the next fall, and who intended to be a minister, perhaps a missionary—was subjected to the same questioning, at which some of the little fellows laughed; but Tommy Fowle, who had pushed at the door in the first place, you know, but who was back on the doorstep when it finally gave way, trembled in his shoes, and wished he hadn't come at all when Hall called him.

"No, sir. Not till you told me to, Mr. Willis," answered Wentworth. "Hall," said the master, pausing a moment at the desk before speaking, "did you unlock the door?" "No, sir," spoke up Evarts, with perfect assurance. His teacher lingered a little longer, to give the boy time for any explanation; but none came, and he passed on to the next. On his way back, when he came opposite Hall's desk, he remarked, in a low tone, but loud enough to be heard distinctly by all who were sitting near: "I am very certain who it was that did the wrong this noon, and it would be much better for him to confess it frankly." Hall looked sullenly upon the floor. "Why don't you tell?" nudged Tommy, who with all his faults was no liar.

"You shut up! I didn't *unlock* the door. That's what he asked me. Besides, Ned Spencer did it as much me. If it hadn't been for them heavy boots of his'n"—here Mr. Willis turned, and the boys became instantly quiet.

All this time Ned was racking his brains over a geometric figure which wouldn't look just right. But, at last, by supplying a missing line, it was made, as he said to himself, "a little more like it"; and then he had leisure to glance about him and see what was going on. Mr. Willis was passing down the last line, and all were denying their having had anything to do with opening the door. "I pushed at it," Tommy had said, "but that was before it was opened. My pushing didn't do no good." "*Any* good, Tommy," answered his teacher, passing his hand lightly over the boy's curly head, whose heart bounded as he inwardly resolved "*never, never*, NEVER, just as long as he lived," (though I'm afraid he said "jest" to himself, instead of "just"), "NEVER to do anything to plague Mr. Willis again." Let us hope he kept his resolution.

"I am very sorry," said the teacher, at last, with a pain in his voice. "One of you has told me a deliberate lie. I trust he will have the manliness to retract it before I am forced to resort to more serious measures."

Ned's heart sank. "Now comes my turn," thought he. "I shall have to tell the truth, of course; and it's mean enough in Hall Evarts to make me bear all the blame. He knows as well as I do that my kicking would never have knocked the door in if he hadn't thrown himself against it just in the nick of time." Mr. Willis turned to Ned with a pleasant smile. What, Edward, is your figure drawn? You may demonstrate the fourteenth proposition. Miss Dalton has put it on the board." The teacher lingered a little upon the name, as if it were a pleasant one to speak; and he glanced with a sort of restful look at Kate's neat and accurate drawing, and then at her smoothly-brushed brown head and trim figure. Some of the girls used to say that Mr. Willis was partial to Kate Dalton. For my part, I don't see how he could very well help being "partial" to her.

Ned went through the demonstration accurately enough, but with hardly his usual animation—a little, a very little dreamily; and his kind teacher jotted down mentally this memorandum: "Spencer has been working too hard, lately; I must charge him to take care of his health." The class was dismissed, and Ned walked abstractedly to his seat, took out his books and attempted to study; but could only say over again and again to himself:

"To tell or not to tell, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer"—

He didn't finish the parody, because he hardly knew how to describe what his mind was suffering just then.

After having made up his mind to answer truthfully Mr. Willis's questions, to find all his calculations upset, and "no questions asked," as the advertisements say, was what troubled him.

"You're a lucky dog, Ned," said one of his schoolfellows, at recess. "You're the only one Mr. Willis didn't ask." "I can't see it," replied he, in regular schoolboy slang; "that's just what's the matter." And the boys saw he didn't relish the subject, and let him severely alone. Even Mr. Willis noticed his trouble again later in the afternoon; and, leaning over him in passing, asked kindly: "Have you one of your headaches again to-day, Edward?"

"Yes, sir, a little," was the response, made truthfully enough; for by this time he had worried himself almost into a fever, though he muttered to himself afterward: "Coward, coward, why didn't you own up what was the matter with you?"

When school was over, he walked home-ward slowly and more thoughtfully than usual—so much so that little Tommy caught up with him, and, being full of his new resolve, he took hold of Ned's hand and sidled up to him. The big boy passed his arm over the little fellow's shoulder. "Isn't Mr. Willis splendid?" said he. "O, Ned, I think he's jest the*best* man! Why, you know I wasn't going to tell a lie, nor let him think I didn't try to get in; because I did, you know. And when I told him so, he never said nothing; but jest looked a little bit *bad*, and a little bit *glad*. I can't tell exactly, only it made me feel so queer; and, Ned, I mean to be every bit as good as I can be after this 'ere breeze has blowed over." Now Tommy's little confidences were making Edward very much ashamed of himself. Tommy's father was a shiftless "ne'er do weel," and Tommy himself had had no "bringing up," that was certain; but his "I wasn't going to tell a lie, nor let *him think*," and his "when I told him," showed up his own conduct to Ned in a still more disgraceful light. So this little fellow had owned up frankly; whilst he, Ned Spencer, the popular boy of the school, had sneaked out by saying, "Mr. Willis didn't ask me." He couldn't say, with little Tommy, "I wasn't going to let him *think*."

On reaching home, his little three-year-old sister came running out to meet him. "Neddy, Neddy, be horsy," she shouted-"I can't, baby. Neddy's tired," said he. And he passed the little girl without giving her the accustomed toss in the air and playful greeting. Her little lips quivered as she toddled back into the house. "Neddy's tired, and I'se tired. Mamma be horsy." And the poor, weary mother—a widow, worn with her toilsome efforts to keep the wolf from the door and clothe, feed, and, best of all, educate her five fatherless children, and bring them up in the fear of the Lord—looked at the eager petitioner with a patient smile and a ready "Yes, dear, presently." Then to her boy, who leaned heavily against the mantel: "You look tired, dear, with your long walk; and I think you are studying a little too hard lately. You'd better rest awhile before you bring in the wood. "No, mother, I'll do it at once," and he started for the woodpile; and, while plying vigorously his ax and saw, Ned's mind revolved the subject in all its bearings, and out by the woodpile, long before dark, he made a few wholesome resolutions. Half an hour later, Edward Spencer might have been seen coming out of his room with a scaled note in his hand; and soon after he hailed a neighbor who was riding by, on his way to the village. "Will you please mail this letter for me at once, Mr. Dudley?" "Why, to be sure, to be sure, Ned; but what's the matter? Your mother ain't sick, is she? I thought she was'n't looking quite so chirk the last time I see her." "O, no," said Edward." "It's only a note to Mr. Willis; but I would like him to get it to-night. That's all." "Sure enough! sure enough! Wall, if that's so, I'm agoin' straight past his boardin' place, and I kin give it to him as well as not. 'Tain't no sort of trouble. Glad to obleege ye." And the kindly neighbor drove off, taking Edward's heaviest burden, the consciousness of an unconfessed fault, along with him, safely stowed away in his hat. Our young hero—for he was a hero, after all, as is every boy who resolutely puts away a sin from him—walked quietly back into the house, mindful of the neighbor's hint as to his mother's looks. The dear little mother! She did look worn enough!—that was a fact; and the boy's eyes filled with hot tears, hero though he was, as he saw her wearily fulfilling her promise to baby Minnie, playing horse to her driving. "Whoa!" shouted Ned, bursting in. "Your horse is tired, Minnie. Want a fresh one, just out of the stable?" And the anxious mother, seeing her son's brow once more clear, went cheerfully to her task of preparing the evening meal.

As for Hall Evarts, I want to dispose of him as quickly as possible. He went home that night, and told his father that "he wa'n't agoin' to the 'cademy any more. Mr. Willis locked the boys out at noon, and he was almost froze." Mr. Evarts, who hadn't much opinion of book-learning himself, and who wanted Hall to drive his butcher's cart for him, readily acquiesced, and the young man graduated that night. Mr. Willis was thankful to get rid of him so cheaply. The last I knew of him was during the late war, when he went to Canada to live, as the "climate" there "agreed" with him. Some ill-natured gossips, who *would* talk, remembering his school-days, suggested that he always was afraid of taking cold, and only wanted to get out of the *draught*. Be that as it may, he has never shown himself in Westerly since.

As for Edward's note, that is a secret between him and Mr. Willis. Only this I know: the boy said he could have borne it better if his teacher hadn't trusted him so; but maybe that was just what saved him. Of course, Mr. Willis had to give him demerits, for the sake of school discipline, and his record-book that week was hardly such as a boy likes to show his mother. But Ned did it, and he told her how the marks came there too. But Mr. Willis took him into his very heart of hearts after that, and helped make a man of him. His record since then no mother need be ashamed of; and I think, and I believe that Ned thinks too, that that half-hour at the wood-pile was the turning-point in his life. Boys,

"Learn to do right,
Learn to be true."

The Sunday School.

BENEVOLENCE AMONG THE YOUNG.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

MUCH has been said, for some years past, on the subject of Christian, systematic benevolence, and on the Christian use of money. Premium tracts have been published, numerous sermons preached, and the religious press has often spoken with emphasis on the subject. And it is believed the spirit of benevolence, from year to year, has in consequence been rising in the churches.

But still many feel that we need a much higher standard in regard to Christian giving. There is too little principle about it. Many give only under the influence of an appeal; they have no system to regulate their charities.

Every one knows that a spirit of benevolent giving can be cultivated—can be increased by a proper course of training. There must be education on this subject. And one reason why so many churchmembers manifest no deep, fixed principle in regard to Christian giving is that their education on the subject has been neglected. They have never been trained and educated to give.

It is said that the muscles with which we *close* the hand are much stronger than those with which we open it. Now it is the weaker opening muscles we use in giving money, and the stronger ones we use in holding on to our money. Every one can see the importance of a frequent use of these weaker muscles, to keep them supple; else they will become so stiff and rigid that no call of charity can relax them.

Now, education on this subject, as on all others, should be in childhood. Then the duty and the blessedness of giving for the benefit of those less favored than ourselves should be taught. Then the habit of giving should be form

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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, February 2d, 1871.

FRANCE DELIVERED!

A SHORT half year ago, while yet the grapes had hardly begun to redden in the sun of Bordeaux or Champagne, and while the yellow harvests of the Moselle were falling beneath the sickle-strokes of the reapers, all Paris was afire with the old Parisian pride and with the hereditary lust of glory. The intoxicating moment of the opening of a war war was more than Paris could stand; and in their vain folly the people dreamed that the flaunting standards were already *à Berlin*, and that the bugles blowing the Marseillaise so frantically were really uttering the voice of victory. Already Paris saw rising another *Arc de Triomphe* to commemorate a new Austerlitz and another Jena. Already France had won again the provinces of the Rhine! The dream was an Elysian one, and the awakening was terrible, as it was sudden. It is now midwinter, and the vineyards of Champagne have been trampled by the horse-hoofs of the Uhlans; the harvests of Moselle have been eaten by the Wurtembergers; the brave armies of France are in prison and in hospitals; Berlin has come to Paris; and the triumphant soldier of the Landwehr rests almost under the shadow of the *Arc de Triomphe* while Alsace and Lorraine are French no longer.

We rejoice. Not because we have any hatred to "fair France," not because we have any of that sort of religious zeal that loves to see a Catholic nation trodden under foot by a Protestant one. We rejoice most of all because it is the delivery of France. Germany has fought for Germany consciously; but unconsciously Germany has fought the battle of France better than ever France did. Germany gains unity, glory, power by the war; but vanquished France gains more than victorious Prussia.

France had the best arms. She depended on Chassepôts and mitrailleuses. But it was not a question of guns. The battle of Sedan and the siege of Paris were really fought out in the last century. This is not a victory of Bismarck, the diplomatist, or of Von Moltke, the strategist, half so much as it is the triumph of Pestalozzi, the pedagogue. It is only the old lesson over again. To the illiterate Breton peasant Germany opposed the intelligent student; against the savage Turco was pitted the Berlin Sanskrit scholar. If France shall now learn that a man is better than a brute, that wisdom is better than strength, and that force is king no longer, she will have not paid too dearly for her education.

We hope that France may find in this war delivery from herself. Ridden by priests, blinded by ignorance, intoxicated with conceit, demoralized by vanity and vice, nothing but the ravages of fire and sword and the spectacle of the brilliant capital a captive, could have disenchanted her. We may hope for a French republic; but the time of figs is not yet. An illiterate republic is an impossibility, and one-third of all Frenchmen are in absolute ignorance. A priest-ridden republic the world will never see; and yet French peasants and French women are sunk in fathomless superstition, and march in droves at the bidding of the priests. An irreligious nation cannot be free, and the thinking mind of France is utterly without faith. When France shall learn that her real foes are not in Germany, but in France, that her real battle is against priestcraft, ignorance, skepticism, and licentiousness, we may hope for a French republic.

But such fundamental revolutions as we have pointed out are not wrought in an hour. Education cannot be made universal in less than a generation. It is not the ballot, but the book; not the republic, but the schoolmaster that the French want most. Free France is greatly nearer than it was; but we must not be impatient.

How, then, has King William delivered France? By destroying her military ambition. Henry A. Wise said of the South, in 1841: "We are dwarfed by the census." By her situation, by the consolidation of Germany, by the census, France is hopelessly dwarfed. She will be the military leader of Europe no more. For a long time past the military prestige of France was a shadow. This unchallenged ghost of the power of France has imposed upon Europe for half a century. Now that the delusion has been dissipated, France will save the expense of supporting a shadow so costly. The road to military glory being closed, France can now turn her attention to the better glory of educating her people.

France is now ready for a leader. Neither Favre, the old man eloquent, nor Gambetta, the young man impetuous, shall be that leader. He will neither be a marshal nor a statesman. The true leader of France must lead her to popular intelligence, to a true religious life, to a liberty that shall not be license, to a fraternity that is not socialism, to an equality that is not agrarianism. We are not prophets. But to our minds there is one voice that at this crisis France needs to hear more than any other. It is that of Hyacinthe.

We hail France delivered! Delivered from pride and self-conceit! Delivered from the lust of military glory! Delivered from the fatal delusion of Bonapartism! If France chooses the good path now open, she may build another triumphal arch in Paris, and write upon it:

TO THE VICTORY OF THE VANQUISHED.

THE GOSPEL IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ONE of our exchanges, in disputing the notion that the Old and New Testiments are radically unlike—the one being a ministration of condemnation, and the other of reconciliation—makes the statement that the terrors of the Lord are as clearly revealed in the later as in the earlier writing. This is undoubtedly true; but it is only half of the truth, and the worser half at that. The severity of God, as well as his goodness, is plainly taught in the New Testament; but the goodness of God, as well as his severity, is plainly taught in the Old Testament. In the law and the prophets and the psalms the shadows may be heavier and the light less vivid than in the gospels and the epistles; but there is far more of light than of shadow even in the books of the old dispensation.

We often hear people talk as if there were nothing in the Pentateuch but the flames and thunders of Sinai—as if all the psalms were imprecatory, and the prophets never spoke except to threaten and denounce. But nobody who is in the habit of reading the Bible has any such impression. Peter said that the epistles of his beloved brother Paul contained "some things hard to be understood," and there are many such things in the Jewish Scriptures; but the gentleness of God breathes through them all, and the glad tidings of great joy are heralded by them all. The imprecatory psalms are the stumbling-block of many that are unlearned and unstable; but these imprecations are only scattered utterances in a book of sacred lyrics, wherein devout men of all ages have found more voices for their tenderest feeling and their highest aspiration than in all the other books that ever were written. "The terrors of Sinai" is one of the stock phrases. But Sinai has another language than that of terror; for there it was that Jehovah descended in the cloud and proclaimed himself "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." Let the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel, the whole book of Isaiah, and numberless passages in all the other prophets, and even in the legal and historical books, bear testimony that the Gospel is not confined to the New Testament any more than the law is confined to the Old, that the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world had found glad entrance to the hearts of those holy men of old whose words are treasured for us in the Hebrew Scriptures. Not only as a treasury of history and a record of divine law, but as a liturgy of worship, a sacred anthology, a revelation of the mercy and grace of the Infinite Father, the Old Testament is to every reverent soul unspeakably precious. Dark, indeed, would be the day on which the glory that shines from its pages should suffer extinction or eclipse!

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

PEOPLE are mistaken who judge of the inhabitants of the State of New York by the Rings which rule them, and who consider Tammany as the type of the state. They are in general very well disposed persons, and, singular as it may seem to outsiders, desirous of having their affairs properly and honestly conducted. They have never shown this inclination more strongly than in their readiness to provide public institutions for the cure or relief of the blind, the deaf and dumb, the insane, the idiotic, and the inebriate. The guilty classes, too, have not appealed in vain for their help, and well-meant, if not always judicious, efforts have been made of late years for the improvement of prisons and the reformation of prisoners. The tendency has been toward excess of leniency in the discipline of prisons, which has at times almost put the authorities of the penitentiaries at the mercy of the prisoners. Fortunately for the establishments above mentioned, for the benefit of the innocently unfortunate, they exist under conditions which make it difficult for Rings to be formed to get possession of them. It being necessary that the persons charged with them should "know something," and have some kind of natural or acquired fitness for their work, puts an insuperable obstacle in the way of the public-spirited citizens who would otherwise absorb them. The prisons, however, are not encumbered with any such preposterous not to say aristocratic impediments, and have naturally been taken possession of by men "inside politics," and whose instinct for anything that "has money in it" is unerring.

It appears from the memorial of the New York Prison Society to Governor Hoffman that our prisons afford in liberal measure both the conditions which invite this valuable class of our fellow-citizens to take the management of them off our hands. The number of officers employed amounts to about two hundred, and the money paid them to $220,000 annually. It will be seen at once that our penitentiaries can thus be made to serve as institutions for the encouragement of young politicians and hospitals for the support of broken-down ones. The Prison Society, however, do not seem to appreciate the value of this arrangement, and suggest that a thorough change should be made in the whole system, which is now skillfully contrived for the useful purposes above mentioned. This power and the disbursement of this money, and the vastly larger sums appropriated yearly for prisons, is directed by three inspectors, who are virtually irresponsible governors, with absolute power within their jurisdiction. There is no effectual check on their exercise of their discretion, nor on the expenditure of the moneys in their hands. They can use their power and direct much of the money for the promotion of partisan objects or the gratification of favoritism. Under the existing system the difference between the expenses and the earnings of the prisons is yearly yawning wider and wider. Nothing can be clearer than that an able-bodied convict, under proper management, ought to be able to earn enough to pay his board and his share of the expenses of keeping him. In the last twenty-three years, with a body of convicts from 2,000 to 3,000 strong, the state has paid some $6,000,000 of expenses over profits. The deficit in 1869 was $225,000. And it will go on growing from year to year, unless a remedy be found. The suggestion of the Prison Society is that an amendment to the Constitution be passed which shall take the prisons out of the sphere of politics and the coils of rings. A board of five managers, to be appointed by the governor and senate, to hold office for ten years, and charged with the entire responsibility of the prisons, is the proposition of the Society. This board, after appointing the officers of prisons, are not to remove them except for cause, and after a hearing; the governor to have the power of removal of the managers on the same conditions.

These will be excellent steps in the right direction, and essential ones toward reaching the highest perfection of the punitive system. The adoption of this amendment will put the responsibility of placing men of the highest character, and known to be such to the people at large, in the hands, virtually, of the governor, with the check of the senate; and it is not to be supposed that any governor would venture to make partisan or corrupt appointments, the disgrace of which would return to plague himself. An intelligent and conscientious head being thus secured to the system, we may hope that the inferior members will answer to it. Without this the change would not produce the beneficent results expected from it. And the first thing to be done will be to place a totally different class of men at the head of each of the prisons. There is no charge of human beings that demands more natural fitness, scientific training, and moral excellence than that of criminals. It has been thought that any man taken out of the common walks of life, who knows enough to carry on a farm or a manufacturing establishment, is competent to be placed at the head of a penitentiary. But who would think of placing a man with no other preparation over an asylum for the insane, the idiotic, the blind, or the deaf and dumb. And surely the mental and physical conditions of the criminal classes call for as wise, humane, scientific treatment as those of the other unfortunates. Let such men as are now selected for those beneficent institutions be placed over the prisons, and a great change would soon appear in their economy and in the reformation of the inmates. Let men of the character and training of Dr. Harvey Peet, Dr. S. G. Howe, the late Dr. Woodward, Dr. Wilbur, or Mr. Gallaudet be placed in charge of the prisons, and who can doubt that a most beneficent change would be wrought for the prisoners and a most profitable one for the state? With permanent positions and honorable remuneration, such men could be had, and a new profession or specialty would grow up. Under such management all the details of labor, of teaching, of commutation for good behavior, of reformatory influences generally, would be wisely conducted. Prisons would be conducted with such judicious humanity that no prisoner should be the worse for his confinement, and yet with such just severity that he would never wish to see the inside of it again.

When such men have the charge of our prisons, then the final change, which we have heretofore urged as the conclusion of the whole matter, will have become possible. Instead of the present clumsy method of leaving the term of sentence to the judgment, the humor, or the digestion of the judge presiding at the trial, a culprit convicted of a crime against society will be relegated to a penitentiary, there to remain until he is fit to be returned to it. Nothing short of Omniscience can justly proportion punishment to sin; but the judgment of wise, humane, conscientious, and experienced men will come the nearest to the dictates of Eternal Justice that is possible on earth. That this will be the ultimate perfection of prison discipline we devoutly believe. But the first thing to do is to get the legislature to offer the proposed amendment to the people, and the next to induce the people to adopt it.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

"From six till half-past eleven."
"German at seven precisely."

These were the terms of an invitation which we saw last week. It was sent to forty children, between the ages of ten and sixteen.

"Will you allow your children to stay at this party until half-past eleven?" we said to a mother whose children were invited. "What can I do?" she replied. "If I send the carriage for them at half-past ten, the chances are that they will not be allowed to come away. It is impossible to break up a set. And as for that matter, half-past ten is two hours and a half past their bed-time; they might as well stay an hour longer. I wish nobody would ever ask my children to a party. I cannot keep them at home, if they are asked. Of course, I *might*; but I have not the moral courage to see them so unhappy. All the other children go; and what can I do?"

This is a tender, loving mother, whose sweet, gentle, natural methods with her children have made them sweet, gentle, natural little girls, whom it is a delight to know. But "what can she do"? The question is by no means one which can be readily answered. It is very easy for off-hand severity, sweeping condemnation to say "Do! Why, nothing is plainer. Keep her children away from such places. Never let them go to any parties which will last later than nine o'clock." This is the same thing as saying, "Never let them go to parties at all." There are no parties which break up at nine o'clock; that is, there are not in our cities. We hope there are such parties still in country towns and villages—such parties as we remember to this day with a vividness which no social enjoyments since then have dimmed; Saturday-afternoon parties—*matinées* they would have been called if the village people had known enough; parties which began at three in the afternoon and ended in the early dusk, while little ones could see their way home; parties at which there was no "German," only the simplest of dancing, if any, and much more of blind-man's-buff; parties at which "mottoes" in sugar horns were the luxurious novelty, caraway cookies the staple, and lemonade the only drink besides pure water. Fancy lemonade and a caraway cooky offered to the creature called child in cities to-day, and a few pink sugar horns and some walnuts and raisins to carry home in its pocket! One blushes at thought of the scornful contempt with which such simples would be received—we mean rejected!

From the party whose invitation we have quoted above the little girls came home at midnight, radiant, flushed, joyous, looking in their floating white muslin dresses like fairies, their hands loaded with bouquets of hot-house flowers and dainty little "favors" from the German. At eleven they had had for supper champagne, and chicken salad, and all the other unwholesome abominations which are set out and eaten in American evening entertainments.

Next morning there were no languid eyes, pale cheeks. Each little face was eager, bright, rosy, though the excited brain had had only five or six hours of sleep.

"If they would only feel tired the next day, that would be something of an argument to bring up with them," said the poor mother. "But they always declare that they feel better than ever."

And so they do. But the "better" is only a deceitful sham, kept up by excited and overwrought nerves—the same thing that we see over and over and over again in all lives which are temporarily kindled and stimulated by excitement of any kind.

This is the worst thing, this is the most fatal thing in all our mismanagements and perversions of the physical life of our children. Their beautiful elasticity and strength rebound instantly to an apparently uninjured fullness; and so we go on, undermining, undermining at point after point, until suddenly some day there comes a tragedy, a catastrophe, for which we are as unprepared as if we had been working to avert, instead of to hasten it. Who shall say when our boys die at eighteen, twenty, twenty-two, our girls either in their girlhood or in the first strain of their womanhood—who shall say that they might not have passed safely through the dangers, had no vital force been unnecessarily wasted in their childhood, their infancy?

Every hour that a child sleeps is just so much investment of physical capital for years to come. Every hour after dark that a child is awake is just so much capital withdrawn. Every hour that a child lives a quiet, tranquil, joyous life of such sort as kittens live on hearths, squirrels in sunshine, is just so much investment in strength and steadiness and growth of the nervous system. Every hour that a child lives a life of excited brainworking, either in a schoolroom or in a ballroom, is just so much taken away from the reserved force which enables nerves to triumph through the sorrows, through the labors, through the diseases of later life. Every mouthful of wholesome food that a child eats, at seasonable hours, may be said to tell on every moment of his whole life, no matter how long it may be. Victor Hugo, the benevolent exile, has found out that to be well fed once in seven days for one meal has been enough to transform the apparent health of all the poor children in Guernsey. Who shall say that to take once in seven days, or even once in thirty days, an unwholesome supper of chicken salad and champagne may not leave as lasting effects on the constitution of a child?

If Nature would only "execute" her "sentences against evil works" more "speedily," evil works would not so thrive. The law of continuity is the hardest one for average men and women to comprehend—or, at any rate, to obey. Seedtime and harvest in gardens and fields they have learned to understand and profit by. When we learn, also, that in the precious lives of these little ones we cannot reap what we do not sow, and we must reap all which we do sow, and that the emptiness or the richness of the harvest is not so much for us as for them, one of the first among the many things which we shall reform will be "children's parties."

A WORD TO FATHER HECKER.

WE address you, Reverend Dr. Hecker, in this public way because we recognize in you not only the ablest defender of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, but also the most progressive and enlightened leader of thought in that Church. In the words we have to speak, we wish to speak not to Dr. Hecker the antagonist of Protestantism, but to Father Hecker a leader of Catholicism. We write in no polemical spirit. We have many things against the Church of Rome, and have spoken severely of Catholicism, as you have of Protestantism. But we have also much veneration for many things in that church, and a very great admiration for some passages in its history. Enthusiastic as you are, sir, you cannot revere more sincerely than we the self-sacrificing benevolence of St. Francis of Assisi, the zeal of St. Francis Xavier, the piety of Fenelon and of Lacordaire, the eloquence of Bossuet and Massilon, or the courage of Pascal and Hyacinthe.

We come to you for help. In all our great cities there are sections inhabited almost wholly by Roman Catholic people. It is a fact, as well known to you as it is to us, that Catholic sections of the cities abound in destitution, in ignorance, in vice, in crime. Children are here trained by all their surroundings to a life of wickedness. In many homes they learn profanity from the lips of their mothers, and they are familiar with drunkenness from their cradle, if they are so fortunate as to have one left not pawned to buy the means of drunkenness. We know how many honest and hard-working Catholics there are in these sections, and we know how many villainous non-Catholics there are. But you know as well as any one knows that the Catholic population furnishes vastly more than its proportion of paupers and criminals. The reform schools, the prisons, the almshouses are mostly full of Catholics. In the Catholic sections of the cities there are drinking-saloons, dog-pits, and brothels in abundance. The men who keep these places are, in undue proportion, Catholics. They receive extreme unction on their death-beds, and are buried in consecrated cemeteries with the rites of the Church. We say these things not to wound your Catholic pride, nor to injure that church, but to ask one question: Cannot the Catholic Church herself do something to mitigate these evils?

Protestants plant missions in some of these Catholic quarters. We are not sure that these missions are always conducted as they should be. Perhaps there may be too much of a spirit of proselytism in some of them; but, at any rate, there is a sincere desire to make men better. Drunkards have been reformed by these missions. Women of evil life have been reclaimed. Children have been taken from vile homes and taught the ways of virtue. Sunday-schools and reading-rooms have been established, and have contributed to the culture and elevation of adults and children.

But you know, sir, how strong is the Catholic prejudice against Protestants. Broken windows, and sometimes broken heads, have testified to the appreciation the Catholic population has of such efforts on the part of Protestants. There are whole districts from which Protestants are practically excluded. For the worse the lives of these people are the more combatively devoted are they to the Catholic Church. Of course, we believe that Protestantism is better than Roman Catholicism; but, since the reaching of these people with Protestant missions is not possible, we come to you and ask you whether you, who have done so much for the enlightenment of the Catholic Church through its literature, will not lift up your powerful voice to plead with the Church to use her almost unlimited influence for the regeneration of her people.

We are never tired of praising Catholic charities. But Catholic charities, like many Protestant ones, are only half-charities. Of what avail is it that you build a House of the Good Shepherd for abandoned women, if you do not also take means to mitigate the ignorance and the wickedness of the children, who are quickly to supply the places of those whom you have recovered?

We point you to no Protestant example. We know of none so good as that of the illustrious St. Charles Borromeo. If the great Cathedral of Milan were the rudest chapel in Europe, it would yet be one of the most glorious of temples. We need not point the application of his example to the present subject. If the Catholic Church in America had one ecclesiastic of ability who possessed half the zeal of the illustrious successor of Saint Ambrose, this stain upon American Catholicism might soon be wiped away. We need not remind one so learned in church history as yourself of his toilsome labor in the cause of education, and of his endeavors, which ceased only with his life, to remove ignorance and vice from his diocese. In suggesting to you, whose parish has already so admirable a Sunday-school, the good that might be accomplished by a thoroughly-organized Sunday-school system, we do not need to suggest that in Sunday-school work Catholics are not imitators of Protestants. We are proud to trace the history of Sunday-schools to St. Charles Borromeo.

By helping to improve the moral, intellectual, and religious character of the lower classes of American Catholics you can do more than by all your eloquent arguments to make Protestants think well of the Mother Church. Americans are very practical, and a good chapter of present church history enacted before their eyes will have more weight with them than all the old church history your learning can dig from the folios of eighteen centuries.

DISTRESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

THE English newspapers have told us of the remonstrance of the King of Prussia—we beg his Imperial Majesty's pardon, of the Emperor of Germany—in which his daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess and Princess Royal of England, united, against the marriage of the Princess Louisa with the Marquis of Lorne, the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, and also of the *snubbing* response of Queen Victoria, in which she invited them to mind their own business. It is not strange that this remarkable event should have excited surprise and remonstrance from those who hold the old feudal ideas on the subject of royal families; for it is, indeed, a sign of the leveling spirit of the age, and there is no knowing to what it may lead. We cannot recall at this writing any modern precedent of a princess of the blood royal of England marrying a commoner. It must be five hundred years, at least, since such a *mésalliance* took place. The Lady Arabella Stuart, though cousin-german of James I, as daughter of the younger brother of Darnley, cannot be put in that category; though she came near enough to it to be persecuted by Elizabeth, and imprisoned till her death by James, after his accession, for having married one of his subjects, William Seymour, son of the Earl of Hertford, without his consent. Nor could Margaret, the Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII, be regarded an exception, as she was only the great-great-granddaughter of Edward III, through

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster,"

and that through an illegitimate branch, though the bend sinister was taken out of its arms by Act of Parliament. Going back to the earlier Edwards and Henrys, examples may be found of marriages of their daughters with powerful subjects; but we recall no instance since the time of Edward III.

There have been many instances of king's sons marrying subjects, as they had more control of their actions than their sisters, in those days before women's rights were thought of. It was through the marriage of James II with Lady Anna Hyde, the daughter of the great Earl of Clarendon, whereby he made an honest woman of her, one of the honestest actions of his own life, that Queen Mary and Queen Anna came to the throne. About a century ago, two brothers of George III occasioned the Royal Marriage Act, by their marriages with subjects. The Duke of York in 1771 married Mrs. Horton, a widow of twenty-four, whom Horace Walpole describes as "extremely pretty, very well made, and with eyelashes a yard long." And he adds: "Indeed, eyelashes three-quarters of a yard shorter would have served to conquer such a head as she has turned." The other brother, the Duke of Gloucester, about the same time married the niece of Horace Walpole, the natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, and widow of the Earl of Waldegrave. Of this last marriage were born a son and daughter, the Duke of Gloucester, who died about forty years ago, and was known by the honorable addition of "Silly Billy," and the Princess Sophia of Gloucester. The Royal Marriage Act has put a stop to these intrusions into the sacred circle of royalty, though not to attempts at it. In 1786 the Prince of Wales married privately Mrs. Fitzherbert, by which act he doubly forfeited his right of succession, both as marrying without the sovereign's consent and as the lady was a Catholic. He meanly denied the marriage, however, and through his assurances Charles Fox was induced to do the same in the House of Commons. His brother, the Duke of Sussex, also married a subject, Lady Augusta Murray, by whom he had two children; but the marriage was declared void *ab initio* by the Court of Arches, under the Marriage Act. In his old age the Duke married by royal consent Lady Cecilia Underwood, who did not assume the style of a royal duchess, but was created Duchess of Inverness in her own right, and is still living.

This proposed marriage, however, can hardly fail to have results which would once have put the Herald's College beside its wits. The Queen may, if she please, give her new son-in-law the precedence of a Royal Duke with the style of Royal Highness. But it is not likely that she would do an act which must give great offense. The Princess does not descend to the rank of her husband by her marriage, nor raise him to hers by that act. In case of children, then—which, as Lord Lorne is one of twelve children and the Princess one of nine, is not an improbable contingency—all the children would take precedence of their own father, as well as of every other subject, excepting the Queen's children. The grandchildren of the sovereign rank next to the children. We presume they would have the rank and title of princes and princesses of the Blood Royal and the style of Royal Highness—certainly of Highness. The last Duke of Gloucester was only styled Highness until his marriage with his cousin, the Princess Mary, when the Prince Regent conferred upon him the "Royal" adjective. But then he was not the son, but the grandson, of a sovereign, his father having been the son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who predeceased George II. But this is a subject too vast for us to grapple with. It will be easily seen, however, that awkward complications may arise from this marriage, which make the objections of Emperor William and his daughter-in-law not so unreasonable as they may appear to us simple republicans. But it is a very pregnant proof of the change in opinions, reaching even to palaces, which is going on and will yet produce yet greater upheavings in the high places of the earth.

Editorial Notes.

NOTHING we have been able to secure for our readers has given us more pleasure than "The Palace and Gardens of Alcinoüs," by William Cullen Bryant. We like to think of the white-haired bard of American literature putting a fitting climax to his life-work by rendering the poem of Homer's old age. On both sides the sea Mr. Bryant's Iliad is already accepted as the supreme translation; and there is felt a great eagerness for the appearance of his Odyssey. We are, therefore, delighted to be the first to give the public a foretaste of it. That our readers may have an opportunity to compare readily the dignity and simplicity of Mr. Bryant's faithful rendering with the artificial versification of Pope, we give sixteen lines of Pope's description of the Palace of Alcinoüs:

"Meanwhile Ulysses at the palace waits.
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night or orb of day.
The walls were massy brass; the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd in colors of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er,
And gold the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptured gold and labored silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinoüs's gate:
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years."

We trust our contemporaries who copy Mr. Bryant's poem will see the justice of giving credit to THE INDEPENDENT. We wish to express our obligations to Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., from whose press the Odyssey when completed, will be issued, and without whose courteous consent Mr. Bryant would not have been free to accept our proposition for the publication of the present extract.

....The bill introduced into the senate of this state, and favorably reported upon by the judiciary committee, under the title of "an act to amend the act for the better protection of minors, passed April 29th, 1869," provides, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for every violation of the law, that it shall be unfawful "to interfere with the religious belief" of these said minors in any of the "institutions" of the state, "public or private, incorporated or not incorporated," organized for their reception, "whether as orphans or as destitute, disorderly or delinquent persons." This bill, with its several provisions, is aimed at children's aid societies and other kindred institutions, especially in the City of New York, sustained by Protestants to promote the material and spiritual welfare of destitute and homeless children, and that, too, whether their parents be Catholic or Protestant. In plain words, it is a Roman Catholic bill, intended legally to restrain Protestant institutions of charity from teaching the children of Catholic parents anything inconsistent with "the religious belief" of these parents. They may feed and clothe the children; but, if their parents be Catholic, then their religious faith has the force of law armed with a penalty. Protestants ask for no such restraint upon the liberty of Catholics. The latter may organize as many institutions as they please, and teach the faith they prefer. Why should not Protestants have the same privilege? Senator Norton's bill is a piece of political trickery to win the favor of New York Catholics; and, if it shall become a law, it will be an example of sectarian legislation in the interests of Roman Catholicism that ought to stir the blood not only of every Protestant, but of every liberal-minded citizen, as an outrage and an encroachment upon the common liberties of the people. The source of the bill and its advocacy in the senate show its animus. If the Democratic majority in the legislature shall pass it, and Governor Hoffman sign it, then both ought to be denounced in terms of righteous severity. The effect would be to make the "religious belief" of parents legally hereditary in the child, as against the right of giving religious instruction; and this would be an abomination which the American people will not concede for the sake of pleasing Catholics.

....The gates of Paris have been opened, and its famine-stricken population, and not less the prisoners and wounded of the war, need an immediate help. Bruised, wounded, gaunt with hunger, Paris appeals piteously to us and to the world. Prussia has already provided herds of cattle and trains of supplies in anticipation of the surrender. From Berlin and Frankfort and Bremen those whose sons have been slain by Napoleon's crime, and whose commerce has been ruined by the cry "On to the Rhine," will be sending oil and wine from their desolated homes and wharves to bind up the famine sores of poor France. Germania, less implacable than Œnone, comes down from her Mount Ida to heal the deadly wounds of fair Paris by whom she has suffered. From London and Liverpool cargoes of wheat and coal will be freely given to relieve the famine of the siege. Shall America be slow in the same ministry of love? Let every patriot, let every Christian let every man and woman among us send his contribution; for it will all be needed to repair the waste. Next Sabbath, as the cry goes up from ten thousand sacred oratories, "O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard; rest and be still," let the freewill offering be also given to heal the wounds which that sword has made. Do it at once. Abundant provision will be made before then to send money and supplies. Never was the American flag unfurled for a more sacred mission than to convoy its fleet of peace in aid of the gasping republic.

....We could not help sympathizing with Rev. C. E. Cheney, of Christ church, Chicago, when, in obedience to the dictates of his conscience, he ventured to omit the word "regenerate" from the Baptismal Office of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We thought, Here is a man that, under the nose of Bishop Whitehouse, is willing to risk ecclesiastical censure and suspension for the sake of principle. The Bishop heard of it soon enough. His subordinate had omitted what Church law directs must be said; he has clearly violated his ordination vow to obey the canons of the Church, and he will doubtless submit to the penalty. But he made every frivolous pretext to escape a legal trial; and, before the ecclesiastical court can decide on his offense, he secures an injunction from a civil court, on the ground that there is danger that he will be deprived, by the decision, of a salary of four thousand five hundred dollars and a parsonage. For eighteen months he has succeeded in putting off the trial, until, on appeal, the injunction has, at last, been dissolved by the Supreme Court of Illinois. The decision will commend itself to almost every one. Mr. Cheney was a voluntary member of a religious association. At his own seeking, he had become an officer in that association, well knowing what were its rules and what was the penalty of disobedience. In such affairs of Church the State has no right to interfere; and, if Mr. Cheney was dissatisfied, he had the right to withdraw. It was only in subjection to those rules that he could claim any emolument as an ordained officer in the association. We doubt not that the ecclesiastical court will very soon resume his case, and, we can hardly doubt, depose him from his office, unless he promises to do so no more. We would be inclined to prophesy that he would yield his conscience for the sake of his position, if we were to judge simply by his conduct in this affair, and did not otherwise know Mr. Cheney to be a thoroughly brave man at heart. We hope better things of him, even although he belongs to that Evangelical wing of Episcopacy which, in this country, as notably in England, occupies too much the cowardly position of defense.

....A different kind of protest against High Church is that of Dr. George Thrall and Rev. Mason Gallagher, who open on Thursday evening of this week their new Emmanuel Chapel, in this city, on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. This, we understand, is an independent Episcopal movement, not intended to be under Bishop Potter's control. Of course, he has not been consulted, for not merely that old churchman, Dr. Muhlenberg, but Messrs. Beecher, Crosby, and three other representatives of the "sects," help at its dedication on Thursday evening of this week. If the Bishop should interfere, as Bishop McIlvaine has not interfered in the similar case of an Independent Episcopal church at Pelham Bay, O., this will be likely to be the beginning of a new organization.

....The House of Lords has added another to the honorable company of bankrupts. The Earl of Orkney, a Scotch nobleman of ancient lineage, has come to grief and the Court of Bankruptcy. This sort of thing is really becoming vulgar. Three dukes, of Buckingham, Newcastle, and Hamilton; one marquis, of Hastings; two earls, of Winchelsea and Orkney; not to mention peers of lesser degree, may ennoble the lists of the bankrupts, but must degrade the rolls of the lords. It is but lately that any one but traders could incur bankruptcy, and that a great and puissant prince, the most noble the Duke of Buckingham, had to pass the court as "a coal dealer" in order to get his certificate. Poor Byron, though he had four (or was it seven?) executions in his house at the time of his separation from Lady Byron, could not be legally whitewashed, like men of lesser degree, and remained liable for all his debts that he could not pay to the end of the chapter. It was only the other day that the judge of bankruptcy adjourned the meeting of the creditors of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, who had appeared by attorney only, on the demand of one of the plebeian tradesmen whom he had honored with his custom, and who insisted on his appearing and answering in person according to law! Imagine this great nobleman mixed up with small tradesmen—green grocers, cheesemongers, and the like—and having to answer any questions they may choose to put! No peer of the realm has any occasion or any right to be a bankrupt. There is an old precedent, which we have not time to look up, of a peer being degraded by the House of Lords for poverty and inability to maintain his dignity. That time has passed; but a bankrupt lord might be deprived by law of his legislative function until he had paid his debts, as a measure of self-defense, to save the peerage from gathering discredit. A member of the Commons now has to resign his seat if he is a bankrupt. Happily for us,

"we have not to fear
Such harsh and arbitrary measure here!"

What would become of us if our legislators, state and national, were disfranchised for not paying their debts? We shudder at the thought.

...We are greatly gratified to learn that such decided progress has been made in the organization of public schools in Virginia. In Richmond there are thirty-three schools for colored children and thirty-nine for white. These schools are in an admirable condition, and the public sentiment of the city is coming to give them an earnest support. About a dozen of the teachers are colored, and colored teachers who are able to pass the required examination have an equal chance with the white teachers. We learn that the schools of Richmond compare favorable with those of Washington or of any other city in that latitude; and, indeed, there is a considerable probability that they will at no distant day stand among the best in the country. The Board of Education in Richmond is composed with a single exception wholly of Southern men, and the heavy city tax is cheerfully borne. The negroes excel in all those studies requiring imitation in any form, and are succeeding quite well in mathematics. In Petersburgh, Va., the Colored High School is taught by Major Giles B. Cook, formerly of Gen. Lee's staff. It is supposed that he accepted the position after advising with Lee himself. Among the teachers of schools for colored children are ladies from the best old families in Petersburgh, and it has become so respectable a vocation that the Board of Education refuse all applications in which the applicant stipulates for a white school. Major Cook is teaching his colored children Latin and French, and they have made considerable proficiency in both. A Baltimore teacher, who had heard his classes in these studies, asked him if he was not carrying negro education too far. "Let me ask you two questions," said the Major. "First, What are the limits of the capacity of the black race?" "Pass on to number two," said Baltimore. "Secondly, then," said Major Cook, "what is to be their position in this country?" "I give it up," was the only answer the Baltimore man could make. There are many barriers of prejudice to be broken down in the South, and we must not be too impatient at the progress they make. Prof. Calkins, of New York, was invited to go to Richmond to address the teachers in that city, and we understand that he was received with true Southern hospitality, and his addresses were listened to with the greatest attention and interest.

....The Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Cincinnati recently adopted a series of resolutions in regard to the plan of religiously amending the Constitution of the United States. The second resolution declares "that the Constitution of the United States was not designed to express the religious beliefs of the American people." The third declares that the amendment proposed is not "essential to the Christian character of the nation." The fourth resolution affirms "that in our judgment the good results of amending the Constitution so as to secure a distinct acknowledgment of the Christian faith would not compensate for the evils attending the agitation of such amendment." The last resolution says "that the efforts of the Christian Church should be unremittingly devoted to reforming the country from its gross sins, such as profanity, intemperance, licentiousness, Sabbath desecration, and their kindred vices." These Methodist ministers are quite right in the view which they take of this question. We not only do not believe that any good would arise from the amendment, even if it were adopted; but we do believe that it would be attended with serious evils to both church and state. Say what you will, it would be the establishment of state religion in this country, and this would be subversive of one of the elementary principles of our democratic system. There is no prospect, not the least in the world, that the effort will be successful; and hence the labor to gain this end will be simply labor lost. Those who expect that three-fourths of the states will vote a religious amendment into the Constitution seem to us wonderfully mistaken as to the public sentiment of this country. There is no such public sentiment now existing, and no amount of discussion can ever create it.

....In just the vein of Mrs. Swisshelm's earnest appeal, which we publish this week, that work as well as education be provided for boys, we quote from a correspondent who says:

"I wish to suggest to you that the more practical branches of human knowledge not usually included in the programme of instruction should also receive some attention in our schools. To illustrate what I mean, a man in this vicinity made the remark, when his son returned home from the State Reform School, that he wished his other boy could be as well trained. It would almost seem that our bad boys have better opportunities than our *good* boys, for they leave the reform schools with a very good knowledge of books and hands skilled for honest labor. There is certainly a growing distaste for work, which I believe is very much the fault of our public schools; and I question whether these schools are not cultivating idleness, and consequently crime, instead of doing the good they are intended to do."

The same objections which lie against supporting special professional schools from the public funds lie against the teaching of any mechanical arts to boys. To introduce broom-making or black smithing into public schools is utterly impracticable, however feasible in a reform school. These things must be attended to by parents, and Mrs. Swisshelm just hits the point.

....It must be owned that the members of the dramatic profession had some reason for indignation

News of the Week.

PARIS has surrendered! The articles of capitulation were concluded between Count Bismarck and Jules Favre on Saturday last. After a stubborn resistance of one hundred and thirty-seven days, the Parisians—having lost all hope of relief from the armies formed in the provinces, and which had been completely overwhelmed by the Germans in several hard-fought battles, and being pressed by famine, disease, and death on every hand—have succumbed to their fate and resist no longer. The following dispatch from Emperor William to the Empress Augusta tells in brief the terms of capitulation:

"VERSAILLES, 2 P. M., Sunday.

"Last night an armistice for three weeks was signed. The Regulars and Mobiles are to be *interned* in Paris as prisoners of war. The National Guard will undertake the maintenance of order. We occupy all the forts. Paris remains invested, but will be allowed to revictual as soon as arms are surrendered.

"The National Assembly is to be summoned to meet at Bordeaux in a fortnight. All the armies in the field will retain their respective positions, the ground between opposing lines to be neutral.

"This is the reward of patriotism, heroism, and great sacrifices. Thank God for this fresh mercy! May peace soon follow.

"WILHELM."

From other sources we gather the information that Paris will be forced to pay 53,000,000 francs indemnity. There was great commotion in the city during the evening on which the fact of the surrender became known; but it was believed the National Guard would succeed in maintaining order. The navy is also included in the armistice, and measures are being energetically taken to extend the information as widely as possible. It is generally believed that upon the meeting of the Constituent Assembly terms of peace will be agreed upon, and the bloody drama come to a close.....The status of the French armies in the provinces at the time of the commencement of the armistice was as follows: Gen. Bourbaki, after his defeat by Gen. Von Werder, near Belfort, in which the French lost about 10,000 men, hastily retreated toward Besançon. But he soon found his line of retreat intercepted by a portion of the German forces under Gen. Manteuffel, who had by forced marches thrown himself across Bourbaki's path, and thus placed him between two fires, Von Werder at the same time pressing him from the rear. Made desperate by the situation, and even tempted to commit suicide, and his injuries are so severe that his life is despaired of. Gen. Clinchart was thereupon appointed to the command of the forces. At the latest date he was so sorely pressed by the Germans that his only alternative was to surrender to them, or to cross over the Swiss frontier and lay down his arms. The armistice will give his war-worn troops a breathing spell which they sorely needed. Gen. Faidherbe is at Dunkirk with the remainder of the Nord army, making preparations for the defense of that town.....The fortress of Longwy, on the Belgian frontier, capitulated on the 25th ult., and the Germans taking 4,000 prisoners and 200 guns.....A naval battle in the Pacific, on the 20th ult., between the Prussian frigate "Medusa" and the French gunboats "Curieux" and "Bruixx," resulted in the sinking of both the French vessels.

.....In the U. S. Senate the bill for continuing the Income Tax was defeated by one majority. A bill increasing pensions 20 per cent. for five years from the 4th of March next was passed, as also the Pension Appropriation bill. Gen. Blair, recently elected from Missouri, took his seat in the Senate on the 25th ult., after being sworn in under the test-oath; and was subsequently appointed to several committees, including that on the Pacific Railroads.....In the House the Senate Income Tax bill was returned to that body. Another Georgia member was admitted. The Indian Appropriation bill was passed. Bills were also passed regulating rank in the navy, and appointing a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

.....The Connecticut State Republican Convention, in session at New Haven, on the 25th ult., renominated the whole of their last year's ticket for state officers. The platform adopted by the convention expresses renewed allegiance to the Republican party, and trust in its future; calls on the Government to enforce the strictest economy; praises President Grant for his successful administration; approves of a civil service reform; and calls for careful legislation on the subjects of temperance and education.

.....The London Conference on the Eastern Question, after adopting a resolution to confine discussion to the consideration of the question of the Treaty of Paris, adjourned for one week, in consequence of the continued absence of a representative from France. A semi-official declaration has been received from Constantinople that henceforth Turkey will rely on herself for protection, and not on the interests and jealousies of the European Powers.

.....Additional elections of United States senators have been made as follows: New Jersey, Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen; Kansas, Alexander Caldwell; and Nebraska, Phineas W. Hitchcock; all Republicans.

.....There has been another terrible steamboat disaster on the Mississippi River. The "W. R. Arthur" exploded her boilers near Memphis, took fire, and sank, 87 lives being lost and many persons injured.

.....From China we learn that a revolt has broken out among the Tartars in that country and had reached alarming proportions, the rebels having already seized many important points.

.....Cardinal Antonelli, in a note to the Cabinet of Vienna, declares that the only basis for an adjustment between Italy and the Holy See is the complete restoration of the Papal States.

.....A London dispatch states that Sir Roderick Murchison has received a letter from Africa giving positive intelligence of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer.

Publisher's Department.

BETTER AND BETTER.

We present this week a live paper from living men and women on living subjects, and we sincerely believe that such an amount of good, interesting, and useful reading could not be had at any bookstore in the land for *five or even twenty-five dollars;* and yet the whole cost to our subscribers is only five cents. We now contend that THE INDEPENDENT is the largest, the ablest, and by far the *cheapest* publication in the world. Thousands of our readers would be glad to pay fifty cents or even a dollar to hear an evening lecture from almost any one of our able writers, and yet they can hear from the *whole of them* through our columns for a *whole year* for only two dollars and a half. Reader, just look over this broad sheet—look at the names of our able writers, notice our numerous departments and observe the variety, examine the quality of the paper and its splendid typographical appearance, and then decide whether or not our statements are true. After you have made your decision, just oblige us by doing one thing more —*compare* this paper throughout with any other, and the very best you can get hold of, and then say frankly what you think of THE INDEPENDENT. We have told our readers a good many times what improvements they might expect, and it has been something more than "all talk." We intend that THE INDEPENDENT shall keep its position, that it shall continue to increase in circulation, shall steadily add to its attractions, and continue to be the best and ablest weekly journal in America. All this calls for more and more hard work, the spending of money more freely, and the adoption of every means we can command to make good our statements. And *all this shall be done.*

We mean that those families which do not take THE INDEPENDENT shall be convicted of wronging if not *cheating* themselves directly out of more than four times its cost. We mean that THE INDEPENDENT shall be the best and most prompt dividend-paying institution in the country.

FULL FILES OF THIS PAPER can be found in New York at the office of Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row.

NEWS AGENTS.

We are glad, of course, to supply the public with THE INDEPENDENT through the news agents, but we would advise all who wish to be served regularly to send their orders direct to this office. The past two weeks the orders from news agents and others at our desk we have been unable to execute. We print papers enough to supply all our subscribers, and all orders from news agents up to the time of going to press; but we cannot supply any unusual demand *after Wednesday morning.* There is always an extraordinary call for our monthly illustrated sheet, and we always print an extra edition to meet it; but we never yet have had enough papers to fill all our orders.

We believe that we shall have an unprecedented demand for the present issue —the best paper, we think, we ever printed. Already more than one thousand extra copies have been ordered, and we shall make liberal calculations for other calls. Those in want of extra copies should apply promptly.

We are quite willing that THE INDEPENDENT of this week should be exhibited in any quarter as a specimen of what we are able to do in furnishing a first-class religious family newspaper.

ONE OF OUR MODEL INSTITUTIONS.

WE called a few days since at the office of the Home Insurance Company, in this city, to transact a little business; and, as we looked about that busy hive, our memory went back to the day, about eighteen years ago, when this company, which has since become one of the leading institutions of the country, was first suggested. A few merchants and others, who had long felt the necessity for fire insurance companies of larger capital than was then the fashion, got together and talked over the matter. After one or two preliminary meetings, it was decided to organize a company with a half-million capital, with the view of establishing agencies throughout the country. A board of forty-five directors was arranged, and the stock was immediately subscribed. Previous attempts to conduct a general insurance business through agents had been made by a few companies in this city; but without success, and the undertaking was looked upon by many cautious underwriters as a wild one, and by some as a reckless hazarding of capital and of reputation by those who engaged in it. During the first two years there was much anxiety as to the result, caused in some degree by the natural difficulties attending the organization of a new and comparatively untried enterprise. By the end of this time, however, some of the obstacles to early success having been overcome, the company seems to have fairly embarked on the career of prosperity with which, with slightly varying regularity, it has since been favored.

The capital, which was originally fixed at $500,000, has from time to time been increased by additional cash subscriptions, until it reached $2,000,000 some seven years since; and last year a half million of the accumulated reserve was capitalized by the issue of stock to that amount. This action placed in a more permanent form so much of such accumulation, making the capital of the company two and a half million dollars, with a little over two millions of reserve in addition. The growth of the company's business has been steady, from about $260,000 during the first twelve months to over $2,000,000 in each of the past few years; and it has a reputation for fair and honorable dealing, which has been well earned, and in regard to which its managers may feel a commendable degree of pride. Its vouchers for losses paid, filed away in the archives of the company, amount to the enormous sum of over $13,000,000; notwithstanding which, we believe the stockholders have had good reason to be satisfied with the returns they have received for thus risking their capital. That it is a risk is only too evident when we remember how frequently it has occurred that companies of this kind have lost their entire capital and accumulations; and we sometimes think that this is scarcely appreciated as it should be by the great insuring community.

The *Home* has its branches in the principal cities and villages in the United States—amounting, we believe, to some thirteen hundred or more in number; and, in a commendable spirit of enterprise, reciprocating the action of our English brethren who have established successful agencies in this country, it has, during the past year, opened branches on the other side of the Atlantic, under the management of skilled and experienced underwriters. By thus widening the base of its operations, it makes more firm and enduring the superstructure; for, as is well known by all who have given any attention to the subject of insurance, the wider the range, if the business is conducted with prudence, the greater is the security and the success more certain. The Home Insurance Company, possessing an aggregate of assets equaled by but one similar institution in this country, can take a position at once among the strongest in the Old World, and carries with it an influence which must command respect and secure a desirable share of the business. The principle recently adopted of capitalizing a portion of its accumulations from time time, as circumstances may warrant, is a wise one. It gives assurance of increasing strength and solidity, which is a great desideratum among institutions of this class, and we congratulate the directors and stockholders upon taking the initiative step in this direction. We have no interest in the company whose operations we have thus referred to beyond that of any citizen who ought to feel a degree of satisfaction and pride in the success and prosperity of institutions of this character, which throw the shield of their protection over those who are subject to calamity and loss from that terribly destructive element, *fire.* The writer happened to be familiar with the incipient steps which led to its organization; and, having naturally watched its progress with some degree of interest, takes pleasure in making this record of his observations.

We refer our readers to the advertising columns of this paper for a statement of the amount and character of the assets of "*The Home*" on the 1st of January, 1871.

THE HOME JOURNAL.

WE note with pleasure the increasing excellence and prosperity of this favorite newspaper of *belles lettres* and society. In combining the two elements of literary culture and social entertainment, it has attained a success which, we believe, is without a parallel. It is invariably lighttoned and refined in its literary matter, while in its records of society it aims to keep strictly to what is "commendable and of good report," tolerating nothing which may have the least taint of scandal or immoral tendency. We may think much of its "news" frivolous and unworthy the attention of a public journal; still we must acknowledge it to be harmless and commendable in comparison with the mass which so many secular papers serve up for their readers—the disgusting records of police courts, and all the morbid "sensations" of the haunts of vice and crime. If "society" must be displayed in type, we are free to express our preference for the higher social strata, rather than the baser; for that which acts within the bounds of law, rather than that which defies both law and morality. The recent enlargement of the *Journal* has added much to its value and interest; and we commend it to the attention of all.

INVESTING MONEY

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

BILLIARD TABLES.

WE don't *advocate* the use of billiard tables anywhere, even for amusement or healthy recreation. In public places, and more particularly in connection with drinking-saloons, they generally do much harm by attracting our young men from home and placing them in great and perilous temptation. Many families, however, anxious to provide innocent amusement for their own circle, are now introducing this game with many others, into their own houses, and with no injurious results. We see no harm whatever in thus doing. The game of billiards is purely a game of skill, and is very much like croquet. As such, it is becoming more and more popular with ladies, invalids, and children, as well as others.

Those in want of a first-rate table, made by honest manufacturers, should call on Kavanagh & Decker, of this city.

To Cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

NO REASON.

DON'T think, because you take THE INDEPENDENT, that is any reason why you should not subscribe for THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, one of the best Family Magazines now published. It is different from any other periodical in the world, and all its articles tend to make us better, physically, mentally, and morally. It is published at the low price of $3 a year; 30 cents a number. With the Christian Union a year, $4.50. Address

S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway.

N. B.—The JOURNAL and INDEPENDENT to NEW subscribers, $4.50.

☞ Catarrh is a common disease, so common that snuffing and "hawking" reach you at every turn. Your foot slips in its nasty discharge, in the omnibus or in church, and its stench disgusts at the lecture or concert. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offers $500 reward for a case of Catarrh that he cannot cure. Sold by druggists or send sixty cents to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 133 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive it by mail. Beware of *counterfeits* and *worthless imitations.* The genuine has Dr. Pierce's private United States Government stamp on it.

A CARD.

A NEW eight-page Illustrated Family Journal will be sent free for three months to all persons sending their names. Postage can be paid for the quarter at the post-office where first copy is received. Editor, Orion Clemens; Contributors, *Mark Twain, John Hay, Col. Knox, Mrs. A. D. Richardson, Janius Henri Browne,* and other prominent writers. Total length of line, 200 miles. Send names addressed

"AMERICAN PUBLISHER," Hartford, Ct.

PURE WINE.

ABRAHAM BININGER, 39 Broad Street, New York, advertises in another column pure Oporto Wines for communion purposes. The *Church Journal* says: "Our knowledge of Mr. Bininger as a Christian gentleman leads us to place the most implicit confidence in his statements."

THE INEBRIATE'S HOPE.—The most confirmed drunkard cured by Dr. C. C. Beers's remedy. Can be given without the knowledge of the patient. Send for circular, and convince yourself. C. C. BEERS, M. D., Box 5110, New York. Consultation free. Office No. 12 East 12th st.

DIED.

BISHOP.—In this city, on Monday, January 16th, WILLIAM R. BISHOP, D.D., aged 67.

Of pious and honored New England ancestry; graduate of Yale College; distinguished for thorough scholarship; a kind, faithful, and accomplished physician, who had treasured himself for his profession by years of faithful service in Bellevue Hospital, the Nursery Hospital on Randall's Island, and in the Demilt Dispensary; a man of superior judgment, prompt, accurate, systematic; of unswerving integrity, great simplicity, and gentleness of character; of manifold and exhausting labors, mainly for others, without pecuniary reward, in medical societies, as secretary of the Third Avenue Savings Bank, and as the Foreign Corresponding Secretary of a devoted friend and humble Christian, he was esteemed by all who knew him, gratefully loved by the many he befriended, and unspeakably dear to the favored few he had gathered around him in that delightful home of which he was the life. The world has not many such faithful, benefi-cent workers. His life was without a blemish, and his end was peace.

JOHNSON.—At Detroit, January 24th, of Pneumonia, Lizzie Marion, eldest daughter of Waldo M. and Jennie K. Johnson, aged 17 years, 2 months, and 20 days.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.'S

New Six Cord

SOFT FINISH SPOOL COTTON.

A Thread, as will be seen from the following certificates,

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO SEWING MACHINES.

Office of Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, 625 Broadway.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Weed Sewing Machine Company.

HARTFORD, Conn., August 29th, 1868.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.—GENTS:—During the last six months we have thoroughly tested your IMPROVED SPOOL COTTON in various ways—using it in "running" on New Sewing Machines at the Factory, dispersing Machines to customers, and doing all kinds of sewing at our offices; supplying the dealers and demands from our wholesale and retail trade; in short, using and placing it in every requirement; and now take pleasure in saying that we neither expect nor desire to find its superior, as that which you furnish us answers every want, whether for strength, smoothness, or uniformity.

Yours, very respectfully, S. L. CLARK, Sec'y.

Office of the Florence Sewing Machine Company.

FLORENCE, MASS., January 15th, 1870.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Florence and other Sewing Machines.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.

Office of TRACY & BILL, Importers and Manufacturers of Machine Folded Steam Pressed Shirt Fronts, 320 Broadway.

NEW YORK, September 10th, 1868.

Messrs. GEO. S. MOULTON & Co., *Agents Willimantic Linen Co.*—GENTS:—We have given your Six Cord Sewing Machine Thread a thorough trial on our STEAM POWER SEWING MACHINES (the severest test a Thread can be put to), and it runs to our entire satisfaction. In our estimation, it possesses all the qualities of a perfect Six Cord Thread. Respectfully yours, TRACY & BILL.

GEO. S. MOULTON & CO., 101 Chambers St., SOLE AGENTS IN NEW YORK.

THE MERCANTILE LOAN AND WAREHOUSE COMPANY,

WITH FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,

In the Granite and Iron EQUITABLE BUILDING,

CORNER OF BROADWAY AND CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK CITY,

receives BONDS, GOLD, and SILVER PLATE, by the DAY, MONTH, or YEAR, under GUARANTEE. RENTS SAFES within the GREAT VAULT at $15 to $100 per annum, affording retired accommodations for handling securities.

☞ SEPARATE DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES.

ELBERT S. MONROE, Treasurer. THOS. U. SMITH, President.

THE DYING BODY

SUPPLIED WITH THE VIGOR OF LIFE!

THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A small atom of vaccine matter is sufficient to charge the system of the most robust and weighty body against Small-Pox. This potent power is secured through the blood. In every drop of DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT there are concentrated the nourishing, strengthening, and purifying properties that will secure to every human being pure, rich, strong, and healthy blood.

If the blood can be charged with vaccine matter in atomic proportions, that reproduces on the part of the body inoculated a poison of such virulence that an atom will charge an ordinary body containing 140 pounds of blood, is it not reasonable that a remedial agent like RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, made from the most healing, purifying, strengthening extracts from the vegetable kingdom of known medicinal qualities, and combined together by the highest chemical skill, and the medicinal properties of these substances obtained under a process that secures only the active properties of the substances used, should have equally as potent power for cleansing, purifying, enriching, and strengthening the blood?

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system *the vigor of life*, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. The SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT possesses *tissue-making* and *flesh-making* elements and supplies the system with any deficiency of *Caloric* or *heat-making constituents.* No matter how deeply seated or engrafted in the tissues, cartilages, glands, organs, or bones disease and corruption may be, the influence of this powerful agent on the blood and other fluids that supply the living body with repairs will so change the system with such constituents as to *resolve* and exterminate the *dead* and *decomposing matter*, and supply its place with *sound* and *living structure*, nourished by rich, pure, and strong blood.

By the chemical action by which the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT has on the substances taken into the stomach during its process of digestion into Chyme and Chyle, before it is made blood, as well as the nourishing constituents it converts into blood, and its specific action when entering the circulation, it exterminates every atom of virus from the blood, and *resolves away all deposits of disease*, whether caused by the action of some specific poison or virulent disease, or Mercury, Corrosive Sublimate, Calomel, that may have accumulated in the bones, tissues, cartilages, or joints, or from some *transmitted family complaint* that may have run through half a dozen generations.

Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfiness, Blotches, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually processing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain, for when once the work really commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself and herself growing stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, Skin, and Syphilitic diseases; but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of eggs, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is burning sensation, and pain in the Small of the Back along the Loins.

In all these conditions RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent, aided by the application of RADWAY'S Ready Relief to the Spine and Small of the Back, and the loins, and rubbed in with one or two of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS per day, will soon make a complete cure, and in a few days the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural color.

Price one dollar per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Sold by Druggists.

Read PALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter-stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York, Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists.

The Burlington & Mo. River Railroad Co.

offer about 2,000,000 Acres of

Iowa and Nebraska Lands

For Sale

On 10 Years' Credit, at 6 per Cent. Interest.

No part of Principal due for two years from purchase and then only one-tenth of the whole yearly.

Products will Pay for Land and Improvements.

The Liberal Credits given; Free Passes allowed; small annual payments required; the current market values of wild lands; markets on Stock-raising, prove these terms cheaper, easier, and better than to buy U. S. and within railroad limits at $2.50 per acre, while our prices range generally from 4 to 6, $, $5, $6, $7 per acre. Quality and local advantages rule the price.

On these Generous Terms the industrious and economical can find a home for a good farm and Home. In beginning, it is necessary to have money enough to pay for land, inclosure, stock, and obtain provisions, build a cabin, buy a team and agricultural implements, for crops are raised, which can be done the first season, by commencing in early Spring.

PRICE LIST.—Our offerings for sale are sundried parcels; and any wishing to induce others to emigrate with them, or to form a Colony, are invited to call on us, and we will make special rates.

A SECTIONAL MAP, showing exact location of lands for sale in Iowa and Nebraska, sent free, and a similar Map of Nebraska Lands is sold for 30 cents. Apply to GEO. S. HARRIS,

Land Commissioner Burlington & Mo. River R. R. Co.

For Iowa Lands, at BURLINGTON, IOWA.

For Nebraska Lands, at LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

96 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

INTEREST allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. on all sums. Deposits draw interest from the first of January, April, July, and October. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M., and Saturday evenings, 7 to 9. COLEMAN LEE, President. VANDERBILT L. BUXTON, Secretary.

DECKER BROS.,

PIANO MANUFACTURERS,

33 Union Square, (BROADWAY),

between 16th and 17th streets,

NEW YORK.

A Great Offer!!

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters' and Chickering's, at extremely low prices for cash, during the Holidays; or will take from $4 to $20 monthly, until paid. The same to let, and rent-money applied if purchased.

MONTCLAIR RAILWAY

(NEW JERSEY)

7 Per Cent. GOLD

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

INDORSED BY THE

N. Y. AND OSWEGO MIDLAND RAILROAD COMPANY.

FOR SALE IN

DENOMINATIONS OF $1,000, $500, & $100.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES

Exchanged at Market Rates.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND MAP.

LEONARD, SHELDON & FOSTER, BANKERS,

No. 10 WALL STREET.

FIRST MORTGAGE CONVERTIBLE BONDS OF THE St. Louis & South-Eastern RAILWAY CO. OF ILLINOIS AND INDIANA,

(ON ROAD COMPLETED AND IN OPERATION.)

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD. Interest at SEVEN PER CENT., payable in New York May and November, FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.

Price 92½ and ACCRUED INTEREST in Currency. Subscription, $1,500,000. Issue of bonds limited to $16,000 per mile. Total length of line, 200 miles—90 COMPLETED AND IN OPERATION, rest under construction.

The road runs through one of the most populous and fertile regions in the West, connecting at St. Louis, the largest city in the West, with Nashville, the largest one in Tennessee, Louisville, the largest in Kentucky, and Evansville, the second largest in Indiana, by the shortest and best possible lines. Every mile of it is underlaid by the *great coal-field of Illinois*, now mined at various points on the road, and yielding from 4 to 30 millions of tons per annum to each mine.

The Salt Works of Gallatin County, on this line, now in operation, are of unlimited capacity, and the only ones within 450 miles of New York.

The only Iron and Lead Mines in Illinois are found within ten miles of the track.

16,000,000 bushels of Corn, 4,500,000 bushels of Wheat, 100,000 tons of other field crops, and 165,000 head of Hogs were grown in the counties traversed by the road during the year 1870, by a population of 230,000.

The earnings during the first 14 days of November after the opening of St. Louis division (76 miles) were at a rate varying from $500 to $800 per day—a sum amply sufficient to pay all expenses, including interest on bonds and operation, and leave a surplus for extension.

After a thorough investigation, we are convinced that these bonds are among the best and safest ever offered in our market.

Further particulars furnished upon application.

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO., 25 NASSAU STREET.

$1,000,000 OF THE CONNECTICUT AIR-LINE BONDS

HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY NEGOTIATED,

LEAVING BUT $500,000 *UNSOLD,*

WHICH WE OFFER AT THE ORIGINAL PRICE, PAR AND INTEREST.

The solid, substantial character of the security has attracted to these bonds the attention of capitalists who prefer an investment which insures the ABSOLUTE SECURITY OF THE PRINCIPAL and a liberal rate of interest.

THE BONDS are secured by a FIRST MORTGAGE on ALL THE PROPERTY of a railroad fifty-two miles in length, running through the center of the State of Connecticut, forming, with its connections, *the shortest and quickest route between Boston and New York.* The VALUE of the PROPERTY covered by the mortgage is MORE THAN DOUBLE the AMOUNT OF BONDS ISSUED.

The road is COMPLETED AND TRAINS ARE RUNNING BETWEEN NEW HAVEN AND MIDDLETOWN, while east of Middletown the unfinished portion is graded for over twenty miles, which leaves only some seven or eight miles to grade to COMPLETE THE WHOLE LINE.

Corporations, investors, and capitalists will find in the First Mortgage Bonds of this Road a form of investment SAFE, PRODUCTIVE, and CONVENIENT.

THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT IS TRUSTEE FOR THE BONDHOLDERS, and each bond is signed and issued by the Comptroller of the State. The bonds are of convenient denominations, $500 and $1,000, and can, at the option of the holder, be registered. They bear interest at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT., payable semi-annually, in May and November, in New York. They can be obtained of any bank or banker, or by sending direct to

HATCH & FOOTE,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 12 Wall Street.

8 per Cent. Interest

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS!

OF THE ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY,

FOR SALE BY THE UNDERSIGNED.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold

Mortgage at the rate of 13,500 per mile.

Price 97½ and accrued interest.

We unhesitatingly recommend them, and will furnish maps, circulars, etc., on application.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO., No. 54 Pine Street, New York.

Tanner & Co., No. 11 Wall Street, New York.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

We Buy and Sell Government Bonds, and receive the Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on daily balances.

FISK & HATCH,

No. 5 Nassau Street New York.

B. A FAHNESTOCKS VERMIFUGE

CAUTION.

Should occasion require you to purchase B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, be particularly careful to see that the initials are *B. A.* This is the article that has been so

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1829,

and purchasers must insist on having it, if they do not wish to have an imitation forced upon them.

Schwartz & Haslett,

FORMERLY

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S SON & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

HAINES BROS.,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,

Nos. 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372

Second Avenue, cor. 21st St.,

NEW YORK.

NAPOLEON J. HAINES. FRANCIS W. HAINES.

NAPOLEON J. HAINES, Jr.

"THE AMERICAN PIANO,"

MANUFACTURED BY

DOANE, WING, CUSHING & SMITH,

423 BROOME STREET, N. Y.

"For finish and elegant workmanship, as well as for power, elasticity of touch, and sweetness of tone, it stands unrivaled."—*The Liberal Christian*, N. Y., Dec. 17th, 1870.

"Its superior qualities of tone, its excellence of workmanship, and the beauty of its finish are rapidly extending its popularity."—*The Christian Union*, N. Y., Sept. 28th, 1870.

"It contains every improvement that goes to make a first class piano, and it is deservedly popular wherever it is known."—*The Standard*, Chicago, Oct. 6th, 1870.

MARBLE AND GRANITE

MONUMENTS, MANTELS, COUNTERS, WAINSCOTING, FLOOR-TILING, FURNITURE AND PLUMBERS' SLABS.

HENRY PARRY,

MANUFACTURER and IMPORTER. } WAREROOMS, 288 and 290 Fourth Avenue, between 22d and 23d Sts. STEAM MARBLE WORKS, 121, 123, and 125 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

CADE'S DEVONSHIRE CRAB-APPLE

CHAMPAGNE CYDER.

Manufactured at Devonshire, England. Imported in cases of quarts and pints.

A TRULY TEMPERANCE DRINK! PURE JUICE OF CRAB-APPLES! NO ALCOHOL!!

Prof. JOHN DARBY, Editor *American Grocer*, says: "We have analyzed a sample of this remarkable article. . . . A very thorough examination shows that it is the pure juice of the apple, with no alcohol!"

and can most confidently recommend it as a healthful and refreshing drink.

INVALIDS AND DYSPEPTICS WILL FIND IT A VALUABLE BEVERAGE. WARRANTED TO KEEP IN ALL CLIMATES.

Address for prices, etc.

HAWKINS & CO., 15 Whitehall Street, N. Y., General Agents.

ARTHUR T. FITCH & CO.,

Bankers, 11 Pine Street, N. Y.,

make collections on all parts of the United States, Canada, with *unusual facilities.*

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

Negotiate Bonds of Counties, Cities, Towns, etc., etc. Have on hand safe and desirable Municipal Ten per Cent. Bonds, payable in this city. For sale BELOW PAR.

A NEW YORK COLD LOAN.

FIRST MORTGAGE SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD BONDS.

OF THE

MONTICELLO AND PORT JERVIS RAILWAY CO.,

Free of Government Tax,

20 Years to Run,

SECURED BY FIRST MORTGAGE ON THE ROAD TO THE PASSAIC RIVER, COMMUNICATING WITH NEW YORK CITY, WHERE PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD. INTEREST QUARTERLY—JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, AND OCTOBER.

The Road is Completed and Daily Trains are running over it,

with certain prospects of a large Local Trade, which will net over 7 per cent. on its entire cost.

IT IS BONDED FOR ONLY ONE-HALF OF ITS COST,

and will therefore have a three surplus, to be applied to a sinking fund.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFER THE REMAINDER OF THE BONDS AT 87½ AND INTEREST IN CURRENCY, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST, SUBJECT TO RISE WITHOUT NOTICE; AND WE RECOMMEND THEM AS ONE OF THE BEST INVESTMENT, HAVING THE FULLEST CONFIDENCE THAT THEY ARE FIRST-CLASS SECURITIES.

Davidson & Jones, Bankers, 61 WALL STREET.

Circulars furnished on application.

NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK,

THE FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS AND TRUST COMPANY.

(Chartered by the Government of the United States.)

DEPOSITS OVER $2,250,000.

NEW YORK BRANCH,

185 BLEECKER STREET.

INTEREST paid or compounded, free of all taxes, THREE TIMES in each year, or every THIRTY DAYS, as depositors prefer.

A SOCIALITY made of allowing interest from date of each deposit on sums of $5 and upwards.

Deposits can be sent by EXPRESS, or Bank Draft, or Postal Money Order.

All accounts strictly private and confidential.

All deposits payable on demand, with interest due.

Send for Circular.

Open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and MONDAYS and SATURDAYS from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

JOHN J. ZUILLE, Cashier.

Caldwell & Co,

BANKERS,

No. 27 WALL STREET, N. Y.

Orders for purchase and sale of U. S. Securities, Stocks, Bonds, and American Gold promptly executed at the usual commission. Interest at four per cent. allowed on deposits, subject to sight draft.

WHITE, MORRIS & CO., Bankers,

NO. 29 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

DEALERS IN STOCKS, GOLD AND GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

Orders promptly executed at the N. Y. Stock Exchange and Gold Room.

Interest allowed on deposits.

Collections made on all parts of the United States and Canada.

BANKING HOUSE OF GWYNNE, JOHNSON & DAY,

No. 16 Wall st., New York.

Gold, Government, and other Securities bought and sold on commission.

Interest allowed on deposits.

THOMAS DENNY & CO., Bankers and Brokers.

See previous advertisements in THE INDEPENDENT.

LAWRENCE BROS. & CO., BANKERS,

No. 15 WALL STREET, N. Y.

CEO. OPDYKE & Co.,

BANKERS,

The Independent.

LOVED!

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Did Love die too, dearest, the day you died,
That I should only say I "*loved*" you? Did
flie stiffened form within your coffin hide,
Vanished forever 'neath its shrouding lid?

I kissed your face, so beautiful; and still,
Pillowed on spotless buds, my hot tears fell.
Love was not there; his lips, unanswering, chill
Met not my own in that supreme farewell.

And when I sit in the long spring-tide hours
Beside your grave, and decorate and trim
Its eloquent, dumb mound with early flowers,
I never, never lay a flower for *him!*

He is not dead! Who said so was a cheat.
Love has no past tense; he is never past!
I love you—love you still, and still repeat,
Clinging to that sole anchor as the last.

Though you have left my side and strayed away
A little further than you used to be;
And though I follow sadly, still, each day
I say, "I love you still." Do you love me?

THEODORE McNAMEE.

BY HOWARD CROSBY, D.D.

[Chancellor Crosby, of the New York University, has kindly furnished us with the following report of his address at the funeral of the late Theodore McNamee. We believe sincerely that a more honest, faithful eulogy was never uttered. God bless the memory and the example of this good man to the thousands here and elsewhere who knew him intimately, and who loved him as an honest, faithful citizen and a devoted, happy Christian.—EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT.]

THE scene which at this hour we are called upon to witness has two aspects. If we look at the separation, if we look at what we have lost, we see nothing but gloom and sadness. A family has lost its honored, revered and beloved head. A breach has been made that can never be repaired; and the Church has lost an officer, faithful and energetic, and his place can never be exactly supplied.

The tender husband, the affectionate father, the active and fraternal coworker in the Church of Christ—when such an one is taken from us, if we look only at the separation, only at the loss, there is nothing for us to do but weep.

I feel, as the pastor of this church, that I have lost a part of myself; that I have lost a friend and brother whose prudence and wisdom were always administered with kindness and love, and who was invaluable to me in the performance of my duties in this church, in which he was the senior elder. He was always ready; always willing to assume any duty; always cheerful and kindly in his acceptance of responsibility, and always fraternal in his intercourse with the other officers of the church. He mingled in the composition of his soul a sweet, attractive mildness with great force and executive energy. It was a rare combination; and, when I think of that combination as exhibited in his life, I feel the great, irreparable loss the church has experienced.

What can I say of my own personal loss? With him what sweet counsels have I taken! What a strong support and encouragement he has been to me! How I shall miss those words of true spiritual comfort that he has so often in the privacy of our interviews used toward me. Many and many a time when my heart has been sick he has been an angel of a kind Providence to comfort and sustain me.

Whether I look upon our dear brother's connection with his own family, or upon his connection with the Church of Jesus Christ, or upon his personal communion with me in view of his efficient help, I see nothing in them all but texts for weeping. But one must not look on that side alone. There is, blessed be God, another and more comforting aspect.

Where is he? Not here. That casket does not contain our dear brother McNamee. He is absent from the body; but "to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord."

O, what an infinite meaning there is in such a separation! How little can we comprehend the grandeur of the truth—"forever with the Lord." How little can we picture the glory of the soul that has escaped from its earthly imprisonment, and, borne on the wings of divine love, rejoices in the presence of its Saviour and Lord!

This is the aspect of the hour to which we, as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, should especially direct our attention. There is no gloom in death. Christ has abolished it. There is in death only the promotion, only the entrance into the full life of the soul renewed by the Spirit of God.

There is nothing but joy for gloom, if we allow our faith to grasp what God has revealed. We may not know the details of the other world; but we know the *fact* that glory in holiness and holiness in glory are the possessions of the soul that has left this earth of sin and entered upon its reward.

It is a great joy to us to-day to know that our departed brother was looking forward hopefully to that hour in Christ.

Less than a week ago I sat by his side. And we talked together about that home beyond the grave; and he said to me, with a great deal of earnestness and with a greater emphasis than he used in his ordinary conversation, by reason of his weakness: "Oh, it is a glorious thing to know that the best of life is to come hereafter." That was his view before he entered upon his glory. "It is a glorious thing to know that the best of life is to come hereafter. Of that I have no doubt—not the shadow of a doubt."

I first became personally acquainted with brother McNamee twenty years ago. We were both of us then members of the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square; and he was the superintendent of the Sunday-school of that church. He has spent nearly all of his life in superintending Sunday-schools and mission-schools. He has been always engaged in teaching the young. His heart was always full of it, and he was never happier than when in the Sunday-school, engaged in the active duties of a teacher.

While there, I had a class under him as superintendent. And well do I remember his faithfulness to me as a teacher; his promptness to give advice when advice was needed, and rebuke, too, when rebuke was needed; his watchfulness over the attendance and the teaching of the classes.

I did not know that my happy acquaintance with him was to be so improved and so blessed to me in future as it has been during the past seven years.

It was in June, 1863, three months after I became pastor of this church, that Mr. McNamee and his family connected themselves with it by letter from the church at Irvington. He immediately took the superintendency, at my earnest request, of our home Sunday-school, and labored most faithfully and successfully there, winning, as he always did, the hearts of children and teachers. In the second year that he was with us he joined with me most heartily in the desire to found a mission; and the first mission this church established was founded by our brother McNamee.

There was a Sunday-school that was decaying, and had really gone out in connection with the Wilson Industrial School; and he, hearing that the next Sunday was to be the last that the school would live, came to me in great earnestness, and said; "Can we not get somebody to go down there and build up a new school at those rooms before that is disbanded, and start a mission-school?" Mr. McNamee went, and there started the Hope Mission. the first mission-school this church had. This mission was afterward under the superintendency of Brother Charles Taylor; but it is now in the charge of Brother Sterry. (The original Hope Mission, in connection with other elements in that neighborhood, became a church; but those who were connected with it are now engaged in a new enterprise.) Mr. McNamee first conceived the idea of opening that mission, the oldest mission of the four that this church has established. For a little while he maintained the superintendency both of the Sunday-school and of the mission-school. Notwithstanding his absorbing labors, he found time on Sunday to take charge of two schools, and one of them a school requiring especial energy and zeal. He was a rebuke to those Christians who do so much week-day work that they have no time for the Lord's work on Sunday. He never made his active business life an excuse for neglecting Christian duty. I do not believe he ever had it in his heart to do so. Sunday was a day of labor for him, and of cheerful, happy labor; and because of his cheerfulness and happiness and faith his labors were most effective. Brother McNamee, by his faithfulness to his own family, had the delight of seeing all his six children brought into the fold of Christ and making open and public confession of their faith in the Lord. Of the father's faithfulness this was the legitimate result. The parents being faithful, the children followed their faith.

Only last fall, Mr. McNamee had in his mind a design for systematizing the beneficence of this church. He talked to me about it frequently. He afterward made a scheme with regard to it, in order that his theory might be made practical. He thought we might enter upon this year with this system introduced into the church; and thereby, as he believed, increase the charities of the church tenfold. I have in my hand a list of the results which Mr. McNamee believed would follow the adoption of this plan—a plan which is, as I believe, most admirable and perfect in its arrangement, a plan which he believed and I believe will at length in its main points be adopted by the Church of Christ. I saw during last fall and the opening of the winter that his mind dwelt very much upon this. He talked of it in our session meetings, and showed the motive that was at the bottom of it all by saying over and over again to me that "giving ought to be worship."

Dear brethren, I cannot tell you how much of the prosperity with which God has visited us as a church has been due to his quiet but persevering faithfulness. I had noticed during the last year, and before I had any idea of Mr. McNamee's illness, (and had mentioned it to others), his ripening in spiritual experience, the increasing spiritual tone of his conversation, and the increasing earnestness of his work among the young men of the church.

It seems as if the Lord was thus preparing him for his translation. Now, when we look at all this; when we think of him as Christ's faithful servant here; when we think of him as looking forward to the time when the laborer shall enter into his rest; when we look at him as awaiting his Saviour's call, and when we look at him as having accepted that call, and entering into the unutterable glory!—oh, then we have a view that has no gloom in it whatever; and this, I again repeat—this is the view we all of us should take of the death of a child of God. Not death, but departure into rest.

May the Lord in his infinite grace reveal this aspect of the hour to those who mourn, that their sighing may be turned into songs of praise.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

BY R. M. HATFIELD, D.D.

AT a time when skeptics, spiritualists, and free-lovers are inculcating the most licentious doctrines concerning marriage and divorce, it may be well for us to recur to the teachings of God's Word on this subject. It is no part of my present purpose to argue the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures. I write for those to whom they are an end of all controversy, and who are not ashamed to say, "Let God be true," whoever may be found false witnesses. I make this appeal to the "one sufficient rule of faith and practice," with the greater satisfaction for the reason that there is no subject that is more positively dealt with or more conclusively settled in the Word of God than just this one of marriage and divorce. We have not only the revealed will of God on this subject, but an authoritative exposition of that will by the Infallible Teacher, in whom was hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Let me call the attention of your readers to two or three points that are definitely settled by the authority of our Lord and Lawgiver.

I. *Marriage is ordained of God for promoting the purity, happiness, and well-being of our race.*

Marriage is not a sacrament; but it is more than a civil contract, or an agreement between two individuals to enter into a partnership for life. It is "an honorable estate instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, and signifying unto us the mystical union there is between Christ and his Church." It has a religious as well as a civil character, and its obligations are as high and solemn as any by which a soul can be bound. It was declared at the creation of our race that "it is not good that man should be alone." Eve was made to be a helpmeet, or suitable companion for Adam; and it is clearly the will of God that men and women should marry. The general law that men and women should enter into the marriage relation does not condemn every one who remains single. No such positive and specific law is needed. Our Creator has implanted in human nature the affections and instincts which prompt men and women to seek happiness in matrimony. It would be unjust to condemn the unfortunate individuals who are destitute of these affections for remaining single. And there may be other peculiarities in the character or circumstances of individuals that render it inexpedient and improper for them to marry. But that is the best state of society, other things being equal, where matrimony is held in the highest repute, and where there is the largest number of well-assorted marriages. The sneering manner in which a class of persons speak of marriage, when it cannot be attributed to inconsideration, may be regarded as an evidence of deep depravity. Whatever brings marriage into disrepute threatens the very foundations of domestic peace and social order.

II. *Marriage, as God ordained it, is the union of one man with one woman.*

Polygamy finds no sanction in God's word, and is everywhere condemned by his providence. When the progenitors of our race were created, God made them male and female, one man and one woman. And we have in connection with the account of the creation a beautiful representation of true marriage, or marriage as God ordained it. "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother; and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." There is nothing here of two, or six, or ten wives. *They*, the *two*, shall be one flesh. The union is the closest possible—so intimate that the husband and wife no longer remain two isolated individuals, but constitute a social unit, and are to be regarded as one and the same person. Being so united, their separation is as violent and horrible as the mutilation of the living child proposed by Solomon. In the Old Testament only one wife is *generally* spoken of, and none of the prophets are said to have been polygamists. Corrupt as the Jewish nation had become at the time of our Saviour's advent, the great majority of the people seem to have obeyed the law of marriage as given to our first parents in Eden.

The results of polygamy, from Lamech to Joe Smith, are enough to condemn it, in the absence of any special revelations from Heaven on the subject. Trace it wherever you will, and it is followed by the curse of God. Abraham, at the solicitation of Sarah, takes a second and a secondary wife; and his home becomes a scene of jealousy, strife, and contention. Elkanah has two wives; and their quarrels not only destroyed the peace of his life, but became a public scandal. Bad as this was, we think better of these families, on the whole, than if they had lived in peace and amity. Abominable as polygamy was, it did not destroy all that was natural and womanly in the wives of Abraham and Elkanah; and we have no sympathies to waste upon the old patriarchs for the troubles they brought upon themselves in forming these unlawful connections. They sowed to the wind, reaped the whirlwind, and ate the fruit of their own doings. Another old and unanswered argument against a plurality of wives is found in the fact that, in all countries, and through all time, a just proportion between the sexes is providentially preserved. Men are more exposed to accidents that result fatally than women, and a few more males are born than females—about enough to preserve a numerical equality between the sexes. This is just what we might expect, in view of the fact marriage is a divine institution, and that God intended that every man should have his own wife, and each woman her own husband. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to denounce an institution that is abhorred by the whole Christian world. It is, however, a burning shame and disgrace to our country that Congress has not long ago abated this intolerable nuisance as it is practiced among the Mormons of Utah.

III. *The law of God does not allow of divorce, except in a single case, and for a specified crime.* The Scriptures are so explicit on this point that it seems strange that any should misapprehend their meaning. In speaking of this matter of divorce, our Saviour "passes outside of his ordinary line of teaching, and enters the region of positive external morality." And there was the profoundest wisdom as well as the highest authority in his words. The very last of the divinely inspired prophets asserted the original law of marriage, and condemned both polygamy and divorce in the most pointed manner. Let the reader, for proof of this, refer to Malachi ii., 13, 16. What a grouping of figures have we here. An abomination is rife in Israel. Men who profess to be religious deal treacherously with their wives, by discarding them or by marrying other women. These injured wives cover the altar of the Lord with their tears; while Jehovah denounces the iniquity of their husbands, refuses to accept their offerings, and declares that "*he hates putting away.*" And nothing that the husband does releases him from his obligation to his wife. He may write a bill of divorcement, at the instigation of ambition, or avarice, or lust; "*yet is she the wife of thy covenant.*" God in the beginning made one—one woman for perpetual union with one man, as the best and only means for raising up a "holy seed." It can hardly be necessary for me to quote the passages in which our Saviour explains the true intent of the law of God with regard to marriage and divorce. Certain irregularities had been suffered or tolerated by Moses—*not justified*—in view of the hard-heartedness and depravity of the people. A man would put away from his wife, he must do it with certain prescribed formalities. But it was not so in the beginning. "I say unto you, whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery." Dr. Wayland quotes Dr. Campbell's translation of the passage—"I say unto you, whosoever divorceth his wife, except for whoredom, and marrieth another, committeth adultery"—as conveying more exactly than the common version the sense of the original. There is nothing mysterious or obscure in the declarations of the Saviour. According to his authority lewdness or conjugal infidelity is the single and only cause for which the marriage contract may be abrogated. Marriage, being a divine institution, is controlled by the law of God; not by those made by men. The enactments of legislatures and the decisions of courts are of no authority when they conflict with the higher law of Heaven. The man who is divorced from his wife for any other than the one scriptural reason is not released from his obligations to her, and has no more moral right to take another wife than if he had never discarded the first.

When the words of the Saviour are distorted, as has been done by Milton and others, until they are made to teach that any conduct subversive of the purposes of marriage is a just ground of divorce, one always fears that there were selfish, not to say corrupt, reasons for such a perversion of the "right ways of the Lord." It can hardly be necessary to add that there is perfect agreement among the writers of the New Testament on this matter of divorce. Abortive attempts have been made to array Paul against the Master. But the great apostle says that a woman is bound to her husband so long as he liveth; and that, if she be married to another man, she shall be called an adulteress. He considers also the case of a wife who is separated from her husband, but who cannot demand a divorce on scriptural grounds, and requires her to be reconciled to her husband, or, where this is impossible, to remain unmarried. It may be said that under this construction of the law, as laid down by the Saviour, cases of great hardship will occur. This is undoubtedly true; but the more carefully this law is studied the more clearly are its wisdom and beneficence seen. Woman has special reasons for detesting the systems that make marriage a mere contract or partnership. In the words of President Hopkins: "If facility of divorce be sought, as it is, on the ground of special hardship to women, it is to be remembered that the evils of divorce fall with peculiar hardship upon her, and that the purity and general elevation of her sex will always be in proportion to the strictness with which the law of marriage is enforced."

To my mind, there is no extravagance in saying that if scriptural marriage could be abolished the light of the world would go out and the hope of humanity perish forever. And no observing man can be ignorant of the fact that strenuous and persistent efforts are made for the overthrow of this divine institution. The declaration of Humboldt that "nothing but the declared will of either party" should be required to dissolve the marriage contract is endorsed by large numbers of American men and women, some of whom hold a respectable position in the social and literary world. The present is an age of free discussion, and it is claimed that we have nothing to fear from error so long as truth has a free field in which to combat it. But it should be remembered that there are doctrines so atrocious that their promulgation is a crime against humanity. As an illustration, suppose Mrs. Stowe to have clearly fastened on Lord Byron the unnatural crime with which he was charged, what would be the responsibility of an individual who should devote himself to the work of persuading the people of a Christian country that their aversion to incest is a mere prejudice? The more honest the man was in his views and the better his moral character the more likely would he be to debauch a considerable number of persons and make converts to his doctrines. And, if he did no more than familiarize the young with ideas of indecency and pollution, he would be doing the Devil's work most effectually. But he would be less an enemy to the peace and purity of domestic life than the men and women who are now pleading, through the press and from the platform, for free love, free lust, and general licentiousness. Incest is not more pointedly condemned by the law of God than the facile divorce for which a class of so-called reformers are now clamoring.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1871.

BEETHOVEN'S CENTENARY.

BY PROFESSOR E. P. EVANS.

ALTHOUGH the public mind is now chiefly occupied with military and political events, the Germans do not forget those heroes of art, whose achievements have done more than all the triumphs of diplomatists and field-marshals to render the name of their fatherland illustrious. A cheering evidence of this fact is furnished by the enthusiasm with which the recent centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birth has been celebrated throughout all Germany, from the Baltic to the Alps.

Here, in Dresden, the so-called "Florence of the Elbe," justly famous for its love of music and the fine arts, four days were devoted to the celebration. The first festival was held on the evening of the 16th in the new and beautiful hall of the Trades Union, which was adorned for the occasion with a colossal statue of the great composer by Professor Schilling. The programme opened with the magnificent march and chorus from the "Ruins of Athens," followed by a poem written by Adolf Stern, and recited in an admirable manner by Fräulein Langenhaun, of the Royal Theater. Then came Beethoven's overture "*Zur Namensfeier*," succeeded by a well-written and well-delivered address by Dr. Julius Pabst, and an unusually fine performance of the Ninth Symphony, with concluding chorus, which is in many respects the grandest of Beethoven's creations. After the concert was ended, the banquet began, and continued till after four o'clock in the morning, the substantial repast being enlivened by music and poems and the customary pyrotechnics of post-prandial eloquence. On the evening of the 17th there was a celebration in the Royal Theater, of which the first part consisted of an allegorical drama entitled "The Awakening of the Arts," and written for the occasion by Julius Rodenberg. In the opening scene the arts of poetry, architecture, sculpture, histrionics, dancing, painting, and music (personified by actresses in appropriate costumes and with characteristic emblems) were seen reposing in sleep on banks of clouds, having fled from the earth in consequence of the tumult and terrors of war. Suddenly the voices of an invisible choir were heard ascending from the earth, and calling on the fair sisters to return and gladden the world with their presence. Gradually the arts awoke, and a discussion ensued as to the propriety of heeding the call and descending to dwell again among men. Painting declares that she loves to dip her pencil in the wonders of creation, the glow of the morning or the colors of the sea, but not in blood; Architecture laments the futility of her toil, since her most beautiful and costly structures are destroyed by the hand of war; Poetry doubts whether a people in the splendor of its victories has any sense left for art; Sculpture despairs as she sees her finest images and most divine forms broken in pieces; Histrionics finds in these earnest days no place for her double masks of tragedy and comedy; Dancing, the expression and embodiment of joy, dares not enter, with tambourine and "light fantastic toe," the arena of international strife, which is trodden only by the iron feet of soldiery; Music alone is not despondent, but answers the complaints of her sisters with cheerful and prophetic words. A people, she says, to whom freedom is dear will also cherish art as a sacred possession. Not for fame or conquest, but for fatherland, they seized the sword and sang a "song of home" as they marched to victory. Poetry will receive new inspiration from their heroic deeds; for, without Achilles and his army, where would have been Homer and the Iliad? Architecture will teach how to erect a temple of peace with grander columns and stronger arches than heretofore—a new Parthenon, new Propylæa; under the plastic hand of Sculpture new forms of heroism will step forth from blocks of marble; Histrionics will show the events of history in their eternal connection, and represent them in transfigured light for the instruction of future generations; Painting will portray them in living colors on the canvas; and even the jocund Dance will feel incited to join and lead the festive throng. Music then calls upon her sisters to descend with her to the earth, where a great nation seems to forget the calamities and bitter stress of war, in its eagerness to do homage to the master who brought to them from Heaven the highest revelations of harmony and symphony. As the sisters vanish behind the clouds, a beautiful rainbow spans the sky—a symbol of the perfect unity in diversity of the seven arts, and at the same time a herald of their peaceful reign. The third scene was on the earth, and represented a public place, with a temple in the background. In the foreground were two altars, which the people were adorning with flowers and strewing with incense, as they sang the well-known chorus from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens"—"*Schmueckt die Altere!*"

But the most remarkable feature of the whole drama was the procession of the artists, who descended the steps of the temple and occupied seats on each side of the stage. First came the representatives of Poetry—Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Dante, and Shakespeare. These were followed by the composers—Mozart, Weber, Haydn, Bach, Gluck, and Händel; the actors—Eckhof, Iffland, Devrient, Garrick; the architects—Erwin von Steinbach (with him a model of the Strasbourg Cathedral), Schinkel, and Palladio; the painters—Raphael, Dürer, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Rembrandt; the sculptors—Thorwaldsen, Rauch, and Peter Vischer. These illustrious dead were personated in the most perfect manner by actors, dressed in appropriate costume and with a strikingly faithful "presentment" of the faces of the deceased. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Shakespeare, Dante, Bach, Garrick, Raphael, Dürer, Rubens, Michael Angelo, and Rembrandt were easily recognizable as they appeared on the stage. Particularly fine was the aria with chorus, in which the hope was expressed that this festival might be prophetic of the people's future, and the revival of the fatherland bring with it a revival of the arts. In the fifth scene the seven arts reappeared on the earth, and a flash of lightning kindled the two altars, on the front of which were the words Freedom and Beauty in letters of fire. The drama closed with the chorus "Germania! Germania!" after which there was a representation of what Dr. Pabst calls "the queen of the operas," Beethoven's Fidelio. Those who are acquainted with the singers of Germany will have a sufficient guaranty that it was excellently performed in the fact that Rocco and Florestan were sung by Scaria and Von Witt, and Fidelio and Marcelline by Madame Kainz-Prause and Madame Otto-Alosleben. On the evening of the 18th Goethe's Egmont was given, with the music of Beethoven's Egmont; and on the evening of the 19th there was a repetition of Rodenberg's Allegorical Drama, followed by a concert of selections from Beethoven—among them the Aria "*Ah Perfido*," sung by Fräulein Zimmermann, with the clear and pure tones for which her voice is remarkable.

"Beethoven is Germany" says Victor Hugo. Of all the arts, however, music is the most cosmopolitan; and of all composers, Beethoven is the most difficult to confine within geographical or national boundaries. Since his death, forty-three years ago, he has constantly increased in popularity—not only in Germany, but throughout the civilized world; so that it may be safely asserted that his works are now performed more than those of all the other classical composers put together. In the symphony, which is the most comprehensive form of pure instrumental music, he stands unrivaled and unequaled. Compared with these free and bold creations, the productions of Haydn and Mozart are timid and feeble. In them the great master revealed himself as in no other of his works. His deafness deepened and intensified the peculiar character of these compositions, as is clearly seen in the Ninth Symphony. As the blind prophet discerned the future without his vision being disturbed by any fleeting phenomena of the present, so the deaf musician listened to soul-entrancing harmonies from within, unbroken by the fret and stir of common life around him.

DRESDEN, December, 1870.

Book Table.

BRET HARTE.*

BRET HARTE is a phenomenon. Just when Boston thought it had an exclusive right to produce authors of national distinction, we find Boston itself borrowing that unadulterated Western writer, Mr. Howells, and San Francisco, the antipodal metropolis of the country, putting in a claim for a writer whose work Boston is glad enough to publish.

Doubtless Mr. Bret Harte's range is not a very wide one. There are probably many things in literature that he cannot do; at least, there are very few things that he has yet attempted. But the few things he has undertaken he has done exceedingly well; and his most characteristic things have never been before attempted. California, having modified all the fruits that have been transplanted to its genial climate, has shown in Harte that she can add an original element to literature. Others have written in dialect. Prof. Lowell's "Hosea Biglow" is a New Englander, and his dialect is Yankee. Artemus Ward spoke a corrupt dialect, mixing the truest Green Mountain phrase with an imperfect Western slang. Indeed, no Eastern man has ever fully mastered the celebrated dialect that has two centers in which it can be found in perfection—viz., "Posey Kyounty, Injennuy," and "Pike Kyounty, Mizzoury." The Middle West of the district called Hoosier; in California it is Pike. Mr. Harte's childhood was not spent in the West; and yet his use of the dialect, as far as it goes, is quite correct, if anything so lawless can be called correct. But even Mr. Harte's dialect is comparatively slender. The felicities of that tongue which, being neither the *langue d'oc* nor the *langue d'oil*, we must fain call the *language of "right smart"*—the felicities of this tongue are not by any means wholly at Bret Harte's disposal. But his management of the considerable portion of it that he uses is exceedingly happy. And perhaps it is by a law of natural selection that he purposely takes but a part of the dialect for his purpose. Many of his stanzas are in as perfect "Pike" as was ever spoken. Take the four lines in "Jim":

> "What makes you shy,
> You over there?
> Can't a man drop
> 'B giass in yer shop
> But you must rar'?"

And Harte does not often blunder in his Pike. He never slips in a New England word by any chance. The nicer shades of the speech have not escaped him. "Sudden" for "sudden" is a word that would have escaped any superficial observer. So, too, of the final d in "gownd." Evidently Bret Harte does not speak the dialect in a scientific way, but by a sort of intuitive power to "put himself in the place" of a Pike who is talking.

But dialect is only the clothes of the character. The great quality of Harte is characterization. "Dow" is an original and typical creation. The anonymous speaker in "Jim," who swears at the barkeeper and shows his love for his old friend by addressing him as

> "——you limb,
> You ornery
> Darned old
> Long-legged Jim!"

is a portrait from life, a new and picturesque face in the portrait-gallery of literature.

To treat this low, hard life without coarseness, to extract its fine gold and leave the dirt behind, is the work of a man of undoubted genius. Such a man is Bret Harte.

We cannot close without noticing how Mr. Harte intuitively uses just the proper amount and kind of dialect for his several characters. In *Truthful James* the dialect is on dress parade; it has its Sunday clothes on. "Which the same" is not the dialect of a raw Pike; but of an aspiring Pike, who has gotten hold of some phrases that seem to him peculiarly happy. We notice this to remark the nice dramatic feeling that fits the man so discriminatingly with his stock of phrases. It shows that with a wider observation Mr. Harte will be, after Lowell, our greatest poet in characterization. As in Holmes, and in Hood, the humorous and the tender lie very close together in Bret Harte. When Cicely's husband sees the star, your eyes are ready to moisten with sympathy for him, and the laugh barely gets the advantage of the tear when he describes it:

"Big and yaller and dancing—I never saw such a starr,
And I thought of them sharps in the Bible, and I
Knew 'twar for Him and that."

His humor is of two sorts: the gentle, titillating by-play, and the final broad *denouement* of the whole.

We are glad of Mr. Harte. No ridiculous Westminster Reviewer can say of this new specimen that he is a "weak imitation" of anything in England.

* POEMS. By BRET HARTE. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

NOTES.

LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce as now ready the first volume of *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*, edited by Mr. H. H. Furness. The text is to follow "such readings as have been adopted by a majority of the ablest editors"; the textual notes will embrace the various readings of some thirty or more of the best editions of the poet's works; "the commentary will contain all the notes of the *Variorum* of 1821 that have been adopted by editors since that date; and the original notes of these editors and illustrations and criticisms will be given from many sources. The volume now ready contains the play of "Romeo and Juliet," and is furnished to subscribers at $7.50. The same publishers propose to publish the *Life of Hon. John J. Crittenden*, "with selections from his correspondence and speeches." If subscribers enough can be obtained. Mr. C.'s long and conspicuous public life must have furnished ample material for his biographer, which we should be glad to see brought within reach of the public.

The London publishers, according to their circular for 1870, published during the year 5,082 books. Of these, 811 were works on theology; 568 educational; 693 juvenile works and tales; 381 novels and other works of fiction; 123 on law, jurisprudence, etc.; 119 on political and social economy, etc.; 346 on arts, science, etc.; 338 on travel and geographical research; 396 history and biography; 366 poetry and the drama; 193 on medicine and surgery. Of the works on theology, America furnished 55, and 55 also of the historical works. The entire number of American importations is 426.

—*The Doctrine of the Atonement as taught by the Apostles* is the title of another important theological treatise, made accessible to American readers through Scribner, Welford & Co. It is designed as a sequel to a volume published by the same author (Rev. Prof. Smeaton, Edinburg,) in 1868, on "The Sayings of Jesus in reference to the Atonement," and in connection with that is intended to furnish a complete exhibit of the teachings of the New Testament on this subject. The method of treatment is the same in each case—an exegetical exposition of all the passages bearing upon the topic, with such collateral illustration as other portions of Scripture may furnish. In pursuance of this plan, the author considers first "the Preparation of the Apostles and the Circle of their Testimony;" and then, in separate chapters, examines "the Testimony to the Atonement" contained in the Pauline Epistles, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistles of Peter, and the writings of John. The Epistle to the Hebrews is treated by itself, in order to avoid entering upon the disputed question of its authorship. In an appendix is given a somewhat extended "Historical Sketch of the Doctrine of the Atonement." This brief statement will serve to indicate to our readers the range and method of discussion, and we may add that the work seems to be done with great fairness and thoroughness. Prof Smeaton strongly holds the "vicarious" theory of the Atonement, and believes it to be the only theory derivable from a fair examination of the teachings of Jesus and the apostles, separately or together. Whether the readers of the volume accept the author's conclusions, or not, we have so strong a conviction that his *method* is the only admissible one that we heartily commend the book to notice.

—Perhaps the most successful attempt to bring the classic writers of antiquity within the reach of general readers is in the series edited by Rev. W. Lucas Collins, and now republishing in this country by Lippincott & Co. The last volume that has come to us is *Horace*, which, like the others, is not a connected translation; but a blending of translation, commentary dissertation, personal history, and whatever else may illustrate the poet. Readers are thus introduced to an acquaintance with the choicest passages in *Horace* in such a way as to be able to observe the character and range of his topics, and to form an estimate of his literary quality, at the same time that they are furnished with considerable material for comparing him with other writers of his own and other times. No one, however unfamiliar with the life of ancient times, can fail to find delight and profit in these vivacious pictures of the man, his writings, and his surroundings; and, looking at this volume merely as a means of studying the literary and social history of the period to which it belongs, we should scarcely know what book of its size to recommend in preference.

—*History of Louis XIV*, by John S. C. Abbott, is "history" of the kind which this gentleman's numerous writings have made sufficiently familiar. We must frankly say it is of a kind which we do not admire; and yet the fact that many readers enjoy this class of books, and acquire by means of them a taste for historical reading of a more substantial character, makes us

> "—— to their faults a little blind,
> And to their virtues very kind."

The most serious objection to the little volume before us is, that of the 400 pages about 100 are occupied with elaborate accounts of the king's numerous gallantries, matrimonial enterprises, etc., with careful biographies of his favorite mistresses; and, though, as the author says, he "has endeavored so to describe these scenes that any father can safely read the narrative aloud to his family," we find ourselves asking, Why "describe" them at all in a book designed for families and youth? (Harper & Brothers.)

—*Fair France* ("by the author of John Halifax") as she still likes to call herself, and we all like to call her, is one of the freshest and most delightful books of travel that we have opened this many a day. It has all the characteristics that have made this author's writings welcome to so wide a circle of readers—the fine insight into character, the clear and suggestive description, the noble call to higher standards of duty, the gentle tenderness for all things human, and the devout reverence for all things divine. The book is made up of a happy mingling of studies of the French character and different phases of French life, with picturesque descriptions of scenes and places; and the reader enjoys at once the charm of romance and the fidelity of history. (Harper & Brothers.)

—Eldredge & Brother, Philadelphia, send us Chase and Stuart's edition of *Six Books of the Æneid of Virgil*, with notes and vocabulary. The text is the same as in the edition of the entire poem published by the same house, but the vocabulary has been added. Such a vocabulary may be a convenience in some cases; but students who have advanced far enough to read Virgil ought to be allowed to use nothing less than a good lexicon. The series of classics to which this belongs is prepared with excellent taste and scholarship, and is, in this respect, as well as in style of publication, one of the most creditable issues of the American press.

—*A German Reader*, by Prof. Geo. F. Comfort, is intended to follow the author's "German Course," and consists of selections in prose and verse from the best German writers of the present century. The selections are wisely made to have reference to German history, biography, geography, mythology, social life, and similar topics; so that the student may become acquainted at once with the language and with the people by whom it is spoken. In the notes particular attention is paid to the history and etymology of the language and its connection with the English. (Harper & Brothers.)

—*The Struggle for Neutrality in America*, "an address delivered before the New York Historical Society at their 66th anniversary, December 13th, 1870, by Charles Francis Adams," is issued in a neat and substantial pamphlet by Charles Scribner & Co. The address attracted very general attention at the time of its delivery, and is of great importance as a clear, compact, and able exposition of the principles and the historical growth of the American doctrine of Neutrality—a doctrine which we may fairly claim as our great contribution to the science of International Law.

—The American Tract Society sends us *The Nevers, Corner Houses*, and *Charity's Birthday Text*—three pleasant books for little people. Also *Grandmamma's Trunkful of Stories*, twelve short sketches for girls and boys; *The Dance and the Martyr*, a short sermon on worldly pleasures, translated from the French of Adolphe Monod, by Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D.; and *Poems of Home Life*, a small collection of choice poems, in which the varied experiences of daily home-life, from the mother's "Cradle Song" to "Old Age," find utterance.

—The Government is showing a wise and tender care for the memory of those who died that the nation might live, by taking every pains to make a complete record of their graves. *Roll of Honor* No. XXV. contains the records of the graves of 25,766 Union soldiers interred in the National Cemeteries at Fredericksburg, Hampton, Mobile, Barrancas, Alexandria (La.), and Fort Gibson. Of these, 16,593 are marked "unknown."

—We have so often given credit to the *American Naturalist* of Salem, Mass., for information in our "Scientific Intelligence" that it is hardly necessary for us to repeat our commendations of this valuable and beautiful monthly. We wish it could have ten times its circulation. It is anything but a boys' monthly; but the tastes that its careful reading by our growing boys would cultivate would be worth an ordinary education.

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tion to JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y.

MENEELY & KIMBERLY,
BELL FOUNDERS, TROY, N. Y.,
manufacture a superior quality of Church, Academy,
Fire Alarm, Factory, Chime, Tower Clock, Steamboat,
Court-House, Farm, and other Bells, of pure copper and
tin, mounted in the most approved manner, and fully
warranted.
Catalogues sent free. Address
MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Troy, N. Y.

BELLS for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, FIRE
ALARMS, FACTORIES, etc., of Pure
Bell Metal Copper and
Tin). Fitted with Improved Hang-
ings, at Lowest Cash Prices.
Also, AMALGAM BELLS, at 25 cts. per pound.
Business established 16 years. Catalogue sent free.
S. S. DAVIS, 55 Doy St., N. Y.

BELLS, STEEL COMPOSITION,
for Churches, Schools, etc.
BLYMYER, NORTON & CO., Manufrs., Cincinnati, O.
These celebrated Bells (NOT Cast Iron or "Amal-
gam") rival in pure full volume of tone those of cop-
per and tin, are more durable, and cost only *one-third*
as much. Send for Descriptive Circular.

INSURANCE.
CONDENSED STATEMENT
OF
The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK,
F. S. WINSTON ..... President,
RICHARD A. MCCURDY ..... Vice-President,
144 AND 146 BROADWAY,
For its Twenty-eighth Fiscal Year,
BEING FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31st, 1870.

Net Assets, January 1, 1870 — $35,211,583 71

RECEIPTS.

Premiums $12,169,717 34
Interest 2,477,772 66 14,647,490 00
$49,859,073 73

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Deaths and Matured
Policies $3,010,252 69
Dividends or Returns Pre-
miums 2,807,754 51
Purchased 1,2 3,111 86
Expenses 1,353,258 18 7,476,858 17
Net Assets, Dec. 31, 1870 ..... $42,385,417 56

Increase in Net Assets for
the year $7,170,833 83

Invested as follows:
Cash in Bank and Trust Companies at In-
terest 2,606,9 0 74
Loans on Bond and Mortgage $2,709,21 62
Government Stocks, cost 4,777,106 75
Real Estate, cost 913,263 07 8,399,575 44
Balances due from Agents, in course of
transmission 85,592 28
$43,393,417 56
Add:
Interest accrued or due 866,864 15
Deferred Premiums and Premiums not yet
reported on Policies in force 1,472,250 07
Market Value of Stocks in excess of cost. 429,834 08
Gross Assets, Dec. 31, 1870...$44,669,155 78

POLICY AND RISK ACCOUNT.

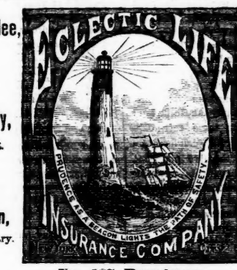
	Number.	Amount.
Policies Issued and Restored during the year	12,463	$33,458,317
Policies in force December 31, 1870.....	71,271	229,433,334

☞ The Board of Trustees have authorized a return of overpayments or premiums for the year ending of two millions of dollars, which may be subsequently in-creased.
These overpayments will be returned to policyhold-ers, as they may elect, in cash or in the purchase of ad-ditional insurance, a bonus as the equitable portion of each can be determined upon the expiration of the sixty days from the close of the fiscal year, as provided in the charter.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, *Actuary.*
L. C. LAWTON, *Ass't. Actuary.*
JOHN M. STEARN, *Secretary.*
F. SCHROEDER, *Ass't. Secretary.*
C. A. HOPKINS, *Cashier.*
WILLIAM RUTTY, LL.D., }
HON. LUCIUS ROBINSON, } *Counsel.*
HON. HENRY E. DAVIES, }
ISAAC L. RUE, M. D., } *Medical Examiners.*
G. S. WINSTON, M. D., }

METROPOLITAN
INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 108 Broadway, N. Y
Capital, $300,000
Insures Fire Risks
AT CUSTOMARY RATES.
B. M. C. GRAHAM, President.
W. S. NEWELL, Secretary.
SAMUEL J. YOUNG, Assistant Secretary.

Geo. B. Satterlee, President.
G. de Macarty, Vice-President.
I. C. Pierson, Sec'y and Actuary.



No. 187 Broadway.

Finance Committee:
STEPHEN BARKER,
GEO. H. POTTS,
E. L. BOLLES,
WM. MOLLER,
J. MONROE TAYLOR.
Executive Committee:
WM. MOLLER,
WM. R. GRIFFITH,
SAM'L MARSH, JR.

THE MOST LIBERAL CONDITIONS TO THE INSURED EVER COMBINED BY ONE COMPANY.
Liberty to TRAVEL and change RESIDENCE.
No extra Premium for ARMY or NAVY OFFICERS or WOMEN.
Combines the full security of the New York State legal requirements, and ALSO the liberal NON-FORFEITURE of the Massachusetts State law, for example:

AGE 35, ORDINARY LIFE.	One annual Premium continues policy in force	2 years	and	3 days
	Two " "	4 "	"	19 "
	Three " "	6 "	"	27 "
	Four " "	8 "	"	46 "
	Five " "	10 "	"	56 "

Policies made INTERCHANGEABLE. DIVIDENDS annual from first year.
☞ Call or send for Detailed Terms before insuring elsewhere
☞ Active and well qualified Solicitors liberally dealt with.

GLOBE MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Nos. 258 and 260 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
CORNER OF WARREN STREET,
THE LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL COMPANY OF THE SAME AGE IN THE WORLD.
Assets Jan. 1, 1870, $2,251,057.12.
All Policies Non-forfeitable. Premiums payable in Cash. Dividends Annually on the Contribution Plan. Losses paid in Cash. Members may Freely Travel to and from the South, California, and Europe. Registered Policies issued under the Insurance Department of this State, and Guaranteed by Pledge of Public Stocks. It is surpassed by no Company in its Liberality to Policy Holders.

COMPANY'S PROGRESS.

	Number of Policies Issued.	Amount Assured.	Assets.	Increase of Assets over previous year.
1864, 7 mos.	961	$3,079,027	$216,725 11	$114,725 11
1865.	2761	8,095,774	449,009 19	254,284 01
1866.	4346	12,760,341	743,348 43	310,739 50
1867.	2491	6,101,291	1,171,193 97	381,945 94
1868.	4797	10,909,574	1,877,907 45	676,713 48
1869.	6035	13,530,503	2,541,057 12	679,149 67
1870, 6 mos.	3615	6,402,956		
Total Increase				$2,251,057 12
Add Capital				100,000 00
Assets January 1st, 1870				$2,251,057 12

PLINY FREEMAN, President.
LORING ANDREWS, Vice-President.
J. A. HARDENBERGH, 2d Vice-President.
H. C. FREEMAN, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE
MERCANTILE
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 35 Wall Street.
NEW YORK, January 19th, 1871.
☞ THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF THE affairs of the Company on the 31st December, 1870, is submitted in conformity with the requirements of its Charter:

Premiums outstanding December 31st, 1869.	$230,481 33
Premiums received during the year 1870.	1,040,025 11
TOTAL PREMIUMS	$1,731,509 47
Premiums marked off as earned from January 1st to December 31st, 1870.	$1,091,511 52
Less return Premiums.	61,786 97
NET EARNED PREMIUMS	$1,029,774 55
Paid during the same period:	
Losses, Expenses, Commissions, and Re-insurance, less Salvages	$661,354 11
Cash paid to Stockholders for interest	$31,544 00
Cash paid to Dealers as an equivalent for the Scrip Dividends of Mutual Companies.	$126,733 39
The Assets of the Company on the 31st December, 1870, were as follows:	
United States, State, Bank, and other Stocks	$444,995 00
Loans on Stocks and other Securities.	70,033 94
Cash on hand and in Banks, and with Foreign Bankers	77,125 00
Interest on Investments due, but not collected.	5,028 94
Bills receivable and Premiums due and collected	521,827 42
Security Notes.	300,000 00
Scrip, Salvages, and other Claims due the Company	90,456 25
	$1,513,790 55

☞ The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay to the Stockholders an Interest Dividend of THREE AND ONE-HALF (3½) PER CENT free of Government Tax, on and after WEDNESDAY, February 1st.

TRUSTEES.

JAMES FREELAND,	A. FOSTER HIGGINS,
SAMUEL WILLETS,	FRANCIS HATHAWAY,
ROBERT L. TAYLOR,	AARON L. REID,
WILLIAM T. FROST,	JOHN D. WOOD,
WILLIAM WATT,	GEORGE W. HENNINGS,
HENRY EYRE,	HENRY EYRE,
TOWNSEND SCUDDER,	JOSEPH SLAGG,
SAMUEL L. HAM,	EDWARD MERRITT,
JOSEPH SLAGG,	DANIEL T. WILLETS,
JAMES D. FISH,	L. EDGERTON,
GILBERT W. HENNINGS,	HENRY K. KUNHARDT,
A. FOSTER HIGGINS,	JOHN S. WILLIAMS,
FRANCIS HATHAWAY,	WILLIAM NELSON, JR.,
EDWARD MERRITT,	CHARLES DIMON,
JOS. WILLETS.	HAROLD DOLLNER,
	PAUL N. SPOFFORD,
	JAMES DOUGLAS.

J. LWOOD WALTER, President.
ARCHD. G. MONTGOMERY, Jr., Vice-Pres.
ALANSON W. HEGEMAN, 3d Vice-President.
C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

HANOVER
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
(Incorporated 1852.)
CASH CAPITAL - - - $400,000.
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.
B. S. WALCOTT, President.
I. REMSEN LANE, Secretary.
Agencies in all the principal cities and towns in the U.S.
Eastern Agency Department—THOS. JAMS, Actuary.
Western and Southern Department—" Underwriters' Agency." A. STODDART, General Agent.

United States Life Insurance Co.,
NO. 48 WALL STREET, N. Y.
INCORPORATED 1850.
CASH ASSETS $3,600,000.
The principal features of this Company are ABSO-
LUTE SECURITY, ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT,
and LIBERALITY TO THE INSURED.
All forms of Life and Endowment Policies issued.
JOHN E. DE WITT, President.
F. R. O'CONNOR, Secretary *Pro Tem.*
WILLIAM D. WHITING, Actuary.

ECONOMICAL
MUTUAL
Life Insurance Co.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
LIFE INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, RICH AND POOR.
For every $1,000 of Liabilities it has $1,820 in Assets.
ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.
1. Lower rates of premium than any other Mutual Company.
2. Stock rates as low as can safely be afforded by any Company.
3 No extra rates on Officers of Lake and River Boats, on lives of Women, or Officers of the Army and Navy.
4. Cash Dividends applied to reduce the second and all subsequent annual premiums, or to increase the insurance, if desired thereby, securing
5. An Increasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known integrity numbering among others Senator SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.
Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.

Number of Policies Issued from June, 1867, to June 1868, 1,065. Insuring $2,388,000.43.
Number of Policies Issued from June, 1868, to June, 1869, 1,368, Insuring $3,382,136.68.

SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Prest.
C. C. McKNIGHT Vice-Prest.
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Massachusett, Actuary.
A. H. OKIE, M.D., } Medical Board.
F. H. PECKHAM, M.D., }
Wm. Y. POTTER, Secretary.
W. T. OKIE, M.D., General Agent for the City of New York, Office 157 Broadway.
Liberal terms offered to Agents.
BRANCH OFFICES:
PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON,
WASHINGTON, CINCINNATI,
ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO.

THE
EQUITABLE
Life Assurance Society
OF THE
UNITED STATES,
No. 120 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Does the Largest Life Insurance Business in the World.
WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.
HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
SAMUEL BORROWE, Cit Manager.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
New Business in 1869 over 1868 ..... $50,000,000 00
Annual Cash Income, ... 7,000,000 00
Cash Assets, ... 13,000,000 00
ISSUES ALL KINDS OF POLICIES.
Dividends Annual in Cash.
"TONTINE DIVIDEND" policies in the Equitable will be found the best and safest investment for a prudent man.
Gentlemen of character and address, temporarily or permanently out of other business, and desiring agencies, are requested to communicate with the officers of the Society.

MERCHANTS'
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,
Office 257 BROADWAY,
Issues all kinds of Life and Endowment Poli-
cies on the Mutual System, free from re-
striction on travel and occupation.
All Policies are non-forfeitable and partici-
pate in the profits of the Company.
WILLIAM T. PHIPPS, President.
A. D. HOLLY, Secretary.
O. S. PAINE, M.D., Medical Examiner.
HENRY HILTON, Counsel.
The Officers of this Company are prepared to make liberal terms with responsible and efficient Life Insurance men from every quarter.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
Office, No. 135 BROADWAY.
Cash Capital, - - - $2,500,000 00
Assets, Jan., 1871, - - 4,578,008 02
Liabilities, - - - - - - 199,668 71
ABSTRACT OF THE
THIRTY-FIFTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT,
Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of January, 1871.
ASSETS.

Cash, Balance in Bank,	$174,478 68
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate,	1,837,615 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand,	249,300 00
United States Stocks (market value),	1,380,937 50
State and Municipal Stocks and Bonds (market value),	564,390 00
Bank Stocks (market value),	133,425 00
Interest due on 1st January, 1871,	48,256 83
Balance in hands of Agents,	66,769 47
Bills Receivable (for Premiums on Inland Risks, etc.),	9,096 71
Other Property, Miscellaneous Items,	82,676 56
Premiums due and uncollected on Policies issued at this Office,	6,427 25
Steamer Magnet and Wrecking Apparatus,	23,085 77
Real Estate,	1,500 00
Government Stamps on hand,	49 25
Total,	$4,578,008 02

LIABILITIES.

Claims for Losses outstanding on 1st January, 1871.	$199,368 71
Due Stockholders on account of 32d and 33d Dividends,	300 00
	$199,668 71

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.
J. H. WAAHBURN, Secretary.
New York, January 10th, 1871.

MANHATTAN
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE 156 AND 158 BROADWAY.
ORGANIZED A. D. 1850.

ASSETS. - - - - - - - - - - - -	$6,500,000.
ANNUAL INCOME - - - - - - - - -	2,500,000.

Dividends are made on a contribution plan, and are paid annually, commencing on the payment of the second annual premium.
HENRY STOKES, President.
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary. C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assistant Secretary. S. M. STEBBINS, Actuary.
Agents Wanted.

CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK,
Nos. 32, 34 & 36 NASSAU St.,
CONTINENTAL BUILDING.

Policies issued, 33,000.
Assets - - - - $4,500,000.
President, JUSTUS LAWRENCE.
Vice-President, M. B. WYNKOOP.
Secretary, J. P. ROGERS.
Actuary, S. C. CHANDLER, Jr.

GUARDIAN
Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
No. 251 Broadway,
NEW YORK.
ORGANIZED - - 1859.
Cash Premiums.
IMMEDIATE ANNUAL DIVIDENDS.
The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Policy-holders.
All Policies Non-Forfeitable.
ANNUAL REPORT.
January 1, 1870.

Assets, Jan. 1, 1869.....	$1,486,271 31
Income for 1869:	
Premiums and Interest....	1,344,096 19
	$2,830,397 50
EXPENDITURES FOR 1869.	
Death Claims, Surrendered and Lapsed Policies....	$380,505 80
Expenses and Commissions.....	354,822 16
Dividends....	53,219,03
	788,550 99
Assets, Jan. 1, 1870....	$2,041,746 51
New Policies issued 1869,	
5,158, insuring.....	11,496,568 00
Policies in force Jan. 1, 1870, 10,997, insuring..	24,630,070 00

CASH DIVIDENDS UPON THE "CONTRIBUTION PLAN," RANGING FROM 16 to 50 PER CENT., PAID DURING THE CURRENT YEAR.
DIRECTORS:
Hon. JOHN A. DIX.....New York.
JOHN J. CRANE.....Ex-President Bank Republic.
WILLIAM M. VERMILYE...Banker, (Vermilye & Co.).
CHARLES G. ROCKWOOD...Cashier Newark Banking Co.
Hon. GEORGE OPDYKE....Ex-Mayor of New York.
MINOT C. MORGAN.....Banker.
THOMAS ROSSER.....Firm: Thos. Rigney & Co.
REV. B. SHERMAN.....Treasurer N. Y. Steam Sugar Refining Co.
AARON ARNOLD.....Firm: Arnold, Constable & Co.
RICH'D H. BOWNE.....Wetmore & Bowne, Lawyers.
H. S. WALBRIDGE.....Pres. Bank for the People, Toledo, O.
WM. T. HOOKER.....Vice-President.
WILLIAM W. WRIGHT.....Merchant.
JAMES P. MAGEE.....Methodist Book Concern, Agent.
WILLIAM WILKENS.....Firm: W. Wilkens & Co.
JULIUS H. PRATT.....President of Montclair R. R., N. J.
CHARLES J. STARR.....Merchant.
WILLIAM ALLEN.....Merchant.
GEO. W. CUTLER.....Banker, Palmyra, N. Y.
GEO. T. HOPE.....Pres't, Continental Fire Ins. Co.
JOHN H. SEBRWOOD.....Park Place.
WALTON H. PECKHAM.....President, 135 Fifth Avenue.
EDWARD H. WRIGHT.....Newark, N. J.
GEORGE W. FARLEE.....Farlee & Titus, Bankers.
WILLIAM I. COGSWELL.....Merchant.
WALTON H. PECKHAM, Prest.
WILLIAM T. HOOKER, LUCIUS MCADAM, *Vice-President. Secretary & Actuary.*
G. H. CLENCH, Assistant Secretary.

INSURE IN THE
SECURITY
INSURANCE COMPANY!
Office, 119 Broadway New York
CASH CAPITAL.....$1,000,000.
FIRE OR INLAND MARINE RISKS TAKEN AT THE LOWEST ADEQUATE RATES.
A. F. HASTINGS, Pres't.
W. B. BUCKHOUT, Vice-President.
NATHAN HARPER, Secretary.

ATLANTIC
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., }
NEW YORK, January 26th, 1871. }
*

HARRISON SAFETY BOILERS

OVER 1,000 BOILERS IN USE.

JOHN A. COLEMAN, Agent,

New York.....110 Broadway.
Boston.....139 Federal street.

WRIGHT'S CUT OFF ENGINES. Several hundreds sold to manufacturers in New England States, etc., during past 18 years.

Prices reduced. For prices, particulars, and references call or address subscribers and office as below. Also Plain Engines at low prices. Wood's Portable and Agricultural Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, etc., at low prices. Address

F. W. BROOKS,
31 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

SILVER-PLATED
PORCELAIN-LINED
ICE-PITCHERS.
The Latest Improvement and the Best Article Made.
TIFFANY & CO.,
UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND WESTERN SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD LOAN.

The Bonds are secured by a mortgage over 206 miles of completed railway, from Indianapolis, Ind., west to Pekin, Ill., which has a large equipment and is doing a large and rapidly increasing business. The Road connects with most of the leading lines to the Atlantic and Pacific, making a central trunk route from ocean to ocean over sixty miles shorter than any other route. The Bonds have nearly all been marketed during construction. The few remaining we offer at 92½ and interest, in currency.

TURNER BROTHERS,
Bankers, 14 Nassau street.

FINE CHANDELIERS
AND
GAS FIXTURES,
Of Every Description,
AT LOW PRICES,
THE MOST COMPLETE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT IN
Gilt, Crystal, Real Bronze, Imitation Bronze,
AND ALL DESIRABLE COLORS,
NEW DESIGNS UNEQUALED IN EXCELLENCE, APPROPRIATE FOR
Dwellings, Hotels, Stores, Halls, Churches, Etc.
ALSO GILT, BRONZE, AND MARBLE CLOCKS.
These movements strike the hours and half-hours; have the low tick and pleasant strike of the best French Clocks; and are fully warranted equal to the best, and much superior to the ordinary imported Clocks.
MITCHELL, VANCE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,
Salesrooms, 597 Broadway,
NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
Manufactory, 24th st. and 10th Ave., N. Y. City.

THE IMPROVED EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE
SOLD ON EASY MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS.
294 Bowery, N. Y.
Work furnished, if desired.

Financial & Commercial.

BUYING THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

THE President, in his last annual message, recommended that Congress should authorize the appointment of a special commission to ascertain the amounts and ownership of the several claims on the British Government for injuries inflicted during the rebellion by cruisers fitted out in English ports and sailing under the Confederate flag. He also recommended that authority should be given for the settlement of these claims by the United States, so as to transfer their ownership to this Government, and thus make them directly a matter of governmental negotiation in our demands against Great Britain for her violation of the international laws of neutrality. A bill has been introduced into the Senate, and is now in the hands of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which proposes the appointment of a commission to determine the amount and character of these claims, if not actually to assume them.

No specific reasons are assigned by the President for his recommendations; yet they strike us as being eminently wise, if considered in reference to the national settlement of the "Alabama" question. Their adoption would provide not only for ascertaining the amount of these private claims, but also for making the Government their owner; and this would place the matter in a definite and tangible shape for final adjustment. It would be a good preliminary to a proper presentation of the subject to the British Government.

There is, moreover, a demand of justice in favor of those who were the sufferers by the "Alabama" depredations, which would seem to require that the President's propositions should receive the favorable consideration of Congress. It is well known that the tangible injuries for which the Government claims reparation consist in the capture and destruction of private property by war-vessels built in and sailing from British ports. The owners or insurers of this property were and still are the sufferers, and such they will remain until their losses are paid by the party responsible therefor. Some time since, as we learn, one of the marine insurance companies of New York City, that had lost heavily in this way, determined to make a direct application to the British Government for a settlement of its claims. The company was informed in a trustworthy manner that if the consent of the United States to such an arrangement could be procured Great Britain would entertain the application, and in all probability adjust the matter according to the facts as they should be made to appear. Thus encouraged, the company applied to the Department of State at Washington, in order to secure the necessary consent; and, after holding the subject under advisement for a considerable period, the Government refused to grant the request, thus leaving the company without any means of redress for its losses.

Now, this state of things seems to us a hardship, if not a positive injustice, to these private claimants. If, for general reasons, having reference to the whole question as pending between Great Britain and this country, the Government sees fit to withhold its consent to a direct settlement by the British Government with individual sufferers, and thus prevent them from receiving their dues, then manifestly it ought to ascertain what are their claims, and buy them, and in this way make them its own. It ought either to pay the bill of damages, or consent that Great Britain shall do so. There may be good reasons for declining to give this consent; yet, if such be the fact, then these reasons are equally potent to show why the Government should not impose the burdens of diplomatic tardiness upon its own citizens. If it wants to have their unsettled claims as a part of its general complaint against the British Government, and if in its judgment its own case would be prejudiced by having them settled in the manner proposed, then clearly it ought at once to buy these claims, and make itself the owner thereof, thus affording the relief to which the sufferers are entitled.

This is precisely the thing submitted to Congress in the recommendations of the President. Whatever may be the President's reasons, we are clearly of the opinion that this Government should not withhold its consent that Great Britain should audit and pay these private claims, and at the same time refuse to take the proper steps for the prompt relief of the sufferers. What, perhaps, for national reasons, it will not consent that the British Government shall do it should at once do itself. The interests and rights of the claimants ought not to be left as the mere foot-ball of diplomatic negotiation, especially if it be true that the party responsible for the injuries done is willing to settle the account by the payment of damages.

MONEY MARKET.

THE conditions of the money market are all favorable to the commercial interests of the country, and, as far as the immediate speculations of Wall Street and New York are concerned, they are calculated to inspire confidence in the future. The bank statement exhibited a falling off in the items; but that is by no means discouraging, for the thing specially to be deprecated is a continued flow of money to our banks, which would soon lead to a financial congestion. The thing to be desired is activity and a constant flowing of currency through the regular channels of trade, and this is now the condition of things.

The statement of the city banks shews a smaller surplus than they held last year at the corresponding period; but there is no cause for apprehending trouble from their present condition.

The rates for money on call loans have ranged from 6 to 7 per cent. during the week; and on Saturday, as usual, the supply of loanable funds was in excess of the demand, and call loans were effected at 4 to 5 per cent.

The course of the speculative movements in the Street has been gaining in vigor, and the transactions have been larger in the speculative, railroad, and miscellaneous stocks than during any week of the past year.

The excitement in the stock and securities of the Union Pacific Railroad has been the principal event of the Stock Exchange, and the "bears" will learn from the almost instant rise in these securities, after they touched the lowest point of depression, how dangerous it is to be "short" of such stock on the whole list. The projected change of management in Union Pacific will impart a degree of firmness to the stock and bonds which they have not enjoyed under the management of Oakes Ames and Dorcas Durant. If no change is made in the present programme, Mr. Edgar Thompson and Mr. Thomas A. Scott will become the virtual managers of the road after the 1st of March, and among the new directors will be Mr. Carnegie, the great iron manufacturer of Pittsburg, and Mr. Pullman, the proprietor of the "Palace cars." So the road will be essentially a branch or a continuation of the Pennsylvania Central. The most active speculations of the week have been in the New York Central, stock and scrip, Ohio and Mississippi, Reading R. R., the St. Pauls, Lake Shore, Northwestern Preferred, and Union Pacific, and "bears" among the railroads, and Pacific Mail, Western Union, and Quicksilver among the miscellaneous stocks. The rise in Quicksilver was very large, and was caused by a movement to effect a change in the direction at the coming election.

In Government securities of all grades there has been a very strong market, while gold has been dull and lifeless, and the Gold Room without excitement during the whole week. The price remained steady at 110¾, now and then just touching 110⅞ and 110⅝. But the actual price has been 110⅝.

The armistice in France will probably affect our general markets favorably, and stimulate business; not by any means to the extent that would be done if the news of peace had been received immediately, instead of being compelled to wait three weeks for it although it is pretty sure to come then.

Mr. Rufus Hatch has issued his Circular No 3, in which he pays his respects to the managers of the Chicago and Northwestern roads. His exposition is full of interesting figures, and the Street is looking anxiously for the circulars on Rock Island, St. Pauls, and Ohio and Mississippi.

DRY GOODS.

THE business of the past week in dry goods has been very sensibly affected by the heavy fall of snow, which checks transportation and acts in various ways to arrest business. The sales of domestic cottons have been less in amount than during the previous week, and the trade in foreign goods will not commence until the next week with much activity. But, if the snow has interrupted trade temporarily, its effects in replenishing the almost exhausted streams in New England, which carried the wheels of some large watermills, will be felt in cheapening the prices of fabrics which were becoming scarce in the market, by leading to an increased production. The surrender of Paris and the prospect of a near termination of the war will have an influence upon foreign goods, and in its effect upon the general trade of the country. The exports of cotton and provisions and the price of gold will stimulate business in all departments of commerce; but most in dry goods.

In unbleached sheetings and shirtings the market remains without any important changes. The sales from first hands during the week have been less in amount than for the preceding week, but the lightness of stocks in the hands of agents keeps prices steady. The quotations for standards are essentially unchanged, with the usual discounts.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings are selling steadily, but without any exceptional movement. Some of the best qualities of popular makes are becoming scarce, and the supply in first hands is hardly equal to the demand. As the spring trade will soon commence with considerable activity, any decline of prices cannot reasonably be expected.

Printing cloths continue high, although there is a slight abatement from the highest rates of last week, but contracts for future delivery are not so easily made.

There has been a moderate degree of activity in prints, but prices continue without change. The stock of desirable styles in the hands of agents is not large for the season, and an active market would be likely to cause an advance of prices. The heavy buyers from the West, however, do not exhibit much anxiety to complete their purchases at once.

Ginghams are wanted to about the usual extent at this season; but the sales are restricted to a certain degree by the limited stock of popular goods in first hands. Prices are unchanged.

Cotton flannels are in limited demand for the best grades, but there is very little doing in the poorer qualities.

Cambrics are in very good demand and prices are firm, but without change.

Silesias are selling in considerable quantities to the clothiers at steady prices, but the demand from the jobbers is by no means active.

Rolled jaconets are without any special movement. The demand is yet but limited from the jobbing-houses, and prices are only steady.

Denims and cottonades are in rather more active demand; but prices are without change. Cottonades are selling better than for some time.

In other departments of domestic cottons there is no important change to notice.

In woolen fabrics there is rather less activity; but there is still a good demand for the more popular makes of cloths. Quotations are without essential change.

Doeskins are dull comparatively; but, as a more active market is anticipated by agents, prices are steady at the quotations.

Cassimeres are held at firm prices for the best grades adapted to spring wear; but the sales are to a moderate extent only.

Light-weight satinets are in moderate demand; but the sales from first hands are not large. Prices steady.

Kentucky jeans are in rather better demand, and sales have considerably increased; but prices are without change.

It is early yet in the season for any marked activity in other descriptions of domestic woolens; but there are favorable indications of an active spring business.

FOREIGN GOODS.

The importations of British and certain descriptions of German goods continue large, and the market is certain to be well supplied; but the spring movement has not yet commenced, and it is uncertain what influence the armistice in France will have upon prices. The importers appear to be in no hurry to force trade, and all parties are content to quietly wait for the development of events during the next fortnight. The importations of the week exceeded three millions of dollars.

INSIDE VIEWS.

THE following circular, from Mr. Rufus Hatch, of this city (*not* of the firm of Fisk & Hatch, as erroneously stated in several papers), is entitled to respectful consideration. While we do not endorse the statements made in this circular, or hold ourselves responsible for any of the utterances of Mr. Hatch—who naturally avails himself of the use of our columns to communicate with the million—we nevertheless declare that all persons interested in the growth and solid prosperity of the country, and especially the City of New York, should most carefully *investigate* any and every movement of our large railroad corporations, to whom such vast financial interests are committed. Such institutions, well managed—and we have many such—are an honor to any community; but when corruptly controlled for pure speculative or stock-gambling purposes they are a great curse. Some of these corporations, now in the hands of unprincipled managers, we have reason to believe, will not long be tolerated by the people. Let us have daylight on the whole subject from every quarter and from all sides.

For the sake of peace, even among railroad operators, we would bear a good deal; but there is a limit to such things, and we believe the time has now come for plain talk in plain English, and therefore we say, Hear Mr. Hatch.

Rufus Hatch's
CIRCULAR, NO. 3.
FRAUDS IN RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.
CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.

The waterings in this great concern have been equally excessive, though of a different character from those described in the previous circulars. A direct one, however, of $6,030,500 was made at the time of its consolidation with the Galena and Chicago, the holders of stock in the latter being allowed two shares for one previously held, "to equalize values"—a phrase greatly in vogue with the self-constituted tax-gatherers who now control and levy their contributions upon all our great avenues of trade. The natural and equitable mode would have been to equalize *down*, instead of *up*, as the shares of the Northwestern at the time were comparatively worthless, while those of the Galena and Chicago commanded only *par*. But a *square* consolidation would have left no plunder, the sole inducement thereto, in the hands of the parties manipulating it.

The great waterings in this road have been effected through leases of other lines. The most important of these was that of the road from the Mississippi to the Missouri River, through Iowa, a distance of 353 miles, and owned by two corporations—the Chicago, Iowa, and Nebraska owning the link of 81 miles from the Mississippi River to Cedar Rapids; and the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Company owning that from Cedar Rapids to the Missouri, a distance of 272 miles. This line had a land-grant of 1,422,109 acres. A party of shrewd operators got hold of this line, and set themselves at work to get this magnificent domain into their own hands, and *at the same time to get rid of the road that had to be built to secure it.* This interesting problem was solved in the following manner: The managers of the Chicago and Northwestern agreed to take a lease of the two roads, *without* the land, paying 47½ per cent. of the gross earnings (afterward reduced to 37½ per cent.) of the Chicago, Iowa, and Nebraska Road, and $1,750 per mile upon the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Road, up to the 1st of January, 1871, and thereafter at the following rate: to pay $700 per mile of the $1,500 per mile first earned, 33⅓ per cent. of the $3,000 next earned, and 20 per cent. upon all earnings in excess of $4,500 per mile. The rental of the first-named road the past year was $557,450, the proportion of gross earnings paid being 42½ per cent., the reduction from 47½ to 37½ per cent. taking effect for six months of the fiscal year only. At the same rate of gross earnings the rental (37½ per cent.) the present year will be $192,270, the gross earnings of the past year being $1,312,710. The gross earnings of the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Road for the past year were $2,106,476. The total for both lines were $3,419,186. The earnings per mile of the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Road the past year were $7,744. At this rate the rental for the present year will be $2,348 per mile, or a gross sum of $638,656. The total rental of the two lines, consequently, will be $1,130,926. The capital of this rental, at 7 per cent., is $16,157,375. This transaction is known as the Blair & Ames *grab*.

Now, the cost of this line to the parties holding the same could not have exceeded $20,000 per mile, or a gross sum of $7,060,000. The rails are laid and bridges built; this is about all. There were no equipments, and no accommodations for business, except those supplied by the lessees. The rails laid on the greater portion of it were only 45 pounds to the yard, and had to be replaced soon after the lessees had come into possession of it. The profit paid to the parties constructing it, consequently, was $9,097,375. The cost of this road to the lessees—that is, the capitalized rental—is $45,771 per mile. It would require an expenditure of $20,000 per mile, in addition, upon it, in construction and equipment, since they came into possession of it, to bring the road to its present condition. This sum brings up the cost to $65,771 per mile, or up to a total of $23,115,163. The interest on this sum at 7 per cent. is $1,618,061.

The capital account for the leased roads, as stated by the respective companies, amount to $20,346,500—that of the Chicago, Iowa & Nebraska being $4,726,300—made up of $3,916,300 of Stock and 810,000 of Bonds; that of the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River being $15,620,000, and made up of $8,000,000 of Stock and $7,620,000 of Bonds.

The land-grant to the Iowa lines was 1,422,109 acres. Of this quantity certificates for 1,200,000 acres had been issued more than a year ago. These lands, at the low valuation of $7 per acre, are worth $8,400,000. The value of these lands, added to the unquestioned profit from the construction of the road, make a total of $17,097,375. This sum measures the profit that one party made out of this affair in the course of a very few years.

Another example, of the same kind, was that of the Winona & St. Peter's Railroad, of Minnesota. A party got hold of this line, built the road, took the land, and then turned over the road, without the lands, to the Chicago & Northwestern at about $35,000 per mile, or nearly twice its cost. The road had no connection whatever with the Chicago & Northwestern. It did not, in fact, come within 100 miles of any portion of this road of the latter company. A lease might just as well have been taken of a road upon the Pacific Coast. The Winona & St. Peter's line ran through an unsettled country, and could not for years be expected to pay a remunerative return on its cost. In addition to the rental paid, the Northwestern had to complete and equip it, carrying the cost of the line to this company up probably to $10,000 per mile. The land-grant to the Winona & St. Peter's Company was 1,410,000 acres. Of this vast grant 342,376 acres had been confirmed to it on the first day of July, 1869. The value of the lands acquired equals $2,396,632. Assuming the profits of construction to have been $15,000 per mile for 126 miles, the aggregate was $1,890,000. The total profit, both from lands and construction, was $4,286,632. This affair is known as the Barney *grab*.

Another example in kind was that of the Peninsula Railroad of Michigan; a land-grant road, entitled to 346,880 acres, of which 218,880 acres had been certified to the Company on the 1st day of July, 1869. This road was built and consolidated with the Northwestern, *without the lands*, at the rate of about $40,000 per mile. The length of this road is 73 miles. Its cost to its projectors was about $20,000 per mile. The profit on construction was about $1,460,000. The value of its land-grant, at $7 per acre, was $1,532,160. The profits of the transaction, consequently, were $2,992,160. The Peninsula road had no connection whatever with the Northwestern, nor did it come within 50 miles of any portion of the line of the latter. This is known as the Ogden & Tilden *grab*.

The total amount of lands already ceded to the three companies whose roads are leased to the Northwestern amounted, on the 1st day of July, 1869, to 1,763,256 acres. Their value, at $7 per acre, is $12,338,792. Large additions are to be made to the present cessions. The profits arising from the construction of the roads could not have been less than $12,447,375. The profits, so far, to outsiders, on the three lines, have been $24,776,163. The *inside* profits have been $8,840,650—to wit, the waterings in favor of the Galena & Chicago of $6,030,500 at the time of the consolidation and $2,810,110 of scrip dividends paid in 1868. The total profits have been $33,616,777, as shown in the following tabular statement:

Roads.	Waterings.	Profits of Construction.	Profits on Land Grants.
Chicago and Northwestern	$8,840,510		
Chicago, Iowa, and Nebraska		$9,097,375	$8,400,000
Cedar Rapids and Missouri		1,920,000	2,296,632
Winona and St. Peter's Peninsula		1,460,000	1,532,160
	$8,840,510	$13,447,375	$12,228,792

What was the motive that induced the Chicago and Northwestern Company to make contracts so destructive to its own interests, and without gaining any advantage from the land-grants to leased lines? The leases were the product of gross corruption or folly—it hardly matters now which. Suffice it to say, it was a gross perversion of a most sacred trust, for which perversion the public are paying bitterly. They, paying on the roads at double cost, have derived no advantage whatever from the grants so munificently made. These grants should in all cases have been made the basis of the securities issued by each company. The proceeds of their sale should have retired these securities, reducing in an equal degree the cost of the roads, with a corresponding reduction in the charges for transportation. By the time the lands were sold the amount of the securities issued would have equaled such proceeds, or the sum of $13,249,792. The annual interest on this sum is $856,993. This sum would have been the annual gain to the commerce of the country, had these lands been applied, as they should have been, to the construction of the roads.

Another course might have been taken—that adopted in the case of the Illinois Central. That company was required to pay 7 per cent. of its gross earnings annually into the state treasury, as the price of the transfer of the land-grant to the company. This percentage yields the state some $600,000 annually. A great evil necessarily results from severing land-grants from the railroad to which they are made. If retained by the owners of the road, the latter have every motive to encourage their occupation, as the means of creating a traffic. They would offer the lands at low rates and on long credits, and give every facility and indulgence possible to the settlers.

These lands are now wholly held—*Irish fashion—by absentees*, or speculators, greatly to the injury of the railroads and to the interests of the people, who demand cheap lands and speedy settlement. But, from the extravagant prices asked, these land-grants are still vast wastes, and are likely for years to remain so. They cost their owners nothing; on the other hand, their owners made vast sums by the construction of the roads by which the lands were acquired. They consequently can hold them till they realize the extravagant price demanded for them. When sold, they are to be paid for by the labor of the pioneer, and not by the capital of the rich.

The total amount of the capital and debts of the two companies, on the first day of June, 1864, when the consolidation went into effect, was $30,514,000. The length of line then in operation was 609 miles. Its cost per mile was $50,098. The capital account of the company on the first day of June, 1870, the date of the last annual report, was $51,108,591. The capitalized rental of the leased roads was $16,157,375. The total capital account of the company, consequently, was $67,265,966. The present length of line owned and leased by the company is 1,156 miles. The cost per mile is $58,200. The increase of the capital account in six years has been $36,751,966, or at the rate of $6,125,327 annually. The increase of mileage has been 507 miles. The cost per mile has increased from $50,098 to $58,200.

The above statement does not include the Winona & St. Peter's Road, whose 7 per cent. bonds are guaranteed by the Chicago & North-western, nor the several lines which the Company are now building, such as the Trempeleau, whose bonds pay 10 per cent. interest; the Iowa Midland, whose 8 per cent. bonds have recently been *privately* negotiated; and the line from Madison to La Crosse.

[The directors in the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, as in the Erie, are elected for one, two, and three years. It is due to some of the present board to state that they were not parties to these original land-grant swindles.]

The examples that have been cited in this and the previous circulars show how universal have been the corruptions in the management of our railroads. These all result in an excessive cost of the works, and fall, in the end, wholly upon the people. Upon such cost dividends and interest are sought to be paid by excessive rates of charges. The people, consequently, suffer just in ratio as those preying upon them grow rich.

Since writing the above circular, I have been favored with a communication, signed by SAMUEL BARTON, and addressed to "the holders of the capital stock and *consolidation* certificates of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad." MR. BARTON is a near relative of COMMODORE VANDERBILT, and unquestionably speaks by authority. By him I am charged with willful falsification, from pecuniary motives. I disclaim utterly having any interest whatever, directly or indirectly, in New York Central Stock or Scrip; nor have I had for a long time. MR. BARTON'S role is that of the lawyer who said "he had no evidence to offer in defense, but should proceed to abuse the plaintiff to greatly help the position. The stocks on hand are much in excess of last year, and Hogs continue very plenty and very heavy at the packing points. Beef dull, but firmly held on all grades.

Pork, Mess, Western, new		$21 75@22 12½	
Pork, Prime, Western		18 00@19 00	
Pork, Thin Mess		—	
Beef, Plain Mess	$ bbl	10 00@15 00	
Beef, Extra Mess		15 00@17 50	
Beef, Prime Mess	$ tce.	$0 00@36 00	
Hams, Pickled		13 @ 15	
Shoulders, Pickled		9 @ 9¾	
Shoulders, Dry Salted		8¾@ 9	
Beef Hams, new	$ bbl	$0 00@31 00	
Lard, Prime Steam		13 @ 13¼	

SUGARS.—There has been an improved demand for Raws the past week, and holders are demanding higher prices. Both the trade and refiners have purchased to a fair extent; and at the close buyers are more anxious to operate than sellers; although a considerable degree of caution is manifested by both parties. Fair to Refining is quoted at 7⅞@8⅛ cts. Refined meets with a fair demand, and prices rule steady, but not higher. Hards are quoted at 14½@14⅝ cts.; Soft White, 13¾@13¾ cts; and Soft Yellow, 11¾@12¼ cts.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JAN. 31ST, 1871.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.—The market at the opening was higher, but closed steady.

MILCH COWS.—Trade is very dull, but prices are without important change.

VEAL CALVES.—There has been a fair demand, but prices are firmer.

SHEEP.—There has been a good demand, and the market is firm.

SWINE.—The market is less firm.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	15¾@15¾	15 @15¾
First quality	14¾@15	14¾@15
Second quality	14 @14¾	13¾@14¼
Third quality	12 @13¾	11¾@13¼
Inferior	9 @11	9¾@11
Average of all sales about	— @13¾	— @13¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$60@ 95	$60@ 95
Good	50@ 75	50@ 75
Fair	30@ 60	30@ 60
Inferior and Common	20@ 45	20@ 45

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	12 @13¼	12 @13¼
Good	10¾@11¾	10¾@11¾
Common	8 @10	8 @10
Inferior	6 @ 8	6 @ 8

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	per lb. 7¼@ 7¾	7 @ 7½
Extra	" 6¾@ 6¾	6¾@ 6¾
Good	" 6 @ 6½	6 @ 6¼
Fair	" 5 @ 5½	5 @ 5¾
Common	" 4 @ 4¾	4 @ 4¾
Extra Lambs	" — @ —	— @ —
Good	" — @ —	— @ —
Common to Fair	" — @ —	— @ —

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb
Corn-fed	6 @6¾	9½@11

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, January 30, 1871.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading articles of Domestic Dry Goods dealt in at New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to The Independent for their more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city, is worth to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	12½	Wamsutta	13½
Merrimack, D	11½	Cocheco Co	12½
Cocheco, L	11½	Arnold	8½
Berwick	11	Richmond	11
Pacific	11	Richmond	12
Amerikeag	11	Gloucester	10½
Dunnells	11	Mourning	10½
Allens	11	Lancaster	10½
Manchester	11	Oriental	10½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	15	Roanoke	13½
Hartford	12½	Glasow	14

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14½	Pepperell, R	13½
Lawrence, L	13½	" O	11½
" M	13½	" H	9½
" N	12½	" G	8½
" O	11½	" E	7½
Pacific, Extra	14½	" D	6½
" L	13½	Best, S	13½
" H	12½	" R	12½
Atlantic, A	14½	" P	11½
" P	13½	Appleton, A	13½
" D	10½	Lonsdale	13½
Augusta, A	14½	Laconia, O	12½
" B	13½	" E	11½
Stark A	14½	" D	9½
Indian Head	14½	Lyman, E	14½
Exeter, A	13½	" D	12½
" S	12½	Tremont, H	13½
Medford	13½	Indian Orchard, A	13½
Augusta	14½	" B	12½
" B	13½	" BR	10½
Pittsfield, A	14½	Falls, H	9½
Bedford, R	14½	Great Falls, J	13½
Bedford, B	8	" M	11½
Pocasset	11½	" E	9½
Newmarket, K	10½	Dwight, A	14½
" F	9	" B	12½

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills, 44	27	Reynolds, AA	11½
Wamsutta, 44	19	Mystic Lake, 44	12½
" 40	17	Baltic, 44	12½
Tuscarora, 44	16	" 40	11½
Lonsdale, 44	15½	Lonsdale, 44	15½
White Rock, 44	15½	" Cambric, 44	13½
Forestdale, 44	15½	Hill, 44	12½
Masonville, 44	15½	" 40	11½
Blackstone, 44	15½	Bartlett, 44	13½
Hope, 44	15½	" 40-inch	12½
Langdon, 44	13½	" 36-inch	11½
" 40-inch	14½	James Spur, Mills 44	13½
" 36-inch	13½	" 40-inch	12½
Waureegan, 44	13	" 36-inch	11½
Pemperell, 44	23½	Great Falls, E	13½
" 40	22½	" 40	12½
" 36	21½	" 36	11½
" 30	20½	Red Bank, 44	9½
Utica, 44	17	" 40	8½
" 40	16	Waltham, X	11½
" 36	15	" 40-inch	12½
Boot, R	8½	" 36-inch	11½
" S	7½	Bay Mills	12½
" T	6½	Green, G	14½
Androscoggin	13½	Amoskeag, 2	13½
Canoe	9½	" 3	11½
Utica, A	18		
" Long Cloth	17		

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	20	Otis Company, CC	18
York	20	" AA	20
Blue Hill	17½	" AAA	24
Warren, Waterville	18	Warren, Brown	22
Union	18	Lewiston, Brown	25
Manchester	18	Columbian	25

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	20	Whittenton, A	17½
York	20	" Bb	15½
Uncasville	20	" C	13½
American	19½	Easte	16½
Hamilton	19½	Thorndike	15
Everett	13½	Harmoker	13

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	22½	Swift River	13½
York, 32-inch	24	Methuen, AA	13½
Amoskeag, A	16	Hamilton, Regular	13
" B	15	Hamilton, Brook	13
" C	13	Everett	13½
" D	11	" Extra	16
Conestoga, Gold Mt	22	Hampden, CC	16
Extra, 4-4	20	Pearl River	15
		Pittsfield	13

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	11½	Pepperell	13½
Laconia	11½	Bates	13½
Naumkeag Satteen	14½	Indian Orchard	10
New Market	10	Everett	13½

BROWN DRILLINGS.

Appleton	12½	Lowell	13
Tremont	13½	Sprague	13
Hilleton, P	12½	Amoskeag	13
" O	11		
Winthrop	12½		

DELAINES.

Lowell	18		
Sprague	18		
Armures	18		

CANTON FLANNELS.

Everett	16½	Hamilton	17
Amoskeag, A	20	Laconia	16
Hilleton, P	18	Nashua, A	20
" O	20		

HOWES & MACY, Bankers (the same as an incorporated bank), No. 30 Wall St., New York. Four per cent. interest allowed on deposits, and collections made everywhere at current rates.

BOYNTON'S

Portable and Brick Set Furnaces, for heating all classes of Private and Public Buildings, with Anthracite, Bituminous Coal, or Wood; Family and Hotel Low and Double Oven Ranges; Improved Baltimore Fire Place Heaters; Parlor Furnaces and Double Heaters; Cooking, Parlor, Office, School, Laundry, and Depot Stoves, have for many years been known as the most desirable goods of this class in the country, and have been more generally and extensively used. Thirty years of practical experience have given us a thorough knowledge of the business, in all its branches, such as few possess. We now have a most complete stock of the above goods.

We have REDUCED our PRICES to correspond with the times, and have increased our Facilities for Manufacturing, and are prepared to fill orders to any extent.

We also guarantee the work we do ourselves to be perfectly satisfactory.

RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO.,
SEND FOR CIRCULARS. 234 WATER ST., N.Y.

THE
CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.
OF IOWA

HAVE BUILT AND EQUIPPED 180 MILES of the new road, through the richest portion of Iowa, thus opening the first through route across the State from North to South. Parties desiring to invest in

FIRST MORTGAGE 7 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS,

on finished road, issued at the rate of only $16,000 to the mile, and offered at 90 and accrued interest in currency, are invited to send to this office, or to any of the Company's advertised Agents, and obtain pamphlets, with full particulars.

Parties exchanging Governments for these Bonds will receive about one-third more interest upon the investment.

W. B. SHATTUCK, Treasurer,
NO. 25 PINE STREET, NEW YORK.

EXPLANATION.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

is entirely vegetable and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts, The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany; all the medical virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country, to be used expressly for the manufacture of this Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters hence it is free from all the objections incident to the use of a liquor preparation.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC
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is a pleasant preparation of the Bitters for those who do not like extreme Bitter. It is composed of all the ingredients of the Bitters combined with pure Santa Cruz rum and agreeable flavoring extracts. Its use is recommended when some pure stimulant is required in connection with the tonic properties of the Bitters. These remedies are a

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TESTIMONY

like the following was never before offered in behalf of any medicinal preparation:

HON. C. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:

Philadelphia, March 16th, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a good Tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system.
Yours, truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD.

HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,

Philadelphia, April 29th, 1865.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.
Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

HON. GEO. SHARSWOOD,
Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,

Philadelphia, June 1st, 1868.

I have found by experience that "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a very good tonic, relieving dyspeptic symptoms almost directly. GEORGE SHARSWOOD.

HON. WM. F. ROGERS,
Mayor of the City of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mayor's Office, Buffalo, June 23d, 1868.

I have used "Hoofland's German Bitters and Tonic" in my family during the past year, and can recommend them as an excellent tonic, imparting tone and vigor to the system. Their use has been productive of decidedly beneficial effects. WM. F. ROGERS.

HON. JAMES M. WOOD,
Ex-Mayor of Williamsport, Pennsylvania,

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GEORGE BLAKSWOOD.

Buffalo, June 23d, 1869.
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Lands exempted from taxation for 15 years by acts of Legislature.
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The Independent.

LOUIS NAPOLEON INTERVIEWED AT HAM.

BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.

AMONG the miseries of captivity in the 19th century, that of being interviewed is, perhaps, the most distressing. The ex-Emperor has suffered a good deal in this way. Since he has been at Wilhelmshöhe the Bohemians have pestered him continually, and the world has been regaled with accounts of his personal appearance, political reflections, and philosophical composure, truly astonishing. Landor's Imaginary Conversations must yield to the delicious realism of the reporter. He listens to stale secrets with the coolness of a diplomatist, and serves up an emperor with as much unconcern as he would chronicle a dog-fight. From the limpness of Cæsar's moustache to the state of his health; from his disregard of hair-dye to his opinion of Bismarck; from his ideas on Original Sin to his views of the future of France—nothing escapes the interviewer. His mind takes in the most diverse objects, and colors with its own lively fancy the driest and dullest of facts. We can conceive of Louis Napoleon writhing under the infliction, sighing for the solitary imprisonment of Baron Trenck, enlivened only by an intelligent mouse, rather than the persistent nibblings of these relentless rats.

It is not the first time, however, that he has been thus victimized. As long ago as 1845, when he was a prisoner at Ham, an interviewer found him out. This was no less a person than the Chevalier Wikoff, who, though not exactly the Bayard of the 19th century, is a hero without fear, if not without reproach. To be interviewed by Wikoff is like being dissected by Macaulay or praised by Tupper. The man who, when employed by the British Foreign Office as a convenient instrument to effect an *entente cordiale* between France and England, badgered Palmerston so that in sheer self-defense he had to turn him out was merely repeating the tactics which he practiced at the Castle of Ham. He acknowledges that he once shocked the propriety of the secretary of the British embassy in Paris by proposing to print in the leading journals of that city an account of his conversation with Lord Palmerston. "Why," said the astonished secretary, "do you think, after publishing a gentleman's conversation, you would ever be admitted to his house again?" "That's a very highbred notion of yours," replied the Chevalier, who was unable to see that such conduct would be contrary alike to diplomacy and good taste.

As it was no easy matter to obtain admission to the Fortress of Ham, where Louis Napoleon was carefully guarded, the interviewer, by advice of Count D'Orsay, wrote a letter to the French minister of the interior, stating that as a resident of the United States and a friend of the captive prince he wished to pay his respects to him. Having after some delay obtained the desired permission, he posted rapidly to Ham. Unlike many interviewers, he had some personal acquaintance with his victim, having dined with him at Joseph Bonaparte's, five years before, in London. On reaching the fortress, he presented his letter of authority from the minister, and was told by the commandant that his interview with the Prince must be limited to four hours, and that he would not be allowed to see him again. This astonished Wikoff, who had counted on many visits, and the idea of being restricted to four hours struck him as unreasonable and absurd.

He had brought with him his valet, Baptiste, an ardent Bonapartist, who was especially anxious to see the Prince.

"Who is this person with you?" said the commandant, casting his eyes on Baptiste, who quivered under his stern gaze.

"It is a favorite servant, who begs your permission to ——"

"Impossible," said the commandant, who anticipated my request. "He must retire instantly."

"Do you hear," I said to Baptiste, who seemed disposed to turn into marble he looked so white and petrified, "*sauve qui peut!*"

Following the officer who was deputed to escort him to the apartments of the Prince, past the sentinels who guarded the approaches, he went up two narrow flights of stone stairs, and, turning to the left down a dark corridor, reached his door, which was opened by a valet standing outside. Louis Napoleon, who was seated at his table, covered with books and pictures, rose and welcomed the visitor. The latter was struck with the change in the appearance of the Prince since he last saw him. He was thin, pale, and sickly looking; and his manner, though affable, indicated dejection, which contrasted strangely with his martial air when in London. The interviewer was hardly less surprised at the extreme rudeness of the room. The walls were bare and the floor was without a carpet. A single table, on which, among other things, was a student's lamp, and three or four wooden chairs constituted its principal furniture. There were, however, rows of well-filled bookshelves in the recess on each side of the mantel-piece. A common clock and a plain looking-glass, with several engravings and some miniatures of the Bonapartes, completed the scanty inventory. This room, as the Prince said, served him for a study and *salon*, one of its doors opening into a small bed-room. The interviewer expressed surprise that the governor should assign him such miserable quarters; but the Prince said he was very well off now that the damp brick floor, which was injurious to his health, had been removed. This philosophical composure excited the sympathy of Wikoff, who thus gave expression to his feelings: "I cannot but admire, Prince, the patient good-humor with which you support these spiteful acts of malevolence. It is just the treatment which an enemy inflicted on your illustrious uncle, the Emperor, when at St. Helena; but his fierce spirit chafed itself away under indignities he could not brook. Your resignation, Prince, will likely foil the cruel anticipations that were probably entertained."

Meanwhile, the Chevalier was eager to learn the secret history of the unsuccessful attempts to dethrone Louis Philippe. Nearly an hour had passed, and he had not touched upon the main object of his visit. He was startled by his own venturesome audacity, and hesitated to go on. "Now that the occasion was within my grasp," he says, "I felt a strange reluctance to seize it. A sudden sense of my presumption overcame me at seeking to penetrate the veil which hung over secrets of such solemn importance as the conspiracies of Strasbourg and Boulogne." Afraid to approach the subject directly, lest the Prince should think him ill-bred, he did not like even to allude to it, as his motives would probably be discerned, and his impertinence rebuked. At last, however, a favorable opportunity occurred; and, the ice having been broken, the Prince told the story of the Strasbourg expedition, which failed to account for his surprising vacillation when the moment for decisive action arrived. Bold to rashness in planning his ventures, he was a mere imbecile in their execution.

The conversation then turned upon his residence in the United States. His observations on the tendencies of our institutions and the character of our people are given at some length. He expressed surprise at the latitude of liberty in this country, contrasting it favorably with what he then regarded as a crying misfortune, the excess of governmental interference with everything in France. Then follows some strictures on the social distinctions that exist here, as illustrated by his experience in New York. While staying at a hotel there, he was visited by a gentlemanly person, representing himself as a simple citizen, who invited him to an evening party at his house. This invitation he gladly accepted, and kept his appointment. Everything in and about the spacious and elegant mansion was in excellent taste, and, as the entertainment was luxurious and the guests were well-dressed and agreeable, the time passed very pleasantly. On relating the circumstance, the next day, to some of his friends he happened to mention the name of his host. To his astonishment, they said a great liberty had been taken with him, and were indignant at what they called the fellow's impertinence. On inquiry, the Prince learned that nothing whatever could be urged against him but the fact that he did not belong to "the best society." Surprised to find that the struggle for ascendancy in the social scale was as conspicuous here as in Europe, he maintained that in a free country this was unnatural and absurd. The ignorance of human nature betrayed by Louis Napoleon in these remarks throws some light on his gloomy failures. Political systems can never obliterate social distinctions, which are the outgrowth of a desire for superiority inherent in the constitution of man. It is well known that the Prince's reckless life in New York closed against him the doors of its best society; and it is not strange that he should have been disposed to be severe on the system which ostracized him. The same reason may have led him to place too high an estimate on the character of his entertainers. He naturally attracted some attention from the associations connected with his name, and his own desperate adventures; but it was prompted by curiosity rather than respect.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Louis Napoleon's revelations related to his reasons for organizing the Boulogne expedition. Irritated by the demand made upon the Government of Switzerland for his extradition, he was still more excited by the enthusiasm of the French people on learning that the remains of the Emperor were on their way back from St. Helena. He was urged by his partisans to place himself at the head of the funeral procession on its route to Paris, as France would recognize his claims to the place of chief mourner. "The sacred ashes of our French Cæsar," they cried, "are crossing the sea; and will not young Octavius come to convey them back to Rome?" But the Prince replied that he would not intrude his private griefs upon the public sorrow. At last, however, he yielded to their solicitations, and preparations were made for the attempt. Louis Napoleon then informed the interviewer of the voluntary offers of service made to him by personages of the highest rank and influence, and of the forces ready to assist him. He mentioned circumstances and names which, if made public, would, in the opinion of Wikoff, have changed the opinion of Europe on that Quixotic enterprise. It is probable, however, that Louis Napoleon either deceived himself or the interviewer in this matter. The Boulogne expedition was only the first fruit of a reckless audacity and incurable vacillation which reached its climax in the Prussian War.

This interview was remarkable as showing the fixed determination of Louis Napoleon, notwithstanding his numerous failures, to become the ruler of France. The belief in his destiny, which he so frequently expressed, while it was the primary cause of his overthrow, undoubtedly sustained him under reverses that would have discouraged a less sanguine spirit. His long imprisonment, by affording leisure for reflection, enabled him to profit by the opportunities presented by the Revolution of 1848, soon after his escape from the fortress. The contrast between the discomforts of that confinement and the luxurious captivity at Wilhelmshöhe is less striking than that between his youthful prospects and now ruined fortunes. Then he could look forward with hope. Now he can only look back with regret. Wikoff could cheer him then with words of encouragement; but he must be a bold interviewer who would venture to predict for the Nephew of his Uncle any further control over the destinies of France.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE bill of Papal Guaranties and Immunities having just been passed by the Chamber of Deputies, it is curious to hear the howl of disappointment that goes up from the Catholic journals of Rome. The reader could almost believe that he had gone back two or three hundred years, or at any rate that the old days of religious intolerance were struggling hard to come to life again in the persons of these same indignant and, it must be confessed, consistent Papists. What a pity these amiable people cannot have things quite their own way, and give us all the old appliances for conversion; or a new Inquisition with refined modern facilities for torture! It is plain to see that they lack only the power, by no means the will.

They are keen enough to see, in the first place, that this new law, with the restrictions and modifications introduced and carried by the Liberal deputies, is really nothing less than the practical destruction of the Pope's spiritual power, construed by the government into his spiritual liberty, which, however, is not to be *exclusively his own*. He is not to be allowed a monopoly in religious rights! This does, in fact, annul the First Article of the National Statutes, declaring the Catholic religion the religion of the state. I quote exactly from one of their papers:

"Thus Catholicism is by this law put on a par with all the other religions, that hitherto have been regarded as merely *tolerated;* and the same privileges and guaranties are now wickedly extended to all those worships that have been assigned to the Catholic religion. In other words, this law affords a propitious occasion to put the religion of the state among the other tolerated ones; which means that the religion of the state no longer exists, and that the Rabbin and the Pope are on the same level as to religion and the spiritual rights therein inherent, and that the Pope, by a *temporary favor*, which will disappear with the progress of time, is left the honors of a sovereign after being deprived of sovereignty! The impudence and provocation of this bill are only the moral of a revolution that dares to *decide* the *rights* of the Pope."

Such is the temper of the whole article, rendered doubly vehement by capitals and italics, at which I have only hinted, and which is certainly not an extreme sample of three or four Papal sheets now published in Rome, and devoted to a shrewd partisanship of the Pope and a bitter opposition to the new *régime*.

But what concessions does the new bill really make? In the first place, as you know, the person of the Sovereign Pontiff is declared free and inviolable, sovereign honors are due to him in all the kingdom, and the honorary pre-eminence hitherto paid him by Catholic sovereigns is maintained. Here, at any rate, is the outer shell of the royalty so loudly insisted on. Does it go no deeper? His Papal Guards, limited to the existing number, are to be left him; so that at least a remnant of the rainbow uniforms traditionally ascribed to Michael Angelo's invention, and which, in spite of their illustrious origin, forcibly remind one of some gorgeous circus-clown's attire, will still haunt the Vatican, and perhaps prove a mild mitigation to the afflictions of its august tenant. Then Italy takes upon its public debt the sum—over three million francs—annually credited in the Roman budget "to the use of the Sovereign Pontiff, the College of Cardinals," etc. He is allowed, free of tax or public charge, the pontifical palaces of the Vatican and of Santa Maria Maggiore, with all the buildings, gardens, and grounds attached, as well as his Villa of Castel Gandalfo—whither, by the way, it is believed that the Pope will retire on the eve of the King's entrance. Does all this look like the "cruel imprisonment," the "martyrdom," against which Pius IX and Antonelli ever since the 20th of September have been protesting in numerous letters to the Catholics of Europe?

All councils and conclaves are to meet under armed government protection. Yet the Pope, in a late encyclical made the alleged persecutions of government a plea for dissolving the last Council!

The Pontiff is free to perform all the functions of his spiritual ministry, and to publish in the usual way all edicts of that ministry, without any interference on the part of the Government. What more, as a spiritual sovereign, would he ask? Yet the rejection of the article following this in the original bill, giving cardinals and other ecclesiastics full liberty to execute any edict whatsoever of the Pontiffs, probably because it is practically implied and included in the preceding, provokes another righteous protest from the journal above quoted, which declares that the liberties promised in the one are essentially neutralized by leaving out the other.

Furthermore, the Holy See is to have free correspondence with all the Catholic world, untrammeled by the Italian Government. Also, the Pope may establish in the Vatican postal and telegraphic offices, provided with clerks of his own choosing; and his mails and dispatches are exempt from all tax within Italian territory, with other similar courtesies: *apropos* of which Viscount Venosta, minister of foreign affairs, in a just published circular to Italian representatives abroad, carefully refutes the Pope's assertion, in a late letter to his cardinals, that the Papal mails and telegrams were interfered with during the march of Italian troops toward Rome. On the contrary, all sealed papers and secret telegrams were forwarded throughout without the least interruption. In another letter, the minister also contradicts a statement of Antonelli's in his last voluminous letter to the Papal Nuncios about the disorderly violence of the Italian troops after entering Rome. It is marvelous that even a Jesuit should venture such an utter perversion of facts as the whole city can testify this to be. The admirable order of these Italian soldiers was, indeed, on everybody's lips, and men were amazed that immediately after the fall of a government supported for so many years by mercenaries, whom the people feared and hated, Rome should so quickly resume her ordinary aspect.

All the other articles but one are of minor importance, though most of them involve various concessions and privileges to the Papacy. That one concerns the independent spiritual jurisdiction of the Pontiff, and was finally so amended as to effect for all the other religions professed in the kingdom that same freedom from civil interference that is accorded to the Papal hierarchy. Of course, this is the particular sentence that, as we have seen, more than any other provokes the Papal spleen. It must be confessed that the dose is a bitter one; but, since it must have come some day, why not the sooner the better?

Somewhat too much of all this, however; though I would like to say a word about the view taken of this matter by certain other sides. The Ultra-Liberals call it mere "ministerial pastry," a mixture of expediency and folly. They complain that with these embarrassing concessions the Papacy will become more potent than ever, to the disquiet of the nation. "Not even the proverbial indifference of our people toward religious questions will neutralize the evils of this fatal measure." Some of the deputies of the Right do not deny the evils they may have brought upon the country by this means; but they console themselves with reflecting that they cannot be obliged to keep their promises, for any law is easily revoked. In short, they agree it is only a temporary measure, a kind of sop to the Cerberus of foreign Catholic powers. The great thing now, they say, is to get a footing in Rome; and, since the ministry make a sufficient question of these guaranties for the independence of the Pontiff, and we cannot just now safely provoke a crisis, or even a duel, which might look as though Italy were indifferent about giving these promised guaranties, better to accept the ministerial bill with all its faults.

Moreover, the Left had a chance—by making their voting for the new bill hinge upon the acceptance of certain important modifications by them introduced, such as that virtually annulling the state religion—to gain an apparent party victory, though when so important a measure was settled in three sessions of the private committee the struggle can hardly have been a hot one, and must have found easy allies in the Right and Center.

Some of the deputies, however, have been earnestly protesting against the whole scheme; and, indeed, in view of it, even against making Rome the nation's capital at all. Says one: "This co-existence of two governments is impossible. Even in the middle ages the Emperor lived in Germany, and the Pope in Rome. Even in Japan the two sovereigns must have separate cities. You are organizing civil war. Moreover, the Pope will not accept your offers. His last encyclical shows it. You went to Rome to overturn a hated government; you go there now to re-establish it.

Another, and this a member of the Right, calls the government's policy that of the "Priest and the Rifleman," and reproaches it with deserting its friends and becoming the "executive power of the Left," in weakly yielding to their clamors to enter Rome by force. He then proposes, as the only practicable solution, that Rome be made a free city, under the sovereignty of the Pope, and with the protection and friendship of Italy!

So little were these sentiments shared, however, by the majority of both parties, that, when the Chamber proceeded to put to vote the bill sanctioning the *Plebiscito* of the Roman Provinces, it passed by a majority of 239 to 20!

Radical journals here complain that the government hesitates to come to Rome because it fears the Pope, with his excommunications; or the much-talked-of two hundred million European Catholics that it expects ready to pounce on Rome as soon as the condition of Europe will permit.

"It was only fear," they say, "that pushed it to open the breach at Porta Pia—fear of the Radical party, fear of public opinion. Had it done it as a matter of principle, it would be couragcous and not cowardly to-day."

It is, in fact, much to be desired that the government should come here as quickly as possible. Though the pictures of Roman discontent are, no doubt, overdrawn, it is certain they are sadly out of sorts with the government, and that if the *Plebiscito* of the 2d of October were taken over again just now the result would be something different.

They complain that too much has been given to the Pope; that favor is shown to his friends, while the rights of the loyal *popolani* are disregarded. In fact, the affairs of the city are in such chaos, from various causes, that none of her first men are willing to be elected syndic; and, when the provisional government appointed by the King goes out at the first of the year, there is a chance that Rome will have no head to superintend her preparations for the approaching *festa* of the King's arrival.

When that is to be people have wellnigh ceased to prophesy, as every new report puts it a week later than the last. Let us hope, however, for the sake of these much-suffering, hope-deferring Romans, that the new year will not be many days old before the jubilee begins. Three days, at least, it is to last, and lavish preparations are already under way. The entrance of their sovereign will no doubt rekindle something of the old enthusiasm, and prepare the people to wait more patiently for the removal hither of the capital, which, let us also hope, in spite of serious problems to be solved, will slowly set things straight.

ROME, ITALY, Dec. 26th, 1870.

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF THE PROTESTANT POWERS.

BY HENRY S. BURRAGE.

Or the facts of modern history there is one which, as Protestants, we cannot have failed to notice. It is this: That in the more than three centuries which have succeeded what Milton calls "the bright and blissful Reformation" Protestantism has won for itself no new dominions in Europe. Yet, in pondering this thought, should we yield ourselves to the vain regret that it has not been otherwise? May it not be that God, who marshals the events of the ages in accordance with an eternal plan, designed that these boundaries should thus for a while remain fixed, in order that the value of the principles which the Reformers asserted might be more and more vindicated to the world in the growing superiority of the Protestant powers as compared with the Catholic powers around them. For this, also, is a fact, that the Protestant powers are to-day in the ascendant. England and Prussia in the Old World and the United States in the New now form the front rank of the nations. And this remark is true not because France has been recently stripped of her power. Four years ago, in one of those sermons such as the walls of Notre Dame in Paris have seldom echoed, Father Hyacinthe compared the waning fortunes of the Catholic powers with the prosperous condition of England, Prussia, and the United States; and, in words which should have been heeded, urged his countrymen to strive earnestly to exercise a purer faith, in order that France might again become great and the Catholic powers again triumphant. The preacher knew too well the weakness of the existing government.

With this fact before us—the pre-eminence of the Protestant powers—may we not well inquire whether there is any thing in Protestantism, as distinguished from Romanism, which, in the progress of the centuries, has secured this result?

In seeking an answer to this question, let us first consider the fact that Protestantism, in making religion the personal concern of every human soul, demands intelligent action; and this secures, wherever it exists, the intellectual advancement of society. Romanism, on the other hand, denies the right of private judgment, and thus represses intellectual activity. Indeed, it was against the assumption of the Romish Church that religion is the exclusive domain of the ecclesiastical order, and that all outside of its priesthood are under an absolute spiritual dominion, that the Reformers uttered their earliest and most solemn protest. "Dominion belongs to grace," said Wickliffe. In order, therefore, to secure the establishment of that dominion among his countrymen, he translated the Scriptures into the English tongue. Luther performed the same service for Germany, with a like end in view. And, when the peasants, by their Romish teachers, were ordered to give up their German New Testaments, he cried: "No, not a single leaf." Indeed, so speedily and so heartily did the Word of God enter into the possession of the Reformers that Chillingworth, ere long, could say: "The Bible, the Bible is the religion of Protestants." But this diffusion of the Scriptures could not but be followed by increasing intellectual activity; for of what use were the sacred oracles, even in one's own tongue, without the ability to read. Protestantism, therefore, allied itself with popular education. Schools were opened; "divine and human learning," as Milton says, were "raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues"; and human mind, delivered from its long bondage, entered at once upon a nobler career. With intelligence, advancing under the inspiration of a purer faith, came the social virtues which flow therefrom; so that, regarding this popular reception of the Scriptures in its widest influence, we know what Coleridge meant when he said, that "the finest flower he ever saw climbing round a poorman's window was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible he saw lying within."

But there is another fact which we should notice—one, too, no less powerful in its influence than that to which reference has just been made—namely, that Protestantism, in making religion the personal concern of every human soul, is democratic in its spirit, and naturally allies itself with popular freedom. For notice that with the Bible in their hands the Reformers were not long in discovering the idea of absolute equality among men. Calvinism, the principles of which were widely embraced by the Protestants of England and Germany, boldly asserted this truth. Says Bancroft: "Did a proud aristocracy trace its lineage through generations of high-born ancestry? The republican Reformer, with a loftier pride, invaded the invisible world, and from the book of life brought down the record of the noblest enfranchisement, decreed from all eternity by the King of kings." Therefore it was that the sovereigns of Europe, the advocates of Catholicism, hated Calvinism as they hated Republicanism. Charles II of England declared it to be a religion unfit for a gentleman. Philip II of Spain called the Calvinists a "detestable sect." When the Roman Inquisition was revived, in 1542, it was ordered that heretics, "especially Calvinists," should not be tolerated. It was because of their political principles that these men were thus hated. It was because "they owned no king but the King of Heaven; no aristocracy but of the redeemed; no bondage but the hopeless and eternal bondage of sin." Says Mr. Buckle, who by no means can be accused of any affection for the religious views of Calvin: "The doctrines which in England are called Calvinistic have been always connected with a democratic spirit." We should not forget, he adds, that Puritans and Independents were, with scarcely an exception, Calvinists; that the first open movement against Charles proceeded from Scotland, where the principles of Calvin had long been in the ascendant. So was it on the Continent. Indeed, it may boldly be asserted that popular freedom, wherever enjoyed, is an inheritance from the Calvinists of that early day. Therefore it is thought an English writer was right when he said, not long ago, that Protestantism "falls in with the new relations that are beginning to subsist between those who rule and those who are ruled." One may go still further, and affirm that Protestantism not only falls in with, but demands these new relations in the political world.

If this is so, if Protestantism has secured the pre-eminence of the Protestant powers, what shall we say of those, the ritualists of to-day, who, having inherited the Protestant faith, and with it the added blessings which have ennobled the human mind and given to modern civilization its loftiest character, are yet not only found wending their way toward Rome, but luring others thitherward? Must we gather up the fetters which after many a fierce struggle we were enabled to cast aside, and, repairing their broken links, bind them again around our minds and hearts? God forbid! Rather let us cling to the faith which we have received, and, advocating it in its purity, seek to extend the dominion of Protestantism

"till the smallest habitable rock,
Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
Of humanized society, and bloom
With civil arts that send their fragrance forth,
A grateful tribute to all ruling Heaven."

The Independent.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

CANADA.

If it would only make out of its weekly matter six dailies, to be sold on the streets at a cent, it would do immense good to New York, and make a fortune for its proprietors. As evangelical, factorial sheet, daily, is the thing most needed in New York.—*Montreal Witness.*

The last number of the New York INDEPENDENT, with its magnificent illustrated supplement, freshly proclaims it the Prussia of religious journalism.—*London Advertiser.*

MAINE.

Theodore Tilton has retired from the editorship of THE INDEPENDENT, and Henry C. Bowen, the publisher, is now also the editor. The chief characteristic of THE INDEPENDENT is what its name indicates; and we know of no higher quality that a journal or an individual can possess. For general ability THE INDEPENDENT is unsurpassed, if not unrivaled. It ought not to say less; could we say more?—*Riverside Echo.*

Theodore Tilton, Esq., has retired from the editorship of THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT, and is succeeded by Henry C. Bowen, Esq., the proprietor of the paper. THE INDEPENDENT is probably the most widely circulated religious journal in this country, and each number contains a very large amount of reading matter. The proprietor promises to improve it yet more.—*Zion's Advocate.*

THE INDEPENDENT is the most widely circulated religious journal in this country, and each number contains a very large amount of reading matter. The proprietor promises to improve it yet more.—*Waterville Mail.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

As newspaper readers generally have one or two religious papers among their selections, we have, from a long acquaintance, no hesitation in recommending to their favorable notice the NEW YORK INDEPENDENT. It is a large sheet, well filled with profitable reading, mostly original, by some of the best newspaper writers of the day. If in its "progressive" zeal it may occasionally step on the toes of the more cautious and conservative, if it does so in a good spirit, and with an honest purpose to hurry them up to the spirit of the times, no harm will be done. It is a fully conducted, well-managed paper, and no expense seems to be spared to make it one of the best newspapers in the country. During the war it was unwavering in its devotion to the "old flag," and has since been equally devoted to the principles which were established under the triumph of our arms.—*Northern Advocate.*

THE INDEPENDENT excites our admiration for size, contents, appearance, enterprise. It is a wonderful paper. It says many things which are too radical for us radicals, and a great many more things which give us delight. We are glad to see that the immense outlay of the publishers is yielding a liberal return. —*Morning Star.*

Theodore Tilton has retired from the editorial chair of THE INDEPENDENT, which is henceforth to be edited by its proprietor, H. C. Bowen. THE INDEPENDENT is about as radical on the slavery question as has been conducted with marked ability.—*Laconia Democrat.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

By the way, here is as good a place as any to speak a word for THE INDEPENDENT. A good many people have all along supposed that the success of that paper, so far as its circulation is concerned, has not been principally owing to Mr. Bowen; but they are mistaken. Its pecuniary independence, through its immense advertising, is not his sole success; but to his large liberality in the employment of contributors, at very great expense, is the circulation of the paper due, to a great extent. Take the last number, for instance. Two such articles as those by Mr. Sumner and Mr. Colfax are worth a vast deal in the way of advertising the paper; yet the latter was solely Mr. Bowen's, and for the last ten years all such strokes have originated with Mr. Bowen. In short, he has a great business building a paper. He knows how to hit the public. Mr. Tilton's brilliancy and Mr. Johnson's admirable taste and industry made the paper a thoroughly good one in all its departments; but the engagements with our most distinguished people to write for THE INDEPENDENT were by Mr. Bowen, and his forethought and princely liberality made them successful.—*Washington correspondent of Springfield Republican.*

THE INDEPENDENT is one of the ablest, if not the very ablest paper published in the United States. Its leading editors are regularly employed in the office, it includes among it s contributors many of the best writers in its several departments; men of every variety of opinion and in almost every position, from Vice-President Colfax down. These "contributors" write over their own signatures, and they alone are responsible for what they may have to say; but in the editorial columns the paper has a distinct and outspoken opin on of its own on all leading questions of the day. No one need expect to agree with everything it says; but, on the other hand, no one need expect to go to sleep over its leaders. The paper is one of the few in the country has so good a record to show.

THE INDEPENDENT is the largest weekly publication in the world. It is also the most catholic in its dispensation of religious ideas. To call it the best *religious newspaper* would only disparage our thought of its excellence. It is better than all others combined. More than that, it is the BEST PAPER. In character, as well as in its scope of intelligence, as a dissector of public opinion and herald of human progress, it transcends the conceptive worth of all the weekly competitors for its popularity and prestige. Its circulation is immense, if not unparalleled, and shows it to be an institution of which the Yankee nation is proud. If we could pretend ability equal to its present management, and were exalted to the chair of its editor, we should unhesitatingly look *down* upon that of President Grant.—*Hudson Pioneer.*

THE INDEPENDENT is one of the largest and best family newspapers published in New York City. It gives the largest amount of reading matter of any paper of its size, and is a most fearless and impartial critic of the questions and men of the day. Under the charge of the new editor, as well as publisher, it will undoubtedly take a new lease of life, and sustain its rank as one of the foremost papers in America. Every household should have their local paper, and THE INDEPENDENT to complete the comfort of their home for the coming year.—*Naugatuck Sentinel.*

THE INDEPENDENT for June 2 is more admirable than we have room to describe. Within its twelve mammoth pages of nine columns each—the best of which is half covered with a pictorial attempt to "wake up grandpapa," and the last wholly devoted to sketches of human ways at "Central Park"—we have actually counted 60 articles of reading matter, some of them being very lengthy, as the sermon by Beecher. The publisher glories in the present issue of this hebdomadal, whose last mail weighed over *nine and a quarter tons.*—*Hudson Pioneer.*

Henry C. Bowen's tact and talent as a publisher have been unrivaled, and his intellectual powers and energy cannot fail to keep THE INDEPENDENT up to its present high standard.—*Salem Gazette.*

It is a complete embodiment of the spirit of the times, is brilliantly edited, and presents an array of talented and popular contributors sufficient to maintain it if it were not edited at all.—*The Universalist.*

By a large class in

The Independent.

IMMORTELLE.

BY HENRY RANDALL WAITE.

I.

Buds of April, flowers of May,
Born of sunshine into Spring—
Early blossoms in decay,
Death on life fast following—
Snowdrop, crocus, mignonette
Anemone and violet,
Breath of sweetness, beauty fled,
Balmed in dew-drops—all are dead.

II.

Wealth of summer, fruit of June,
Ripened where the sunbeams fell,
White and golden, Flora's boon
Given to love her love to tell—
Red with blushes, roses bright,
Pure as snow is, roses white,
Bloom departed, fallen all,
Leaves of Autumn are their pall.

III.

Brightness of the evening skies
Imaged on the earth below,
Blending Autumn's many dyes
With the sunset's crimson glow.
Asters! blossom while you may,
Lift your heads and bloom to-day,
For above you, shining high,
Stars shall see you droop and die.

IV.

Hopes, like buds of early May;
Joys, like flowers of riper June—
Asters of life's autumn day—
Will not fade and fall so soon.
If they be of Heavenly birth
They shall rise above the earth,
They shall reach within the sky,
They shall bloom when stars shall die.

ABOUT FINGER RINGS.

[COMPILED FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

ALMOST every ring worn by a human finger is a prophecy or a history. If the story of all the finger rings ever worn could be told, it would make the most marvelous revelation of human life ever published. By that little circlet have hearts been won and broken, kingdoms bought and sold, destinies sealed for time and eternity.

We not only find rings in the most ancient times, but we also trace them in mythology. Rings have been discovered in the cinerary urns of the Greeks. The idea that rings in Roman urns were secretly and piously placed there is strengthened by the fact that it was contrary to the laws of Rome to bury gold with the dead.

In the Scriptures the signet-ring is frequently named; and Quintus Curtius tells us that Alexander wore one. After his fatal debauch, and finding himself past recovery, and his voice beginning to fail, he gave his ring to his general, Perdiccas, with orders to convey his corpse to the Temple of Ammon. A ring denoted eternity among the Hindoos, Persians, and Egyptians; and Brahma, as the creator of the world, bears a ring in his hand. The Egyptian priests in the temple of the creative Ptaha (Vulcan of the Greeks) represented the year under the form of a ring made of a serpent having its tail in its mouth—a very common shape of ancient rings. Although Jupiter is often figured with attributes of mighty power, yet he is seldom coupled with a mark of eternity. There is, however, a gem (an aqua-marine) engraved in *intaglio* of this deity holding a ring as the emblem of eternity.

There is scarcely a hard substance of which rings have not been composed. All the metals have been brought into requisition. First, iron; then, as in Rome, it was mingled with gold.

Conquerors wore iron rings until Caius Marius changed the fashion. He had one when he triumphed over King Jugurtha. And, while stones have lent their aid as garniture for metal, these two have made the whole hoop.

We find rings of two stones. Such were those which the Emperor Valerianus gave to Claudius.

Near to the Pyramids cornelian rings have been discovered. Rings of glass and other vitreous material have been found. Emerald rings were discovered at Pompeii, also glass used instead of gems. Some made entirely of one stone, as of amber, have been obtained.

With the Egyptians bronze was seldom used in rings, though frequently in signets. They were mostly of gold, and this metal seems to have been always preferred to silver.

Ivory and blue porcelain were the materials of which those worn by the lower classes were made.

An ancient ring of jet has been dug up in England.

The rings of the classical ancients were rather incrusted than set in gold in our slight manner.

The first mention of a Roman gold ring is in the year 422 B. C.; but they at last were indiscriminately worn by the Romans. Three bushels were gathered out of the spoils after Hannibal's victory at Cannæ.

Sir Isaac Newton was possessed of a small magnet set in a ring, the weight of which was only three grains, but which supported, by its attractive power on iron, seven hundred grains. Some of the Egyptian signets were of extraordinary size. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentions an ancient Egyptian one which contained about twenty pounds' worth of gold.

When a wealthy Egyptian had been embalmed, and placed in a superb case or coffin, with a diadem on his heart and bracelets upon his arms, rings of gold, ivory, and engraved cornelian were placed upon his fingers.

Nothing is new. One of the prettiest modern rings, used as a remembrancer, has a socket for hair and a closing shutter. Roman remains were found at Heronval, in Normandy, and among them were rings. One of these was almost of modern form, with a small place under where the stone is usually fixed, into which hair might be inserted. We are constantly retracing the steps of antiquity.

A Roman gold ring of a triangular form has been discovered in England with an *intaglio* representing the story of Hercules strangling the Nemean lion. And also a ring that, while it was remarkable for its thickness, had a whistle on one side, which was useful in calling servants, before the time of domestic bells.

In the Catacombs of Rome, where the early Christians wandered about in sheepskins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, where they stealthily prayed and lived and died, vast quantities of signet and other rings have been discovered, as well as medals, cameos, and other precious stones. Signet rings of different devices, as belonging to different owners, are in the Catacombs here; and this has raised the idea that they were deposited by relatives and friends, as the stone lid of the grave was about to be shut—offerings of love and affection.

Among the Romans, before rings came to be adorned with stones, and while the graving was yet on the metal itself, every one wore them at pleasure, on what hand and what finger he pleased. When stones came to be added, they had them altogether on the left hand; and it would have been held an excess of foppery to have put them on the right.

Pliny says the Gauls and ancient Britons wore the ring on the middle finger. At first the Romans only used a single ring; then one on each finger; and, at length, as we gather from Martial, several on each. Afterward, according to Aristophanes, one on each joint. Their foppery at length arose to such a pitch that they had their weekly rings.

Egyptian women wore many, and sometimes two or three on one finger. But the left was considered the hand peculiarly privileged to bear these ornaments; and it is remarkable that its third was decorated with a greater number than any other, and was considered by them as the ring-finger. This notion, as we have observed, the Grecians had.

The idea of wearing rings on the fourth finger of the left hand, because of a supposed artery there which went to the heart, was carried so far that, according to Levinus Lemnius, this finger was called *Medicus;* and the old physicians would stir up their medicaments and potions with it, because no venom could stick upon the very outmost part of it but it will offend a man and communicate itself to the heart.

Hippocrates, in treating of the decency of dress to be observed by physicians, enjoins the use of rings.

Rings have been found in strange places and under interesting circumstances. We find them upon and below the earth, within the Pyramids, beneath the ashes of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and strewed over battle-fields. They have been discovered on the field of Cressy.

Louis IX of France—St. Louis—took for his device a marguerite or daisy, and fleur-de-lis, in allusion to the name of Queen Marguerite, his wife, and the arms of France, which were also his own. He had a ring made, with a relief around it in enamel, which represented a garland of marguerites and fleurs-de-lis. One was engraven on a sapphire with these words: "This ring contains all we love." Thus, has been said, did this excellent prince show his people that he loved nothing but religion, France, and his wife. The story is that Clovis, after baptism, received a fleur-de-lis from an angel. Since then France has been called "the Empire of Lilies." The coat-of-arms of Clovis and his successors was a field of azure, seeded with golden fleurs-de-lis.

An English work professes to make out "Love's Telegraph," as understood in America, thus: If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the *first* finger of the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the *second* finger; if married, on the *third*; and on the fourth if he never intends to be married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on her *first* finger; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if she intends to die a maid.

The Poles have a fanciful belief that each month of the year is under the influence of precious stones, which influence has a corresponding effect on the destiny of a person born during the respective months. Consequently, it is customary among friends and lovers, on birthdays, to make reciprocal presents of trinkets ornamented with the natal stones.

The stones and their influences, corresponding with each month, are supposed to be as follows:

January—Garnet. Constancy and fidelity.
February—Amethyst. Sincerity.
March—Bloodstone. Courage, presence of mind.
April—Diamond. Innocence.
May—Emerald. Success in love.
June—Agate. Health and long life.
July—Cornelian. Contented mind.
August—Sardonyx. Conjugal felicity.
Sept.—Chrysolite. Antidote against madness.
October—Opal. Hope.
November—Topaz. Fidelity.
December—Turquoise. Prosperity.

A WITTY contemporary thus depicts the position of the European powers with respect to the war now raging:

"Russia covets,
Turkey fears,
Austria ponders,
Italia cheers.

"Belgium, Holland,
Wait in dread!
Denmark's palsied,
Spain is dead.

"France lies bleeding,
Prussia soars;
Britannia shuts her eyes,
And—snores."

Trying the New Sled.

Selections.

HER LETTER.

BY BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half-spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year"
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork";

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft luster
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress my queer *vis-à-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under the folds of the snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate:
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't as human
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on—losing the clough-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that—
Why did papa send me abroad, pray tell
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
Good-night as the sun topside inside—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But now, if you haven't gotchicks,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

MR. HUGHES'S MISTAKE.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON, *in the Woman's Journal.*

IT has been said of that good friend of America and of childhood, Mr. Thomas Hughes, that no man was more cordially received by Americans, or saw less of them. The workingmen, the politicians, and the radicals have all severally complained that he found very little opportunity to observe them, except through the windows of some Cambridge library. It was his misfortune that his visit was so short. It was fortunate, perhaps, for his own enjoyment that he spent it precisely as he did. But it certainly impaired the value of his generalizations.

It is especially a pity that he should have given a fresh lease of life to the old delusion that educated Americans take no interest in politics. This maxim has had many years of life in Europe, on the authority of De Tocqueville, and has pointed the moral of many European attacks upon America. It is a pity that it should do another thirty years' work of mischief when set in motion by Mr. Hughes. And it has a special bearing on the "woman question"; because, if educated men forswear politics, why should not educated women?

Now it is natural to ask, In what part of America is it that educated men do not interest themselves in politics? It will not be pretended that it is in the vast states of the West, nor in the South, except as temporarily deranged by the war. In those states the career of public life still attracts to it the best educated young men; and the same is true of the rural parts of the Middle States. Even in New York City, though the ward-politicians are not college-bred men, their advisers or agents in the newspaper press and in the court-rooms are such. Tweed and Sweeney may or may not be college graduates; but the editors of the *World* are. Fisk, Jr., is not a graduate of anything but the peddler's wagon; but his legal adviser, David Dudley Field, is. From the *Tribune* to the *Sun*, the majority of the intellectual labor of the New York press is done by college men. They may not win the prizes, but they do the work.

The circle is then narrowed to New England. But no one who knows anything of our rural colleges in New England, such as Dartmouth and Amherst, will say that their graduates do not interest themselves in politics. How is it with Yale? Yale has always boasted of the number of its graduates who have distinguished themselves in public life. The inquiry brings us back to Harvard, and Harvard alone. I do not know another college in America of which it can even plausibly be asserted that its graduates are indifferent to politics. And, if I know anything about Harvard, if such an evil exists there, it is of very recent origin; and Mr. Hughes should have addressed his warnings not to the young men, but to the present set of teachers who train them.

The writer was born and bred under the shadow of Harvard College; his father was an officer of the institution, and he had no home but Cambridge for twenty-three years. He has lived in New England ever since; and has never yet seen the time when he himself, and most of his compeers, were not actively interested in politics on the one side or the other. Those who became clergymen generally preached politics, and often lost their salaries for its sake. Those who attempted to pursue a literary career, like Lowell, and Curtis, and Dana, were apt to be drawn aside into politics, and to end in editing periodicals mainly political in character, like the *Sun*, or *Harper's Weekly*, or the *North American Review*. Those who became lawyers or business men took a yet more engrossing interest in political affairs. All these men had reached their political distinction; but there are not distinctions enough for all, and the fact that a man takes an interest in a thing does not prove that he has a gift for it.

Looking back over the political influences that have successively controlled Massachusetts, we see educated men (as Mr. Hughes would use the term) behind them all. The old Whig party of the state was devoted to the fortunes of college-bred men. The Free-Soil party, which broke it up, was founded by Sumner, Palfrey, Allen, and Adams—all college-bred men—together with Wilson, who took his honorable place at the last moment. On the other hand, the "Abolitionist" party, who certainly interested themselves most vehemently in politics, without casting a vote, was led—after Garrison—by Phillips, Quincy, and May, all Harvard men.

Looking round for the class of educated men who are *not* interested in politics, I find this class only in a few men in our larger cities, half spoiled by wealth and Europe, who have been a pocket-piece of Americas and everything in it ever since I can remember. Or in precisely the class of men who nestle in some of our colleges, and dread nothing so much as a hearty faith or a genuine enthusiasm. If all educated camera were like these, they would, of course, have nothing to do with politics; and politics would be the gainer. But if Mr. Hughes had taken the time to see more of these Americans, who were so eager to see him, he would have found our educated men a far more robust and vigorous class of human beings than he seems to imagine.

Nothing is harder than for a foreigner, who goes for all his information to one set of people, to see a nation as a whole. Americans themselves may be so ignorant of America! I dined last summer with two highly educated young Englishmen, both eager to know and to admire this country. There was, also, a highly intelligent young Bostonian present, eager to instruct them. One of his first bits of information was based upon this same cant about the aversion of our educated men to politics. He said: "Formerly our college-bred men went to Congress; now you find hardly any there." I asked him, "How many—in the House of Representatives, for instance?" He said: "Probably fifty." A dozen. I said: "Probably fifty." Referring to Poore's *Congressional Directory*, it proved that 68 representatives out of 205, and 31 senators out of 66, were wholly or in part college-bred, not counting those who had merely attended professional schools. When a third of the Lower House, and nearly one half of the Upper, belong thus to the class of educated men (according to the American standard, at least), it is absurd to say that these men do not interest themselves in politics. And, considering the narrowness and pedantry that have confessedly marked much of this college education in the past, it seems doubtful whether a very much larger proportion would be an improvement.

So far from saying that educated men in America do not interest themselves in politics, I should say that one great reason of our inferiority in works of literature and science is because our educated men interest themselves in politics so much. It requires a constant effort for them to get time for their studies, and keep away from the platform and the newspapers. This is well; for it makes stronger men, though inferior scholars. Whether "educated" men exert their rightful share of *influence* in America is another question. If they do not, it is their own fault. I cannot conceive of a more feeble and querulous figure than that of an "educated" man, with a pen and a voice at his command, and the power to influence the whole nation by their means, who yet whines because, when election day comes, he can throw personally no more votes than his speechless neighbor. I trust that women, when they vote, will escape such folly.

HOW LIFE IN MARS GOES ON.

(From the London Spectator.)

IN the case of the planet Mars, and in the case of the planet Mars alone, our astronomers have really established the existence of a similarity of physical condition, which gives us the strongest positive grounds for inferring that even such creatures as we now are could somehow make shift to live there, though, of course, not without a certain amount of preliminary discomfort while we were trying to acclimatize ourselves. Mr. Proctor's graphic account of these similarities, and his delightful chart of the planet's continents and waters, gives us no less to discuss one or two of the known differences of condition, in their relation to the probable results upon the history and civilization of the Martialists.

First, let us briefly say that the Martialists have a world less in area than one of our hemispheres to explore; that, in spite of this, it has not very much less land than the earth, a much less proportion of its surface being occupied with water than of our globe; that its seas are of the general type of the Baltic and the Mediterranean—for the most part narrow, straggling, inland seas; that the greatest seas are in the neighborhood of the cold south pole of Mars, which has a climate far severer than the north pole; that there is a world of perpetual snow at each Martial pole, which can be seen to diminish as the summer returns to each hemisphere, and to increase again as winter comes back; and, in spite of the preponderance of land, a vast deal of rain falls on Mars, especially in winter clouds often hiding the configuration of its continents from our astronomers, and then suddenly dispersing, and leaving the continents clear again—a clearing up which usually happens about the hour of noon in Mars, just as our weather usually changes as the sun passes the meridian; that the length of the Martial year is nearly twice as long as ours; and that the force of gravity on Mars is much less than half what it is with us, so that, as Mr. Proctor expresses it, "a Daniel Lambert on Mars would be able to leap easily to a hight of five or six feet, and he could run faster than the best of our terrestrial athletes."

We should be disposed to conjecture that it is a world in which speed is greater and of more importance than even on the earth; and, if so, it seems likely enough that the difficulty we have supposed as to the solidity of walls exposed to the atmospheric currents of Mars is got over as the difficulty of building durable structures is generally got over in our own tropics, where earthquakes are so common—by not building durable structures at all, but only very light and fragile ones—a process which would, of course, be much easier where all the materials were lighter and Gravity much swifter than with us. In a word, it seems likely that the distinctive feature of life on Mars is velocity; that the creatures there live faster, move oftener, undergo more change—just as the planet itself passes through a far vaster orbit (though its orbital velocity is not quite so great as ours) in one of the Martial years. But that such a characteristic would tend to quicken the progress of the mind and of discovery is doubtful. With us civilization has never advanced rapidly till it had become tame and, so to say, plodding, and the excitements of local change, at least, had become few. But the great seasonal changes of Mars—especially in the southern hemisphere, where the winter and summer are aggravated by the enormously increased distance of the sun at that period when his rays are least direct, and his nearness at that period when his rays are most direct—contribute to confirm the impression we have drawn from other considerations, that physically, at least, the life there has far more of rapid change in it than we can easily conceive; but whether that has developed or arrested the mental and moral progress of the Martialists is a question of which the elements are altogether too conjectural for serious discussion.

But (2) there seems a very great probability that the atmosphere of Mars is relatively considerable denser than ours, since at a distance from the sun so much greater that the planet probably receives, directly, less than half the light and heat we receive. There seems no sign of any arctic severity, and clear evidence that the atmosphere holds vast quantities of watery vapor even in winter, which points to a general temperature considerably higher than our world would have if removed to the same distance from the sun, especially when one considers how much less water to supply vapor and how much greater a proportion of land than the earth Mars contains. Again, the rapidity with which storms clear off from a big continent, and leave the outline clearly marked after being all enveloped in mist before, seems to show the existence of very rapid currents of air; and this no doubt the greater inclination of the axis of Mars, giving a greater range to the northward and southward journeys of the sun, would promote. Putting these facts together, then, we should infer that the atmosphere of Mars is, in proportion, heavier than that of the earth, and therefore a warmer envelope for the planet; that its winds are more violent, and that the great difficulty of the architects of the planet is more likely to be the strengthening of their structures against lateral forces—hurricanes, for instance—than against the strain of gravity. Their outer walls would have to be comparatively much more solid; their difficulty in raising broad arches and spacious roofs would be much less; and locomotion on Mars must be more easy and speedy, *ceteris paribus*, than locomotion on the earth.

If this be so, we may see a fitness in the much larger proportion of land in the planet, and the comparative narrowness and smallness of the seas. Probably life in Mars is faster than it is here. It is very improbable that the civilization of the different continents there is divided by periods extending over two thousand years. There is probably no one of the great continental areas of Mars which we call "the New World." If great migrations of conquering races have taken place on Mars, as on the earth, they have probably succeeded each other faster, having a less surface to pass over, less obstacles perhaps in the way, and greater advantages in locomotion. We should not be surprised, too, if the Martialists had got greatly ahead of us in respect of navigating the air. We know that the density of the planet, as a whole, is less than three-fourths of that of our earth; so that it seems likely that the tissues of the body of a Martialist, which must be fed from the substance of the planet, are, on the whole, intrinsically lighter than those of Man's body. But, if the Martialists' bodies are intrinsically lighter and their atmosphere a good deal denser than ours, aerial transit may be a very easy matter to them, and it is quite conceivable that their normal mode of locomotion may be through the air.

Again, if we are right in supposing the currents of air in Mars to be of more than usual violence, while the solidifying force of friction which resists them is much smaller than here, it may be a reasonable inference that "natural selection" has already weeded out the loftier-growing trees, which would stand less chance in encounters with hurricanes than our own; and it is not improbable that the tendency of the greater facilities for motion, and the greater velocity of life in Mars altogether, would be that all its animal inhabitants range wider for their food, and obtain less on a given area than on our earth.

We should be disposed to conjecture that it is a world in which speed is greater and of more importance than even on the earth; and, if so, it seems likely enough that the difficulty we have supposed as to the solidity of walls exposed to the atmospheric currents of Mars is got over as the difficulty of building durable structures is generally got over in our own tropics, where earthquakes are so common—by not building durable structures at all, but only very light and fragile ones—a process which would, of course, be much easier where all the materials were lighter and Gravity much swifter than with us. In a word, it seems likely that the distinctive feature of life on Mars is velocity; that the creatures there live faster, move oftener, undergo more change—just as the planet itself passes through a far vaster orbit (though its orbital velocity is not quite so great as ours) in one of the Martial years. But that such a characteristic would tend to quicken the progress of the mind and of discovery is doubtful. With us civilization has never advanced rapidly till it had become tame and, so to say, plodding, and the excitements of local change, at least, had become few. But the great seasonal changes of Mars—especially in the southern hemisphere, where the winter and summer are aggravated by the enormously increased distance of the sun at that period when his rays are least direct, and his nearness at that period

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The Independent.

FEET WITHOUT WINGS.

BY HORACE BUSHNELL, D. D.

THERE is yet another lesson to be expounded in the same line of thought under the same illustration set forth last week—viz., That a great many persons who mean to be, and really think they are, disciples, miss ever going above a service on foot, by not conceiving at all the more ethereal range of experience into which true faith would lift them.

They undertake, for example, to become reformers and philanthropists, and really believe that they are more superlatively, genuinely Christian in it than others who have more to say of experiences. They, at least, mean business in their religion; caring little, as they think they ought, for the fervors that are not fervors of work. Their argument, or working force, is commonly human opinion, and the combining and rolling up of great masses of opinion is the means by which they expect to carry their projected reforms. In such a mode of action censure and storm and fiery denunciation are naturally close at hand; and are not much farther off when they assume to be wielding most especially the motive principles of religion. They would be very much hurt by any reluctance to own them as disciples; and yet they do not even conceive themselves, many times, that they are disciples, because of their repentances, or prayers, or the sensing of God by their faith, or by meekness, patience, or any other grace that separates them from the world. Their element is agitation, seldom any way of appeal that bears a look of Christian peace or repose. They have much to say of love; but they visibly hate more strongly than they love. Their very philanthropy is pugnant and oppugnant, and works altogether by that method. Sometimes the reform they are after is a good one, and is sorely wanted; which makes it the more sad that they must drive it by mere human force, going never above, to descend upon it by inspirations there kindled, but keeping their feet and warring with the evils to be removed hand to hand, on the same level with them.

Sometimes, again, there is a way of self-culture attempted in the name of religion, which is not in any proper sense religious, having no element of faith in it, and expecting no uplifting help from gracious inspirations. The self-culture is what a man may do upon himself; mending his defects, correcting his mistakes, chastening his faults, tempering his passions, putting himself into the charities he has learned, from Christ perhaps, to admire, finishing himself in the graces that have won his approval or commanded his respect. But the work is a far more hopeless one than he imagines, and is almost sure to result, even visibly, in more affectations of character than are likely to be much approved. Besides, it holds him to a continual self-contemplation, which is selfish, and keeps him all the while filing and polishing on his nature by his will; which is, in fact, the most wearisome possible, or rather impossible, kind of self-attention. The old faults conquered, too, will be coming back on him just when he is conquering another. And, turning round to fight them off, he will find the whole swarm loose upon him again; till, finally, getting worried and vexed and soured and discouraged, he virtually, though perhaps not consciously, gives over his whole undertaking. O, if he could have gone up to Christ, or to God, in a true faith-culture, and let his faults fall off, as blasted flowers fall off the trees, dislodged by the life-principle in them, his beautiful thought of finishing a character would have been how easily put forward—without a care, too, and in the sweetest liberty. No man finishes a character who does not go above himself, and take the culture of God's own spirit; by that growing out a character from within which cannot be manipulated inward from without. If there be any good gift that cometh from above, and cannot be made below, it is character.

Ritualism is another foot-passenger that, having no sufficient conception of faith, has, of course, no better conception of the higher ranges of life prospected by it. There is, in fact, a gravitating principle in us all that settles us down upon the ritual way when it can. Bound to have a religion of some kind, because we have a religious nature, we begin, almost unwittingly, to have one that is manipulated by our senses and sensuous tastes. We are caught thus by the forms. They are beautiful, and a fine-looking, comely religion they make. All the better that they are so nearly level with our natural faculties, and just as easy to be used without faith as with. These reverential rounds and airs, these priestly ceremonials—what a charm of worship is in them. How convenient, also, to have a religion that works *secundum artem*, and lets the faiths and fervors take care of themselves. Saying prayers, too—how much better and easier than to pray, and find how to be heard. Having gotten thus a good sufficiency of religion below, and settled their feet down squarely on it, they really think it a considerable improvement. But the sad thing is, that, instead of raising the disciple up to glorious inspirations, and giving him free wing, they humble him and keep him down; so that, if at any time his native longings set him on being more earnest in them, they become, in fact, a superstition.

Again, there is a class of men outside of the church, or sometimes in it, who undertake to be religious or Christian, and really suppose they are because of a certain patronage they give to the church and the Word. What they do not bring in fellowship they propose to add by counsel and management. Consciously not being in the gift of spiritual discernment, their tastes will be the better and they will the

The Independent.

MONKEYS AND MEMORIES.

AUTHORS generally think that the monkey race is not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free had frequently seen the men-servants in the great country kitchen with its huge fireplace, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids scream, which always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug waited his opportunity; and, when all was still, and he had the kitchen to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the warm ashes of an almost extinct wood-fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney. Before he was blown up he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as ever you could wish to see on a summer day; he came down a carbonated negro in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The weight with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the midst of the general flare-up aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house, close singed, begrimed, and looking scared and devilish; but, like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder and wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and chattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

A PERPLEXING EXPERIENCE.

A FRIEND of mine, whom I met in Charleston, a Turkish Nestorian, was smoking in a forward car, when a very elegantly dressed young lady, of complexion about as light as his own, entered the car and took her seat. She was so refined in her dress and appearance that he supposed at first she had made a mistake, and gallantly suggested to her that the ladies' car would be more agreeable; when she stated that her color, not perceptible to a stranger, prevented her entering there. He conversed with her, and found her intelligent and educated. She was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men of South Carolina. He was that evening publicly ridiculed at the hotel for talking to a "nigger girl" by men who would have done well had they shared her reference. A few days afterward, remembering the incident, and seeing a lady of apparently mixed blood in the first car, he thought she had made a mistake, and, to save anything that might wound her feelings, he politely suggested to her to change to the forward second-class car. She colored up, highly insulted, and, calling her husband from outside, screamed: "This man calls me a nigger!" The husband got into a towering rage, and came near using violent hands on my poor innocent friend. He was only restrained by some passengers, who explained his position as a foreigner, unacquainted with American peculiarities.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

LADIES IN PARLIAMENT.—Gordon, in his "Antiquities of Parliament," says: "The ladies of birth and quality sat in council with the Saxon witas." "The Abbess Hilda," says Bede, "presided in an ecclesiastical synod." In Weightred's great council at Baconfield, A. D. 694, the abbesses sat and deliberated; and five of them signed decrees of that council, along with the king, the bishops, and nobles. King Edgar's charter to the Abby of Crowland, A. D. 961, was with the consent of the nobles and abbesses who signed the charter. In Henry III's and Edward I's time four abbesses were summoned to Parliament—namely, of Shaftesbury, Berking, St. Mary of Winchester, and of Wilton. In the 35th of Edward III were summoned by writ to Parliament, to appear there by their proxies—namely, Mary, Countess of Norfolk; Allienor, Countess of Ormand; Anna Dispenser; Philippa, Countess of March; Johana Fitzwater; Agnetis, Countess of Pembroke; Mary de St. Paul; Mary de Roos; Matilda, Countess of Oxford; and Catherine, Countess of Athol. These ladies were called *ad colloquium tractatum* by their proxies—a privilege peculiar to the peerage to appear and sit by proxy.—*Timbs's "Things not Generally Known."*

DINTER, the Prussian school-councillor, said: "I promised God that I would look upon every Prussian peasant as a being who could complain of me before God, if I did not provide for him the best education, as a man and as a Christian, which it was possible for me to provide."

HUSBANDS' GOOD-BYES.

SOME husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "Good-bye, dear," in the tones of unwearied love; and, whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that the wives are appreciative and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over 50 years, and never left home without the kiss and the "good-bye, dear." Some husbands shake hands with their wives, and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were a something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down and darting round the first corner. Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all; but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word—rising from the breakfast-table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard for those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in the absence. Then, on returning, some husbands come home pleasant and happy, unsoured by the world; some sulky and surly with its disappointments. Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa until bedtime. Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs or the house taking fire.

THE COMMON QUESTION.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

BEHIND us at our evening meal
The gray bird ate his fill,
Swung downward by a single claw
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head asiant,
And, in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charley want?"

"Fie, silly bird," I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing,
And go to sleep;" but dad o'er
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling to myself, I said:
How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says,
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
We fain the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers alway.

The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And rest each heart and hand content
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

GERMAN PROFESSORS.

BY CHAS. P. TAFT.

IT is a mistaken idea that the only object of the plan of a German university is to give the student thorough instruction. It goes further, and seeks continually to raise the standard of scholarship, and to secure a national reputation for learning and culture. And the plan is peculiarly adapted to this purpose. The private lecturer, after obtaining his doctor's degree, receives permission to lecture at a university only after a severe test in a public debate with the professors. This having been accomplished, he enters upon a severe career in which he finds competitors as determined to win as he. The successful lecturer, as a reward, receives a call to the position of *professor extraordinarius*, and the unsuccessful one may become contented that his calling is in another direction; so that, by a kind of Darwinian "natural selection," after a struggle for life among the candidates, the university calls the strongest men. Nor does this call end the struggle. For, even after he has secured his situation, each professor, whether ordinary or extraordinary, depends mainly upon his own efforts for his income, as well as reputation. If he fails behind, the professors in the same department in the sister universities, he has no hearers and no fees. The general popularity of the university in which he has gained a seat cannot save him, if he falls behind in the struggle. Every other chair in the institution may be popular and thrive, and his be unsupported. The freedom of the students to take a part of their course in one place in another of the German states, and to select the best professors in each, places not the universities only, but every professor, in competition with every other professor in the same branch throughout Germany. The competition is unceasing and unrelenting, and the strongest only survive it. The result has been such that these workers—many of them illustrious workers—have so labored and so taught that it were hard to say whether more good has been done to the thousands who have heard their lectures or to the world of science and letters, by their investigations in every field of human knowledge. We find that all, or nearly all, the German authors whose names have become most celebrated by their exhaustive treatises on different branches of learning belong, or did belong, to some one of the universities as professors, ordinary or extraordinary—forming a strong contrast to the condition of things in England and America. We are forced to the conclusion